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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. I.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER, 1900.

THE MONTH.

As we have already announced, we intend the Review to remain the organ of both schools, as in former years. The question as to separation in the paper was raised by the new division of athletic interests, and, quite naturally, we have asked and received many opinions on the subject. The result of our inquiries is that, in determining on this policy, we feel sure that we act according to the desires of the major part of the scholars in both schools.

We wish to encourage the students in the High School, as well as in the Latin School, to contribute stories and poems—especially the latter. There is no better training in the art of writing English than contributing to a paper which requires a high standard of literary merit. We shall also be very glad to duly consider any drawings either for special covers or department headings which may be handed to us.

Everything which we may receive for consideration, whether it be literary or artistic, will be carefully and impartially judged. Whatever enters our hands we hold sacred, and no one need fear that his contribution will be seen by other eyes than it was meant for. We try, to the best of our ability, to make the Review an indispensable part of the

school life, and we hope that all who are kind enough to subscribe will find it so even more than formerly.



Now that each of the schools has to raise a foot-ball team and furnish the necessary money which has heretofore been contributed by both schools jointly, every scholar ought to consider it his or her duty to give something to athletics. This money is collected among the students. Surely there is no one who cannot afford to give at least twenty-five cents to his school team, provided he really cares to do so. If the students realized how much the amount in the treasury affects the school team for better or worse, they would never refuse to give. The men who play on our teams have a perfect right to expect protection in the form of head-gears and nose-guards, training in the person of a competent coach, and reward in the form of first-class sweaters with the school initials on them. There is not a man in the schools who would not himself expect this much if he were on either team. All those mentioned, and the hundred and one other expenses incidental to running any team well, can be met without difficulty if every scholar does his duty: otherwise they cannot be contracted honestly and the teams will amount to little. Everyone who does not

play on either school team ought anyway to have school pride and patriotism sufficient to urge him to help his representatives on the gridiron.



Everyone must be aware that the Review is supported, for the most part, by the advertisements. Of course, some of our friends advertise altogether out of good will and a generous desire to help the school paper without expecting any material results. Yet the greater portion of our business friends, as indeed they must, advertise expecting to receive some return for their money; and if this return is not apparent, they refuse to continue advertising. When one of our agents is soliciting an advertisement, he explains to the merchant that the Review is read by a thousand odd pupils, together with their families, and also is sent into almost every state of the union in exchange for some other school publication. In spite of this, merchants often complain that they receive absolutely no trade through their advertisements. This seems to us impossible. There are but two explanations: either that the scholars actually do not trade with our advertisers, or that, when they do trade, they do not mention The Review. There are two ways in which everyone can help the school paper. It seems a very small thing to ask—that the scholars trade with our advertisers rather than with those who do not advertise. The goods cost no more, and very often less than at other stores. When you have to buy articles of any description, why not help the Review at the some time? And when you do buy of advertisers, please mention the Review. If a scholar, when trading, will only say, "I came because I saw your advertisement in the Review," he will not only receive more careful attention from the salesman and, very probably, get a discount on his purchases, but, at the same time, will greatly aid the REVIEW. There is not a merchant in all Cambridge who would ever desire to withdraw his advertisement, if, in a whole year, six new customers came to him saying, "I saw your advertisement in the REVIEW."



The question as to the advisability of having class teams has again come to the fore. So many of the good athletes are needed to play on the 'varsity teams that the class teams can hardly be as strong as last year, still, by all means, they must not be given up. This drain of the leading athletic spirits affects principally the two upper classes. The men who play on the school teams should not be urged to give part of their attention to class organizations; the classes which principally support the 'varsity organizations should not have their energies divided, but all their force should be centred on the main un-Moreover, it is scarcely fair that men who have received 'varsity coaching and training should compete against those who have not; and it would be utterly impossible to raise a good team in either of the first two classes—a team fit to represent its class without including 'varsity players. Still, as we have said, the schools cannot afford to abandon the class teams which, alone, by bringing out material, have roused athletics in both schools to their present flourishing conditions. We cannot see two teams decline for lack of material discovered by this means. We must keep up the class teams, and vet it is too much to demand of the higher classes. Such is the problem; the solution is very simple. Let the two higher grades in both schools drop out from the class contests. Then we shall have three class teams in the Latin School and two in the High. Games can surely be arranged between these sufficient to keep up the interest in class athletics. Thus we shall still have our class teams doing their preparatory work, while the upper class men will be free to devote themselves altogether to school interests.

CARNIVAL ON THE RHINE.

The Carnival, which has almost vanished from Italy, and which is fast losing its spontaneous gaiety at Paris, still finds a welcome and secure home on the Rhine. Prince Carnival here reigns in the hearts of the joyous subjects whose complete allegiance is cheerfully given. It is the people's jubilee, and young and old, high and low, join with one heart in the celebration.

The Carnival as a church festival was a direct adaptation of the Bacchic festivals of ancient Rome, which, in turn, had their origin But the sincere, religious meanin Greece. ing of the Dionysian festivals was lost in the change, and there remained only the recklessness and lawlessness through which had once been manifested the swift and vivid life, the rushing and sparkling vitality, the irresistible might of the beloved god. The Carnival of the early centuries of Christian power at Rome was a spectacle we do not like to dwell upon. But in spite of its abuses it throve, and the Popes vied with each other in making it attractive to the populace. In the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo the historical procession was instituted, and the great artists of the age were employed to make the pageant an artistic triumph. The Roman Carnival had reached its height of splendor.

Now the Carnival is banished from the streets of Rome; also from Florence and Venice, where once its glory was so renowned, it has disappeared; and to see it still in vigor one must come up into the Rhineland.

In its adoption by the German people, it has lost much of its wildness, and is not here the reign of terror which it was, even in its later days, in Italy. Still the hearty spirit of a popular festival is here, and one can fancy that a breath of the Bacchic fervor is still

felt, enough to kindle an enthusiasm, which, although no longer religious, gives a east of patriotism and chivalrous honor to the masking, jesting and extravagance of the Carnival.

The three days of Carnival began on the Sunday before Ash Wednesday, and the merrymaking kept up, with no intermission, gathering force from hour to hour, till it was summarily stopped by the beginning of Lent. Woe betide the masker found out on Wednesday morning! To both Church and State he must account.

The beautiful weather, bright, clear and warm as spring, gave every opportunity this year for a brilliant Carnival display. Boats and trains came crowded into Cologne; from Düseldorf and Bonn came the students, and the streets of the city were full. As I looked out of my window Sunday morning, in spite of my expectations, I was quite taken back. Was this Cologne? Could it be Germany? But what country could it be? or what century? And I was forced to conclude that it couldn't be any real country in any real century, nor even a mingling of real countries and centuries, but only-Carnival. among the gay Italian girls, the richly attired knights of olden time, the quaint little maidens of mediæval Germany, and the white wigged courtiers of a century ago, who strolled the streets together quite at home, there were many figures too grotesque to be given another home than just—the Carnival. There were clowns and jesters without number, with horrible masks and painted faces. One little fellow in fool's costume was dressed to represent playing-cards, a red heart and diamond on either cheek, a black club on his forehead and a spade on his chin. I saw one young girl, with a dress all ruffled with tissue paper. There were bands of holiday makers

who dressed all alike in bright costumes, and went round together with drums and horns. Among the grotesque sights were wheels for three or four, ridden by clowns. One of the prettiest of the costumes was the grape-picker's, peculiarly appropriate to the Rhineland. It was green and white, with a green sash tied at the side; and the broad-brimmed straw hat had a grape-vine twined round it. It was a picturesque sight to see this gay and motley throng streaming through one of the gates in the old city wall built when the Huns were on the Rhine. The massive towers made a sombre and stolid contrast to the happy crowd below.

Down town the market women had exchanged their cabbages for Carnival wares. These were exceedingly simple and conspicuously harmless. No fire-works or fire-crackers were allowed. Most important were the paper streamers of various bright colors. They came in tight rolls, and the thrower unwound a little from the inner coil, and, holding that in his hand, threw the roll. It unwound as it curved through the air, and was a very pretty decoration hanging down from a balcony or window, caught up on the branches of trees below, making a bright cascade of shimmering color. These simple streamers were a never ceasing source of amusement throughout the Carnival. They were thrown all day in the streets and all night in the cafés. Little boys stood on the sidewalks lasscing passers-by with them, and hardly a carriage or street-car passed but trailed after it a number of bright paper ribbons. down-town streets were carpeted with them, and the trees seemed to have blossomed out in the February sunshine with some new, luxuriant bloom. One could not walk far without getting tangled up in them, and thus adding, whether one would or not, to the festive aspect of the scene. Nor could one escape being powdered over with bits of bright colored paper which were showered upon the

crowd from upper windows or tossed directly in one's face from the street.

As night came on, the crowds and the merrymaking increased. The principal downtown streets became dense with slowly moving throngs of grotesquely masked and costumed people. The people were having their good time, and taking it in leisurely fashion, so that none of it might escape them. They slowly moved along in the crowd, tooting on their little pasteboard horns, blowing on whistles which uncoiled to a distance of six or seven inches with a distressing squeak, and were used at times as a sort of longdistance kiss. And finally (for the accessories of their enjoyment were limited), they would slap each other good naturedly with something resembling a closed fan of pasteboard so arranged as to clap together with a tremendous thud, and still be hardly felt. In the evening a shower came up, but the people just transferred their jollity from the streets. to the cafés, where they kept it up till morning with such vigor that when daylight returned they didn't remember, so a local paper said, that it had rained.

The next day was "Rosy Monday," the day of the great parade. All along the route of the procession the crowds were dense and every window filled. At one o'clock the parade started from the Neumarket, and began to take its slow way through the narrow, winding streets of the Alstadt. The idea illustrated by the immense wagons or "floats," was "Two Thousand Years of Life on the Rhine." The Germans of most ancient times were represented by Hertha, their goddess of Spring, drawn in a flower-filled chariot. Trumpeters followed, announcing the rule of Rome on the Rhine. Saracen groups denoted the period of crusades, and then Charlemagne himself appeared. The Rhineland is full of legends of this popular king. Thus the various stages of Rhineland history were represented, usually with some local joke attached; and at

last, after four hours of watching, announced by blare of trumpets and shouting from the crowd, and preceded by his guard of honor, the gorgeous throne of the Prince Carnival drew near. It was hung with rich silks and velvets, and beautiful Grecian maidens added their grace to the tableau. In a recess under the lofty throne sits Father Rhine, like the Ocean King, in his "deep sea caves." Above stood the Prince, magnificently attired, graciously scattering candies and copies of his rhymed proclamation to his subjects below. It is said that four thousand pounds of candy, each piece wrapped in colored paper, was ordered for the Carnival, half of it to be used in the procession. The Carnival parade is a gergeous spectacle, and nothing about it is a sham. The wealthy people of Cologne bring out their valuable rugs and draperies, silks and velvets, from their houses to adorn the festive train. The people of Cologne's first society take part in the procession, and the Prince of the Carnival is always a prominent and wealthy citizen, who must pay dearly for the honor bestowed on him.

The great event of the Carnival was over, but the Carnival spirit showed no signs of

abatement. On the next day the costumes seen on the street were more gorgeous than on the previous days, for the knights and heralds of the procession had kept their magnificent trappings fresh for the great occasion. A3 the time when the fun must stop came to be told in hours, the people grew the more intent on enjoying to the utmost every remaining minute. One of the numerous Carnival Societies has for its special object the giving of a great ball on Tuesday evening. Besides the ball, all the cafés were crowded to their limit. There was singing of Carnival songs, and dancing, when the crowds began to thin, and the old women, who went about with baskets of streamers, found ready sale till all were gone.

Not till the daylight of Ash Wednesday dawned did the crowds break up, but when morning had fairly arrived, not one gay Carnival costume was found on the streets. The sombreness of the change was increased by a dismal rain, and it was clearly evident that the world had swung back into its accustomed path, and the Carnival was over.

F. A. C. (Formerly C. L. S., 1900.)

THE LITTLE LAKE.

(A Translation from the Armenian.)

Why dost thou lie in hushed surprise,
Thou little lonely mere?
Did some fair woman wistfully
Gaze in thy mirror clear?

Or are thy waters calm and still
Admiring the blue sky,
Where shining cloudlets, like thy foam
Are drifting softly by?

Sad little lake, let us be friends!

I too am desolate;
I too would fain, beneath the sky,
In silence meditate.

As many thoughts are in my mind
As wavelets o'er thee roam,
As many wounds are in my heart
As thou hast flakes of foam.

ORDER OF EXE

Teachers.	Mr. Bradbury.	Mr. Adams.	Mr. Benshimol.	Miss Alexander.	Mr. Phinney.	Miss Sampson.	Miss Chamberlain.	Miss Albee.	Miss Spring.	Miss Harris.	Mrs. Burton.
Time: * 8.30 9.30	I. ADV. MATHE- MATICS	II. 1 LATIN	I. 2 GEOM- ETRY	I. 3 English	II. 3 CHEM- ISTRY	II. 4 a CHEM ISTRY	V. 9 ALGEBRA	II. 2 HISTORY	III. 2 LATIN	II. 2 ALGEBRA	III. 4 GERMAN (every day)
	(22)	(24)	(23)	(22)	(30)	(29)	(1)	(25)	(12)	(14)	(15)
		II. 2	I.1 or 3	I. 1	III. 1		V. 7	II. 1	III. 4	III. 3	II.
9.30 10.20		LATIN	GEOM- ETRY	ENGLISH	CHEM- ISTRY		ALGEBRA	GREEK	LATIN	GREEK	GERMAN (every day)
		(24)	(23)	(22)	(30)		(1)	(25)	(12)	(13)	(15)
10.20 11.15		I. 1 LATIN	I. 2 GREEK	English	III. 1 CHEM- ISTRY (30) or II. 1 a	II. 4 b CHEM- ISTRY			II. 3		II. 2 or III 1 FRENCH
		(24)	(23)	(11)	PHYSICS (19)	(29)	<u> </u>		(26)		(15)
11.15 11.45						R		TE.		c	
11.45 12.35		I. 2 LATIN	I. 3 GREEK	English	III. 2 Physics	III. 3 or III. 4 a CHEM- ISTRY	II. 1 b PHVSICS (20) or III. 4 b CHEM- ISTRY	II. 2 Greek		III. 1 GREEK	II. 3 or III. 2 GERMAN
		(24)	(23)	(11)	(19)	(29)	(28)	(25)		(13)	(15)
12.35 1.30		I. 3	I. 1 GREEK	I. 2 ENGLISH	III. 2 Physics (19) or II. 2 CHEM-	III. 3 or III. 4 a CHEM-	III. 4 b CHEM- ISTRY	II. 3 or II. 1. HISTORY	III. 1 LATIN	II. 1 or II. 3 ALGEBRA	III. 3 FRENCH or I. begin'r's GERMAN.
		(24)	(23)	(22)	(30)	(29)	(28)	(25)	(12)	(13)	(15)

* On Tuesday the first school hour is given to music, and the hours are 8.30 to 9.15 (Music); 9.15 to 10.00; 10.00 to 10.45; 10.45 to 11.30; 11.30 to 11.50 (Recess); 11.50 to 12.40; 12.40 to 1.30.

I Geometry, the first six months, Ancient History, the last four months of the year.

But if heaven's constellations all
Should drop into thy breast,
Thou still wouldst not be like my soul,—
A flame-sea without rest.

There, when the air and thou art calm,
The clouds let fall no showers;
The stars that rise there do not set,
And fadeless are the flowers.

Thou art my queen, O little lake!
For e'en when ripples thrill
Thy surface, in thy quivering depths
Thou hold'st me, trembling, still.

Full many have rejected me;
"What has he but his lyre!
He trembles, and his face is pale,
His life must soon expire."

RCISES. 1900=1901.

Miss Bachelder.	Miss Baldwin.	Miss Perrigo.	Miss Drew,	Miss Hardwick.	Miss Hardy.	Miss Munroe.	Miss Reynolds.	Miss Davi∢.	Miss Parker,	Miss Arnold.
IV. 3	111. 3	IV. 1	IV. 2	IV. 5	V. 4	V. 2 or 3		V. 3 or 2	V. 6 or 7	V. 7 or 6
LATIN	LATIN	GEOMETRY†	FRENCH	GEOMETRY†	ALGEBRA	HYGIENE‡		ENGLISH	HYGIENET ENG.	ENGLISH
(6)	(13)	HISTORY (7)	(5)	HISTORY (6)	(9)	HISTORY (8)		(10)	HISTORY (2)	(3)
II.	IV. 5	IV. 2	IV. 4			V. 4 or 1	V. 1 or 4	V. 5	V. 8 or 9	V. 9 or 8
FRENCH	LATIN	GEOMETRY†	GERMAN			HYGIENE ‡ ENG.	ENGLISH	LATIN	HYGIENE :	ENGLISH
(every day) (26)	(4)	HISTORY (7)	(5)			HISTORY (8)	(10)	(9)	HISTORY (2)	(3)
III.	III. 2	IV. 3	IV. 1	V. 1	IV. 4	V. 2	V. 3			V. 6
FRENCH (every day)	GREEK	GEOMETRY† ANC. HISTORY	FRENCH	ALGEBRA	LATIN	LATIN	LATIN			LATIN
(14)	(12)	(7)	(5)	(6)	(9)	(8)	(10)			(3)
Æ		s		s						
II. 1			IV. 5	V. 3	V. 5	V. 4	V. 2	V. 6	V. 8	
I. begin'r's FRENCH			GERMAN	ALGEBRA	ALGEBRA	LATIN	ALGEBRA	ALGEBRA	ALGEBRA	
(26)			(5)	(6)	(9)	(8)	(10)	(4)	(2)	
111. 2	IV. 1	IV. 2	IV. 3	IV. 4	V. 1		V. 9	V. 8	V 5 HYGIENE !	V. 7
FRENCH (14) or	LATIN	LATIN	FRENCH	GEOMETRY†	LATIN		LATIN	LATIN	ENG. HISTORY or	LATIN
ADV. FRENCH (26)	(4)	(7)	(5)	HISTORY (6)	(9)		(1)	(2)	ENGLISH (10)	(3)

‡ Hygiene, the first four months; English History the last six months of the year. English alternates with Hygiene and English History.

In class III. English is substituted once a week in place of Latin. In class IV. English is substituted once a week in place of French or German.

The numbers in parentheses show the rooms in which the recitations are held.

None said, "Poor child, why pines he thus? None sought the boy's sad heart to read, If he beloved should be, Haply he might not die but live,— Live and grow fair to see."

Nor in its depths to look, They would have found it was a fire, And not a printed book!

Nay, ashes now! a memory! Grow stormy little mere, For a despairing man has gazed Into thy waters clear!

H. M. DEERAN, 1900.

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

CATALOGUE, 1900-1901.



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				•
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Mary C. HardyLake Street, Arlington.	Ethel
Constance G. Alexander1 Parker Street.	Etta I
Alice C. Baldwin197 Auburn Street.	Lucile
Rose S. Hardwick11 Cleveland Street.	Louisa
Mary A. Bachelder 2 Fayette Park.	Mabel
Mabel E. Harris29 Wendell Street.	Alice

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Beard, Marguerite	393 Broadway.
Boyer, Mabelle L	11 Norfolk Street.
Boynton, Harriet L	130 Oxford Street.
Carman, Edith M	94 Magazine Street.
Conant, Amy R	399 Putnam Avenue.
Costello, Agnes M	81 Putnam Avenue.
Cotter, Margaret C	11 Magnolia Avenue.
Craig, M. Blanche	.23 Lexington Avenue.
Crowell, Edna L	45 River Street.
Ellsbree, Bessie E	29 Lee Street.
Flewelling, Mary N	10 Warland Street.
Goodwillie, Winifred B	8 Beech Street.
Hall, Evangeline R	39 Parker Street.
Jones, Florence G	26 Tufts Street.
Lincoln, Gertrude B	32 Broadway.
McFarlane, S. Elizabeth	381 Broadway.
Medeiros, Belandina E	84 Willow Street.
Moller, Selma C	330 Western Avenue.
O'Brien, Edith	27 Bay Street.
Oliver, Leslie K	80 Fourth Street.
Reynolds, Persis M	126 Green Street.
Rideout, Ethel L	177 Auburn Street.
Robinson, Ethel A	67 Lake View Avenue.
Salmon, Alice	72 Wendell Street.
Sawyer, Helen A	Littleton.
Scorgie, Helen C	228 Brattle Street.
Sears, Mildred G	16 Avon Street.
Shackley, Jennie L2016	Massachusetts Avenue.
Smith, Agnes H	8 Mellen Street.
Sullivan, Mary V	7 Chapman Place.

Williams, Bertha E..........18 Springfield Street. Wood, Madeleine.........23 Buena Vista Park. Number of girls: thirty-four.

Bennett, Harold W......49 Linnæan Street. Carroll, Romeo G.............265 Prospect Street. Carstein, Gustav E......45 Cogswell Avenue. Chapin, Harold C......97 Lake View Avenue. Chase, Arthur G......80 Hammond Street. Coolidge, Philip T..17 Garfield Street, Watertown. Croswell, Ralph H......11 Avon Street. Crothers, Bronson...........20 Oxford Street. Farrington, H. Coleman.....51 Davenport Street. Foster, Harry L......49 Garfield Street. Gauthier, Ernest S......89 Plymouth Street. Hanson, Harvey R............18 Antrim Street. Hubbard, William O......11 Forest Street. James. Reginald S......1640 Cambridge Street. Jones, Harold M.................16 Oxford Street. Locke, Arthur W...... Francis Avenue. Masstrangialo, S. Raphæl.......61 Austin Street. Niles, J. Otis H.....2058 Massachusetts Avenue. Rideout, H. Eugene......39 Austin Street. Smith, Edgar L......64 Sparks Street. White, William H. H......53 Dunster Street. Williams, W. Woodward......14 Sumner Street.

> Number of boys: twenty-six. Number in class: sixty.

CLASS II.

Adams, Charlotte H 8 Wendell Street.
Adams, Mary8 Wendell Street.
Arnold, Margaret1683 Cambridge Street.
Barr, Lillian E18 Mt. Auburn Street.
Beunke, Addie E225 Franklin Street.
Brennan, Marjorie D26 Crescent Street.
Brooks, Rachel O429 Massachusetts Avenue.
Burton, Eleanor S 7 Fayette Street.
Conant, Gertrude M399 Putnam Avenue.
Daggett, Helen D49 Lee Street.
Dallinger, Ruth
Davenport, Anna C., 31 Coolidge Hill St., Watertown.
Dillingham, Laura G13 Pleasant Street.
Eaton, Amey B
Emery, H. Maude938 Massachusetts Avenue.
Erickson, Agnes M
Frawley, Claire F141 Pearl Street.
French, Florence H34 Essex Street.
Hubbard, Mary C 9 Bellevue Avenue.

Hutchins, Mary S...........37 Mt. Vernon Street. Johnson, Hortense H.......212 Harvard Street. Lawton, Helen L......24 Maple Avenue. Lefsky, Eva.....27 Athens Place. Lewis, Lillian G...... 9 Magazine Street. MacKenzie, Agnes.........239 Brookline Street. Montague, Gertrude A......257 Prospect Street. Myles, Gertrude E......55 Hammond Street. Parmenter, Harriet H......80 Upland Roa-Pike, Marion H......14 Bigelow Street. Puffer, Louisa W............53 Oxford Street. Ricker, Jennie G......179 Columbia Street. Rogers, Winifred H......55 Dana Stree Russell, Fannie S.............176 Hancock Street. Stinson, Edith O......27 Wendell Street. Stuart, Eva E......199 Hamilton Street. Sturtevant, Annie M...............18 Eliot Street.

Taylor, Eula S	.5 Fayette Park.
Waugh, Alice L170	Magazine Street.
Wneeler, Millie F	64 Elm Street.
Wilson, Grace W9	4 Prescott Street.
Number of girls: fort	y-two.

Grainger, Joseph F	Street.
Graustein, Archibald R19 Arlington	Street.
Hartwell, Chester MLi	
Hastings, Arthur N	
Hastings, Leslie 5 Dana	Stree!
Holland, Clifford M53 Ellery	
Hood, James W96 Magazine	Stree:
Marean, M. Browning46 Brewster	Street.
Millican, Frederick J40 Sidney	Stree .
Murray, John F., Jr 9 Avon	Street.
Roper, Henry J39 Hubbard A	venue.
Russell, Harry W10 Bigelow	Street.
Sheehan, John J98 Walden	Street.
Smith, Robert L41 Dana	Street.
Sumner, Louis W339 Bro	adway.
White, Amos J39 Tremont	Street.
Wilson, Theodore H16 Lee	Street.
Number of boys: thirty.	

Number in class: seventy-two.

CLASS III.

Adams, Alice	
Allen, Grace D	22 Bigelow Street.
Babson, Hester T	143 Magazine Street.
Barbour, Esther H	
Bates, Josephine B	20 Wendell Street.
Beane, Marion	9 Ellery Street
Bennett, Ruth	49 Linnæan Street.
Bertwell, Marguerite M	255 Upland Road.
Bland, Rose P	
Boynton, Amy D	364 Harvard Street.
Brock, Edna P	
Busiel, Annie A	3 Ellsworth Park
Chase, Florence G	3 Fayette Street.
Churchill, Fredrika	156 Hancock Street.
Clark, Eva A	
Coolidge, Delpha17 Gar	
Dougherty, Lucy J	
Earle, Marion G	
Edgerly, Caroline M	
Ferdinand, Ninita T	80 Columbia Street.
Foxcroft, Esther M	25 Hillside Avenue.
Gore, Hazel P	
Hall, Constance H	
Hathaway, Clara W	97 Huron Avenue.
Hutchins, Helen W	37 Mt. Vernon-Street.
Johnson, Helen S	9 Lancaster Street.
Johnson, Mary H	26 Lee Street.
Kelsey, Laura R	10 Ashton Place.
Lenox, Marjorie	126 Harvard Street.
Lord, Helen M	265 Harvard Street.
Lyons, Ethyl H	.136 Lake View Avenue.
Manning, Rose E	398 Putnam Avenue.
Marston, Annie M	
McElroy, Ethel G	31 Gray Street.

Merrill, Alice G......62 Kirkland Street. Mittlebach, Eudora E. . 2594 Massachusetts Avenue. Murphy, Helena......117 Montgomery Street. Murray, Ethel I......87 Trowbridge Street. O'Brien, M. Frances......43 Baldwin Street. Palmer, Marianne......98 Raymond Street. Peirce, Jessie L. O...........51 Oxford Street. Pope, Beatrice E......125 Oxford Street. Prichard, Julia E......134 Oxford Street Sharkey, Mary A......111 Trowbridge Street. Shaw, Alice M......16 Wendell Street. Stockton, May B......25 Webster Avenue. Sutton, Ethel L........................ Mellen Street. Sutton, Margaret......16 Florence Street. Tyng, Mary......98 Trowbridge Street. Upham, Lucetta A......10 Linnæan Street. Webb, Louise M......115 Museum Street. Welsh, Elizabeth C.....48 Harvey Street. Weston, Alice D.............................. Cleveland Street. Wheeler, Eleanor, 66 Mt. Auburn St., Watertown. Wildes, Marjorie...... 3 Avon Street. Woodman, Alice L...........76 Garfield Street. Wright, Laura J...... 9 Clinton Street. Number of girls: sixty.

Heywood, Angelo F....991 Massachusetts Avenue. Howe, La Forest H., 15 Elton Av., East Watertown. Hubert, George W., Jr.....371/2 Magnolia Avenue. Jameson, Winthrop S......119 Walker Street. Nutting, Horace L..... William Street. Taft, Fletcher W......32 Avon Hill Street. Thompson, Eugene L.....23 Ellsworth Avenue. Tillinghast, Harold M.....50 Garden Street. Waterbury, H. Ernest.....13 Waterhouse Street. Weymouth, Frederick A......15 Beech Street. Wiseman, John M...... 4 Gore Street. Number of boys: thirty-five.

Number in class: ninety-five.

White, Bertha L........31 Mt. Pleasant Street.

CLASS IV.

	,
Alley, Marion B	16 Clinton Street.
Bailey, Ethel M	
Bennett, C. Theresa	1 Cowperthwaite Street.
Bunton, Florence E	63 Washington Avenue.
Burton, Flora E	55 Garfield Street.
Clark, Sara C	17 Hurlbut Street.
Dickey, Florence	267 Putnam Avenue.
Frost, Clara E	77 Franklin Street.
Frost, Marion	
Gilmore, Gladys C	74 Avon Hill Street.
Goodridge, Elinor M1705	Massachusetts Avenue.
Hopkins, Bessie L	69 Mt. Vernon Street.
Huling, Alice B	.101 Trowbridge Street.
Humans, Florence G	70 Antrim Street.
Hurter, Annie B	25 Highland Avenue.
Johnson, J. Mehitable	212 Harvard Street.
Johnson, M. Gertrude	
Kendall, Marion E	11 Wyeth Street.
La Pierre, Hattie F	$\dots\dots109$ River Street.
Larner, Lillian H948	Massachusetts Avenue.
Luke, Grace R	15 Maple Avenue.
MacLeod, Sarah J	
Mandell, Helen E	4 Walnut Avenue.
McCarthy, Mary A	1341/2 Hampshire Street.
McCarthy, Nora F	11 Ninth Street.
McFall, Adelaide L	90 Fourth Street.
M'Kinnon, Charlessie E	12 Clinton Street.
Mulrey, Cora	.150 Holworthy Street.
Pevey, E. Louise1713	Massachusetts Avenue.
Piper, Eleanor	55 Langdon Street.
Reeves, Ida M	25 Sacramento Street.
Rice, Edith N	135 Otis Street.
Russell, Mildred W	176 Hancock Street.
Shaw, Louise C	16 Sacramento Street.
Sullivan, Katherine G	36 Ellery Street.
Telford, Olive	71 Sacramento Street.
Ware, Pamela C	375 Broadway.
Webb, Helen M	10 Arlington Street.

Whittier, Edith H......35 William Street. Wiseman, Ellen G...... Gore Street. Woodfin, Helen L......44 Mt, Pleasant Street. Number of girls: forty-two. Arnold, Robert V......1683 Cambridge Street. Baker, Eldridge I......111 Museum Street. Baxter, Henry C..Oxford Street, Harvard Lawn. Bell, James S., Jr.................................. Dana Street. Burton, Carlisle W......55 Garfield Street. Conlin, Thomas A......1534 Cambridge Street. Cunningham, Thomas E., Jr., 847 Massachusetts Av. Currie, Chester W......376 Harvard Street. Doherty, Henry A., Jr......83 Hammond Street. Dolan, Archie B.................20 Porter Road. Feeley, Walter C......265 Western Avenue. Frost, Norman W..........53 Orchard Street. Hall. Walter S...........233 Hampshire Street. Hallett, Richard M......163 Magazine Street. Hammond, John W......337 Harvard Street. harlow, Albert M..........289 Harvard Street. Hopewell, Henry C......82 Magazine Street. Howe, Frederick S............28 Arlington Street. James, Frank T......26 Clinton Street. Ketchum, Claude H.........63 Highland Avenue. Macdonald, John L.......181 Putnam Avenue. Macy, Frank S......20 Trowbridge Street. Mannix, John J......196 Appleton Street. Mariett, Harold M...... 5 Park Street. Miller, Lawrence J......148 Hancock Street. Moore, Harold S...... Rutland Street. Morris, Arthur C......359 Harvard Street. Murphy, John J........117 Montgomery Street. Nagle, William J..........207 Hamilton Street.

O'Hare, John T......47 Reservoir Street.

> Number of boys: forty-two. Number in class: eighty-four.

CLASS V.

	CLI
Adams, Maebelle	
Barbour, Alice	12 Ellery Street.
Beunke, Lillian F	225 Franklin Street.
Blum, Barbara A	10 St. Paul Street.
Bodfish, Harriet G	.1527 Cambridge Street.
Boyle, Agatha	6 Brewer Street.
Bradeen, Annie A	
Briggs, Lucia R	
Cervi, Beatrice I	
Chapman, Alice E	
Colby, Ida G	77 Avon Hill Street.
Columbus, Albena J	63 Creighton Street.
Creelman, S. Anna	82 Tremont Street.
Cross, Jean A	5 Bigelow Street.
Derry, Evelyn T	12 Trowbridge Street.
Dillingham, Elsie R	13 Pleasant Street.
Dougherty, Edna K	77 Lake View Avenue.
Dougherty, Helen W	77 Lake View Avenue.
Eaton, Alta M	
Fairfield, Hazel G	74 Orchard Street.
Farquahar, May F	34 Garfield Street.
Fawcett, Edith M	74 Hammond Street.
Felker, Grace A	14 Glenwood Avenue.
Foster, Alma F	_
Fox, Edith H	59 Chestnut Street.
Frost, Emma	42 Creighton Street.
Gordon, Gertrude A	23 Ellsworth Avenue.
Hanscom, Alice E	8 Rice Street.
Haworth, Ethel	40 Pemberton Street.
Hill, Gertrude M	
Hursh, Edith F	93 Upland Road.
Janes, Edith R	168 Brattle Street.
Johnston, M. Grace	48 Fairfield Street.
Jones, Clara G	
Kemper, Sarah V	47 Langdon Street.
Kinsman, Leita A	
Locke, Ruth F	14 Dover Street.
Lothrop, Eleanore E	
Loud, Louise C	
Maclaren, Almira L	
Marble, Marjorie	
McFarlane, M. Emily	
McNamee, Gertrude M	
McNamee, Ida C	1 Portland Street.
Murphy, Elizabeth	
Murray, Mary J	
Pawlowski, Anna M	158 Cushing Street.

Pease, Mattie M................25 Rindge Avenue. Pevey, Elva M......1713 Massachusetts Avenue. Peterson, Elsie B......121 Magazine Street. Powell, Christina L................168 Elm Street. Raymond, Eleanor A......84 Ellery Street. Seaverns, Helen S......69 Wendell Street. Shaw, Hazel H......45 Antrim Street. Snow, Elizabeth B......160 Lake View Avenue. Stearns, Georgia H..39 Church Street, Watertown. Stone, Gladys U...... 5 Howland Street. Stone, Louise B...........47 Mt. Vernon Street. Sullivan, Abigail C..... 7 Chapman Place. Taylor, Marguerite L......176 Prospect Street. Taylor, Mary K......182 Elm Street. Thresher, Florence, 61 Kirkstall Road, Newtonville. Titcomb, Florence I......38 Lake View Avenue. Tyng, Katharine..........98 Trowbridge Street. Wheeler, Laura W..15 Wyman Street, Arlington. White, Charlotte E......31 Mt. Pleasant Street. Wicker, Georgia C.. 8 "The Edna," Arnold Circle. Williams, Loretto Z...... Roseland Street. Williamson, Florence L......55 Austin Street.

Number of girls: seventy-four.

Adams, Roger..... 8 Wendell Street. Adams, Thomas......45 Oxford Street. Bacon, George B.....1775 Massachusetts Avenue. Baldwin, John F...... 10 Hilliard Place. Barnard, Frederick C......29 Sidney Street. Beane, Charles H...... Bellery Street. Beister, Ernest L..........67 Webster Avenue. Bennett, Edward L...........49 Linnæan Street. Boynton, W. Wilmot......130 Oxford Street. Bradbury, Walworth K......369 Harvard Street. Brooks, George H....429 Massachusetts Avenue. Brosnahan, Raymond T.....32 Locke Street. Brosnahan, Timothy J., 97 Webster Av., Somerville. Cahill, Thomas J......313 Prospect Street.

Chapman, Ralph W366 Prospect Street
Church, Claude H305 Pearl Street
Coburn, Chester A148 Spring Street
Coleman, Albert J69 Chestnut Street
Coyle, Joseph L819 Cambridge Street
Crowley, Charles F
Cummings, Francis V Hubbard Avenue
Currie, Elwood S376 Harvard Street
Cutler, Frank L 6 Cutler Avenue
Davis, Edward M107 Francis Avenue
Der Manooclian, Ashod207 Third Street
Dillingham, Herman L425 Putnam Avenue
Donovan, John D., Jr181 Appleton Street
Edwards, George C50 Orchard Street
Ellis, Richard
Ellsbree, Leslie F
Elwell, Alcott F 5 Concord Avenue
Elwell, S. Bruce 5 Concord Avenue
Emerson, Kenneth E395 Broadway
Ferry, Francis
Fitzmaurice, John E Sands Street
Ford, Alexander S King Place
Garfield, Merton L37 Irving Street
Gibson, David H114 Foster Street
Gilmore, Roger J74 Avon Hill Street.
Grandgent, Louis107 Walker Street.
Greene, Jeremiah A35 Sargent Street.
Halpin, Edmund J134 Concord Avenue.
Henderson, Arthur N318 Franklin Street.
Hitchcock, James S387 Harvard Street.
Hughes, George F52 Pleasant Street.
Janes, B. Franklin, Jr. 2192 Massachusetts Avenue.
Keaney, Frank W
Kelley, Edmund S49 Washington Avenue.
Kelley, Edward F
Kendall, Francis H., 17 Fayette Street, Watertown.
Lee, Cornelius J29 Hollis Street.
Lynch, David E55 Cedar Street.

MacDonald, Edward C	248 Harvard Street
McBride, James E	74 Holworthy Street
McCarthy, John M	43 Irving Street
McCormack, James J	457 Cambridge Street
McCrehan, Jeremiah J	82 Rice Street
Millican, A. McLeod	
Mitchell, Nelson C	1 Winthrop Square
Mulcahy, Thomas F	
Nash, Henry F	9 Acacia Street
Nash, Norman B	9 Acacia Street
Newman, Christopher F., J	r40 Holworthy Street.
Noonan, James H. E	
Paine, John A	21 Center Street.
Phelan, William B	
Poitrast, Joseph V	.64 Sacramento Street.
Ponce, Philip L	
Rider, Charles A	13 Chauncey Street.
Ross, Thomas S	97 Spring Street.
Rowe, John J	253 Upland Road.
Ryder, Harry C Cam. Hos	pital, Mt. Auburn Street
Samuelson, Carl R	6 King Place.
Sargent, Lester F	18 Agassiz Street.
Shaw, William H	45 Antrim Street.
Small, T. Lambert	34 Lee Street.
Taft, Roger B	32 Avon Hill Street.
Teele, Chesley W	8 Russell Street.
Thaxter, Charles E	7 Scott Street.
Toye, Frederick H	19 Sherman Street.
Triggs, Clinton F1039	Massachusetts Avenue.
Turnbull, George R	79 Pearl Street.
Watson, Clarence O	22 Bigelow Street.
Webb. Herbert H	115 Museum Street.
Wiedemann, Max F	5 Hampshire Place.
Williams, Ralph W	
Willison, Albert B	166 Magazine Street.
Worcester, Clarence I	
NT . I	Taxas and the same of the same

Number of boys: ninety-two.

Number in class: one hundred and sixty-six.

NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Co.:

"Queen of the Antilles March," for pianoforte, introducing the Cuban National Hymn. by Jean M. Missud. Price, 50 cents. Full Band, 50 cents.

"The Mongolian King Two Step," for pianoforte. By Dan J. Sullivan. Price, 50 cents.

"When All the World was Young." Song for bass voice. Words by Charles Kingsley. Music by James H. Rogers. Price, 50 cents. "The Knight of the Holy Grail." Sacred song for baritone. Words by Wm. H. Gardiner. Music by A. B. MacKenzie. Price, 60 cents.

"Dainty Tone Pictures," for the little ones, for pianoforte. By L. A. Bugbee.

- 1. "Little Boy Blue." Price, 30 cents.
- 2. "Pussy's See-Saw." Price, 30 cents.

"The Real Thing." Rag-time song. Words and music by Geo. A. Carkin. Price, 50 cents.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the under graduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the Review will appear on Thursday, November eighth. All copy must be in by Saturday, October seventh.



The captains of the Latin School athletic teams are: foot-ball, Hastings; base-ball, Roper; track team, Garfield; crew, James. The captain of the High School foot-ball team is Barnes. Smith is manager of the Latin School foot-ball team, and Glidden of the High School.



The official athletic outfitter for the Latin School is James W. Brine. All members of the school may get special rates by applying to Smith, 1901 (mgr. of foot-ball team), for written orders.



The schedule of league games to be played by the Latin School, as arranged at present, is:—

Friday, October 26—Newton High at Newton.

Tuesday, October 30 — Hopkinson at Charles River Park.

Friday, November 2—Boston Latin. at Charles River Park.

Friday, November 9—Brookline at Charles River Park.



The Review may be found on sale at Amee's, in Harvard square, and Beunke's, 553 Massachusetts avenue.



Miss Ethel Robinson has been elected manager of the 'varsity basket-ball team.



The Latest Scores: C. H. S. 5, Medford 0; C. L. S. 16, Everett 0; C. L. S. 17, Winchester 0.

The Aerology of Simon Livinsky.

My business was in the largest building of the town, and being a man of retiring nature I had it located on the top floor, away from the noise and bustle of the street. My business was promoting legitimate and worthy inventions, and such being the case I was besieged by every sort of humanity from the long bearded socialistic reformer, who wished to get a letter patent on his "world revolutionizing" scheme, to the sharp-nosed Russian, who had contrived a neat little camera-like device, for the riddance of monarchical heads.

One day, and I had a sleepy brain that day, while I was surrounded by several of these men, some of whom were exceedingly eloquent over their pet ideas, there appeared in the room a shrivel-eyed, bent, lean old man of a very advanced age. He seemed not to be in a hurry, so I attended to the wants of the others, though usually I attended to the old men first, not merely out of respect for age, but because their inventions are more likely to amount to something.

After everyone else left the office, he approached me, slowly and feebly. On looking closely at him I shivered. His hollow eyes seemed to penetrate into my very brain. They shone with such brilliancy and severity of purpose and such a sepulchral stare, that I really felt apprehensive over the outcome of this man's visit.

"What can I do for you?" I inquired.

"My name is Simon Livinsky, Doctor of Aerology," he replied tartly, "I have a neat little invention of my own here, that will allow the user to float off into space at his will, just by taking three drops of it." After saying this, he brought forth from an inner pocket, a little vial carefully wrapped up in many coverings of rags and paper.

I eyed the liquid rather suspiciously. It was green in color. "But what proof have I of its efficiency," I said, "except your word for it?" The very idea seemed so ridiculous to me! "I will show you in a few days how well it works," he replied in an injured tone, and he left the office rather spryly and I thought a little straighter, yet taking along that air of not being treated fairly.

I had had many experiences with such inventive geniuses, but the appearance of this fellow, his little green bottle, which he so carefully guarded, and above all his brief visit, filled me with awe, and to say the least, misgivings.

I did not hear again from the learned doctor for several days, and when I did it came about in a rather singular manner. I was riding out of town in the cars to get a breath of cool air, for the day was very close. As I passed a suburban bill-board I read the following announcement:

DR. SIMON LIVINSKY

will demonstrate to the scientific world his "Universal Traveling Fluid." All wishing to witness this exhibition please address the above.

Box 4, Centralville Post Office.

There was nothing extraordinary to the casual observer about this announcement, but to me it meant a great deal. As I had seen the learned doctor himself, I could not but felt a deep interest in this masterpiece of his.

On reaching my destination I met the doctor, much to my annoyance. He followed me so closely and watched my every move so narrowly that I felt as if his sharp eyes were boring a hole in my back. I was hardly sure that I was not under some hypnotic influence,

for I seemed always to be drawn toward him. At last I talked with him, for I saw it was useless to dodge. He impressed upon me the need of seeing his device work. "A liquid invention that would cause the world to rise!" he explained in his overflow of praise; "it will reap a fortune in a day for its owner." He claimed he could go twenty miles an hour through space by its use. My eyes were opening wider. The thoughts of being rich overcame me. I promised him I would buy it if it proved an entire success. Thus we parted, after I had promised to view his demonstration on the following morning.

I was nervous that night. For some reason I could not sleep. My mind was taken up with the thought of floating through space. How that liquid could make one do it I couldn't for the life of me imagine.

I arrived at his house at the appointed time. Already several scientific men were there before me, yet the little old man seemed to direct his attention to me in particular.

"I will now demonstrate to you scientific gentlemen my wonderful 'Traveling Fluid.' I will float to the Post Office and return with the mail by my own skyward route."

He poured out three drops in a teaspoon and swallowed it, carefully wrapping up his bottle and replacing it in his inner pocket. Why didn't he move? He remained still. Bah! humbug! But look! He began to straighten up. His cheeks began to fatten. His body began to fill out in a decidedly comical manner. His shoes began to swell out. Gracious, what pliable leather. Was I in a delusion? I rubbed my eyes. was in my proper senses. He began to rise. Higher and higher he went till completely out of sight. "It is supernatural," shouted one, as our heads were turned upward. "Bosh!" came a growl from another. I kept still, not knowing what to say, for I was sure I was either witnessing a "revolutionary" invention or was in a dream. Possibly it was an optical illusion. No it wasn't. It was real.

Five minutes were about up. Our necks were rather tired from looking up so long, when, behold! A black speck appeared in the sky. It grew larger and larger. It was coming toward the earth with terrific speed. "He will be dashed to pieces," we all shouted. But no. He was within ten feet of the earth, when he suddenly slacked his speed and slowly and gradually came to solid ground. It was Livinsky with the mail.

"Well," he exclaimed with a smile, "is it not wonderful?" and I noticed him gaining his old time form again. "It is," we all answered, and after shaking the old man's hand we left, each going his way, but all thinking of the great spectacle they had just witnessed.

I had been in my office about fifteen minutes, when the door swung open. Who appeared? Surely the man looked out of proportion. Whew! what a swelled head. He was tall, very fat, and straight as an arrow. But horror! To my surprise he began to wilt, as a flower does soon after picking, and before me stood the ever present parched old Livinsky. He explained that he was just getting over an "air line" trip. I made it known to him in rather plain language that my office was no place to undergo such contortions in and my nerves wouldn't allow it. He was all apologies.

We now were chatting quite freely.

"O shrewd Livinsky, you're a convincing talker," thought I, but still I saw the wonders of this great scientific freak of his. We came to an agreement. I promised to give him twenty thousand for the invention, but I must see another demonstration of it first. He insisted on being paid five thousand dollars before hand as a guarantee of good faith. I gave it willingly. I advertised the event by great posters, thinking of the vast wealth the liquid would bring me.

What a revelation to mankind. A human balloon, and the person unaffected. This very name of mine would be great in a few hours. The day came, bringing with it vast multitudes to witness the sight. The time was at hand, and so was Simon Livinsky. "I will now take a skyward trip to the Post Office and be back again in five minutes. All look sharp." After saying this he took three drops of the liquid in a teaspoon and swallowed it, carefully replacing the vial in his vest pocket. He stood facing the crowd. He didn't move. The crowd began to jeer. Soon missiles began to fly.

But look! Hands, feet, body and head, in fact everything began to swell at once. The dose was strong. "Barnum's Fat Man" did not approach him in size. A cheer arose from the vast multitude. Livinsky rose also. He was gaining speed. Smaller and smaller he became till lost to sight. The people looked frightened, as if they thought some witch power was at work. I assured them that they were in their right mind. They doubted me then; they still doubt me.

The time was fast going. Five minutes had elapsed and no Livinsky. Ten minutes, but no Livinsky. I sent to the Post Office but he wasn't there and hadn't been there. I felt a sinking feeling come over me. Where was Livinsky? Where was he?

Sad to say, but true, he was with the invention and the five thousand dollars.

F. W. R., '02.

SOUR GRAPES.

It was during the five-minute recess, and, as is customary with us, we started to raid each other's desks in search of eatables of any description. One of our number, nicknamed Bumper, was out of the room. Having rifled four desks in vain, driven by pangs of hunger, we tried Bumper's. Imagine the delight of four half-starved girls when they found two large bunches of white grapes, or at least they appeared white at the first glance. We didn't argue over the color. To be sure they weren't so very sweet, but we ate them so quickly (each wanting to get her share and a little more if possible), that we didn't think about the taste, and then if Bumper intended to eat them, we certainly could.

When she came to her desk and found only the grape skins, a look came over her face not warranted by the loss of her luncheon, for that is an everyday occurrence; in fact, it is an understood thing among us that any luncheon left unguarded is the property of the rest. She banged her desk cover down, and, turning to us guilty ones, said in what we considered an unnecessarily "grouchy" manner, "Those were the green grapes I brought to paint. You must have wanted to eat something. I hope you'll all be sorry for it." In view of our feelings that night, we certainly agree that stolen fruits are not always the sweetest.

A. B. W., '01.





Wise are they who have taken advantage of their opportunities this summer, and collected rose leaves, milk-weed pods, everlasting, pine needles, or fir balsam. All these are excellent to fill sofa-pillows of which one can never have too many. The milk-weed pods and everlasting must be kept in the sun until the former bursts and the latter is perfectly dry. The rose leaves must be carefully dried. A sofa pillow made of red and white checked gingham, with the date and the name of the summer resort where you spent your vacation embroidered on it, makes a pretty souvenir.

For the camera fiend we would suggest a blue-print pillow. The pictures are developed on a piece of blue-print cloth. The pillow is then made up with a white back, and bound with white cloth. Still another fad is pasting blue prints, which have been trimmed down, on a fan. This is much the same as a monogram fan, and is very pretty if tastefully done.

Instead of wearing your heart on your sleeve, as the saying goes, it seems to be quite the proper thing to wear other people's hearts on your bracelet. In the first place, some kind friend gives you either a gold or silver bracelet. If it happens to be gold, so much the worse for those who are asked to provide hearts for it, for of course the hearts must be of the same material as the bracelet. Then the rest of your friends must provide you with hearts to put on the bracelet. On the side the

name of the giver is engraved. Some hearts also have a ruby or a turquoise set in them.

Miss Beaudren will have her classes in gymnastics again this year. The hours have not yet been decided upon, but will probably come some time during school hours. However it may be arranged, all the girls will be very glad to have Miss Beaudren with them again.

Basket-ball practice will begin about the last of October. It is to be hoped that all the classes will take the same interest in it that they did last year. The banner which Mr. Benshimol gave to the school will no doubt be a great incentive to all.

BASKET BALL. (HIGH SCHOOL.)

The three upper classes have organized their teams this week. It is hoped that the freshman class will follow the example set by 1903 last year, and organize a team at once.

Most of 1901's old players are back this year and will endeavor to make the team as successful as possible. All the girls are urged to come out and try for the team, as the cooperation of all is necessary to make it a success. Isa M. Duvey is captain, and Ida M. Stevens manager.

Miss Place, captain of 1902's team last year, has left, and thus the team is deprived of a strong player. With Florence M. Colby captain, and Ethel Halliday manager, 1902 is certainly in the race.

Miss O'Brien, 1903, has worked hard to organize a team. She is manager, but no captain has been elected as yet.



THE COURT-FOOL.

(From the German.)

The King and many a jovial lord, Sat gathered round the festive board, While Snuff, the court-fool, scatter-brained, Their excellencies entertained.

A: his swift sallies, pranks, and quips, Broad laughter strained their easeful lips— But one guest sat in study brown, With dull, grave eyes still looking down.

"Now, prithee," quoth Sir Silverscarf Unto the King: "what ails that dwarf? When we with mirth are overcome, Why doth he sit so stiff and glum?"

"This is the point," explained the King:
"That is my other court-fool, Sting,
And this is his half-holiday—
He may enjoy in his own way."

Words of a dying cannibal—Write me down as one who loved his fellow-men,

Teacher— What is velocity?
Bright Youth— Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.

A little under 3,000 stars can be seen with the naked eye. 476,549,802 are visible when the eye is blackened.

Senior Partner— We must discharge that traveller of ours. He told one of our customers that I was a fool.

Junior Ditto— I'll see him at once and insist upon his keeping the firm's secrets.

New Reporter— The fire-king waved his flaunting banner above the lurid bosom of night,

Old Reporter— What, sir! What!

New Reporter— Er-er—a fire broke out last night in Biddy Mahoney's old woodshed.

He (preparing to leave)— I assure you, Miss Sweet, the time has passed very pleasantly this evening.

She (abstractedly)— Yes, it is pleasant to know that it is past.

Teacher—' Johnny, write some sentence in which the word 'chaste' is used.

Johnny— Yes'm. Aguinaldo is the most chaste man alive at the present day.

She smiles no more—'tis not that she By gloom has been distracted;
But that her pearly, white front teeth,
The dentist has extracted.

"In my little argument with the whale," remarked Jonah, "I certainly had the inside track."

Her mouth was not so very large, Yet in a confidential minute She told the dentist that she had Two well-developed achers in it.

"That man says his merry-go-round is one of the finest in this country."

"Yes, I heard him bragging that his patrons always move in the best circles."

Teacher—Johnny, what domestic animal has the keenest sense of smell?

Johnny—The skunk, sir.

ALUMNI NOTES.

On the sixth of October, Miss Mabel Lincoln Chamberlain was married to Alfred Cook Fuller.

On the fourteenth of June, Frederick B. Hill, C. L. S., '91, was married to Edith P. Draper.

Benjamin Sidney Priest, C. L. S., '91, was married April the tenth to Mary L. Temple.

Clarence King Moore, C. L. S., '93, was married July the eighteenth, at Mill Valley, California, to Maria F. Saunders.

James Conlin, C. L. S., '00, has entered the sophomore class at Harvard.

- H. W. Stearns, C. L. S., '95, is second lieutenant of Company C, Eighth Regiment, M. V. M.
- C. A. McGrew, C. L. S., '93, Harvard, '97, is the fortunate father of the "Class Baby"; fortunate because of the honors conferred upon him as the father of the first child of a member of this class. According to the usual custom, he received, in June, a Class Cradle—a handsome silver loving cup—which bore the name of Dorothy McGrew, with an inscription of donation. Every man in the class drank from the cup. By a strange coincidence, Clarence McGrew was himself the Class Baby of '74.

Miss Ethel Dimick, who has spent the last two years at Smith, has come to Radcliffe to complete her college course.

Miss Marion Emerson, C. H. S., '96, Smith, '00, is doing post-graduate work at Radeliffe.

Twelve of the C. L. S. girls have entered Radeliffe this year; a number larger than usual. This promises well for the C. L. S. Club of Radeliffe.

Miss Helen Gauss, C. L. S., '98, Radcliffe, '92, who has spent the past year at Colorado Springs, has returned to Radcliffe.

- Of the forty-six members of the class of '99, twelve were last year in Harvard, ten were in Radeliffe, four in Burdett College, three in the Latin School for post-graduate work, three in Boston University, two at home, two in the Salem Normal School, two in the University of California, two in business, one in Vassar, one in Smith, one in Wellesley, one in Mt. Holyoke, one in Boston College, and one in Dartmouth.
- C. Bell, C. L. S., '96, is in the Harvard Law School.
- J. B. Hawes, C. L. S., '96, is in the Harvard Medical School.
- F. B. Hill, C. L. S., '91, is secretary of the American Roller-Bearing Co., with an office at 27 State street, Boston.
- G. F. Rouillard, C. L. S., '90, is living at Kennebunk, Maine.

John F. Gadsby, '00, who left school last October, passed his final examinations and entered Harvard.

The second reunion of the Latin School graduates, under the auspices of the C. L. S. Alumni Association, will probably be held November twenty-third. At that time, the catalogue of the graduates, which is in process of publication, will be issued.

Miss Mabel V. Arnold, who is teaching at the Latin School, was a C. L. S. graduate, class of '96, and received the degree of A.B., magna cum laude, from Radcliffe last June.

H. H. Murdock, C. L. S., '97, is now business manager of the Harvard Crimson and manager of the 'Varsity base-ball team.

Pennell, C. L. S., 1900, was very ill during the summer.

Waldo Shaw Kendall, '95, sailed the twentieth of September from New York for Paris. He is to make a long tour through Europe and part of the Orient.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

We're seldom seen to laugh or smile,
To lesser minds this seems worth while.
Our thoughts are filled with graver things
Which our maturer wisdom brings.
Knowledge is now our end and aim,
Yet "nineteen-two" is not to blame,
That it still seeks a little fame
From a banner won in a foot-ball game,
They soon will cease such things to prize,
For mental training will make them wise.
They'll give up pastimes without a sigh
For they'll be seniors bye-and-bye.

Miss McFarlane enjoyed a trip to Europe this summer. She reports a very pleasant time.

The first class-meeting of the year was held on Friday, September 27th. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Ammidon; Vice President, Miss Jackson; Secretary, Miss Williams; Treasurer, Mr. Croswell; Social Committee; Miss Jackson, Mr. Croswell, Mr. Carstein, Mr. Bennett, Miss Wood.

1902.

The class election was held on September 21st. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Walter T. Garfield; Vice President, Miss Winifred Rogers; Secretary, Miss Margaret Arnold; Treasurer, Mr. Robert Smith; Social Committee, Miss Rogers, Miss Hubbard, Miss Wilson, Mr. Burns and Mr. Bicknell.

The class has lost two earnest workers: Mr. Hyde, twice president of the class, and Mr. Burton, who has served on many important committees.

Mr. Rogers has entered the High School.

We are sorry not to see Miss Heywood back this fall. Her place will be hard to fill.

1903.

Mr. H. E. Waterbury of Newton has joined the class.

A. R. Ellis is captain of the foot-ball team.

Among other new members of our class are Miss Prichard and Miss Tremper.

Miss Louise Webb is the editor for 1903 in place of Miss Bowlby, who has left school.

1904.

We are no longer the freshman class. Three cheers for 1905!

The first class meeting of the year was held September 24, and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Rivinius; Vice President, Miss Clarke; Treasurer, Mr. Burton; Secretary, Miss Gilmore. The Social Committee consists of Misses Bunton, Mandell and Alley, and Messrs. Harlow, Burton (chairman ex-officio) and Rogers. They promise us twelve socials. That is slightly better than last year's record.

Taylor is captain of the foot-ball team.

Two boys from our class, Hopewell and Cunningham, are on the 'varsity foot-ball team.

1905.

There are one hundred and sixty of us!

There are more boys than girls this year.

For the girls, the principal amusement at recess seems to be dancing in the gym. We wonder why the boys can not dance?

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

The debating society intends to hold its first meeting on October 12. Let us keep up our reputation of having the best debaters of the society in our class.

Miss Annie Hopkins has not returned to school this year. She will be much missed, especially by the "Six Sinners," who are now the "Fearful Five." "Not lost, but gone before," as someone said.

Goo Goo has evidently come to stay.

"Mamma signed my brother's, but she didn't sign mine."

Any seniors who are fond of apples will find that there is always an abundant supply in Miss Mahady's desk.

1901.

The class held its annual meeting to elect officers Friday, September 21. The following officers were elected: President, Arthur L. Gove; Vice President, Alice B. Winegar; Secretary, Catherine C. Cameron; Treasurer, James McGann. After taking the chair, the president appointed the following committee to draw up a new constitution: Mr. Glidden, chairman; Messrs. Hosmer and Rondina, and Misses Spragg and Winegar. Upon the resignation of Messrs. Glidden and Hosmer, the president appointed Mr. Barrier to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Barnes has been elected captain, and Mr. Glidden manager, of the foot-ball team.

Come, girls, support the foot-ball team this season; turn out to all the games; don't let the other classes be better represented. Above all, get ahead of the Latin School in trying to encourage the players by your presence at games.

At a class meeting September 28, Mr. S. W. Wilder was reëlected president; Vice President, Miss Elsie Vail; Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Cleveland; Secretary, Miss Florence Colby. The social committee has not yet been appointed.

Oh girls, how did you enjoy the music at recess? All for six cents.

Watchword: "I decline."

The new course comprising stenography and typewriting is proving to be one of the most popular in the school.

Hooray for us! We are freshmen no longer. Three cheers for 1904!

Old faces are missed, and new ones seen.

Come, 1903, be more spirited. Take your example from the "sunshine of the class."

Why is the common so attractive of late? Guess where the cream-cake went.

Sloyd is very interesting. Some of us will make good carpenters.

"Your turn next" is a favorite expression among the girls in Miss Sawyer's dressing room. What a pity the mirror is so small!

1904.

The class is supporting foot-ball this year. Smith and Aldrige are good men.

The English class was informed that the widow's first husband was dead.

The boys have a chance to take Sloyd two or three study hours a week. This was told in a boys' class meeting at recess, Mr. Huling presiding.

Who said anything about Uneeda Graham Wayfer?

Miss Kerr has left school on account of ill health.

ATHLETICS.

To the pupils of the High School: Doubtless all of you are aware that with this year we enter into a new era in athletics. There has been a great deal of doubt everywhere, but more especially among the pupils of the Latin School, as to whether the High School could support an athletic team.

Now, of course, we all take pride enough in the High School to try and prove the pupils of the Latin School to be mistaken. But aside from this, there are several good and substantial reasons why the High School pupils should make a greater effort to support athletics this year than they have ever made before.

The members of the class of '01 are now entering on their last school year, and consequently they have but this one chance to show whether they desire to support athletics or not. If they wish to do so, it is now their duty to come forward and show both by their presence at games, and by their contributions to the athletic fund, that they are able and willing to help a distinctly High School team. If this class sets a good example to the school, the other classes will doubtless follow it.

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This year, the class of '02 probably has more vital interest in the success of athletics than any other. Next year the control of athletics will pass into their hands. Now if the team fails this year from lack of support, hardly anyone will be likely to give his time to a team next year, when he knows it will not be supported. Then there will be no athleties to control. The junior class ought to guarantee that next year's team will be supported, by supporting this year's team.

This applies to the two lower classes as well as the junior class. Of course it will not be until two or three years that these classes control athletics. Do not let it be said that athletics failed the first year from lack of support. If everyone would contribute something we should be sure of success. Those who have not already contributed are earnestly requested to do so.

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On Monday, the 17th of September, Captain Barnes issued a call for candidates, and that afternoon saw about fifteen men going through the preliminary practice on the common. This number gradually increased until fully thirty candidates were practicing under the watchful eyes of Coaches Sanborn, Goodnow and Hill. The practice consisted chiefly of falling on the ball, tackling, breaking through, and then a line-up in which the candidates for backs were given a chance to show what they could do in rushing.

On Friday the first line-up for squad practice was held, and on Saturday the team played a tie game with Medford High at Medford, neither side being able to score.

At the present time about twenty-three men are out every day, showing that the High School spirit is something of which we may be justly proud.

Both the Latin School and the High School teams are practicing on the common, and have three times lined up against each other, the result in each case showing that a hard fought and intensely interesting game may be looked for when these two teams meet, presumably on Thanksgiving day.

Our foot-ball team played its first game of the season with the Medford High School team on Medford common Saturday, September 22. Fully 500 people watched two tenminute halves, crowding around the team and making play very difficult. During this time neither side scored, Cambridge having a little the better of the first half, while in the second half, Medford reached our five-yard line, but were prevented from scoring by the calling of time. Medford's team was composed of nine of last year's experienced players, and they have had two weeks of hard signal practice and coaching on interference while our team had three of last season's players and one day's signal practice with little or no coaching in interference. So taking it all in all, our prospects for a strong eleven this season are very bright.

The line-up:

Cambridge.

Rondina, r. e.

Ileaton, r. t.

Barnes, r. g.

Stewart, c.

Stone, l. g.

Taylor, l. t.

Davies, l. e.

Cambridge.

Medford.

r. e., O'Neil

r. t., Brown

r. g., Wadsworth

l. g., Wadsworth

l. g., Walkling

l. t., Gifford

l. t., Gifford

Davies, l. e.

Crawford, q. b.

Quench description

Hosmer, Carney, r. h. r. h., Daly Chase, f. b. f. b., Leighton

ST. MARK'S 12, C. L. S. 0.

Gove, l. h. l. h., Hunt

The Latin School team went to Southboro on Saturday, September 29, and was defeated by the St. Mark's school team 12 to 0. The heme team scored once in each of the 15 and 10-minute halves.

Cambridge kicked off and St. Mark's gained some yards before she was downed. After two ineffectual attempts to gain, she kicked. Then the Latin School took the ball but lost on two plays and so kicked.

St. Mark's fumbled and Taft secured the ball for Cambridge, which was forced to kick. St. Mark's then tried our line without avail and surrendered the ball on downs. The Latin School again had to kick. St. Mark's then worked our left tackle for four and one-half yards, right tackle one yard, left end fif-

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78 HANOVER STREET, 97 SUMMER STREET. teen yards, centre one and one-half yards, left tackle four yards; lost two around our right end, made four through our left tackle, but was finally held for downs on our twenty-yard line. Cambridge's kick was blocked on acccunt of a poor pass and the ball rolled over the line to be captured by a St. Mark's man. St. Mark's punted out successfully and kicked the goal. Time was shortly called, but not befere Burns tackled a man who had broken away from the bunch for twenty yards.

The second half started off with a series of kicks, fumbles and long runs. St. Mark's was again held for downs. The Latin School kicked, and on the next play a St. Mark's man got the ball from the runner and ran for a touch-down. The goal was kicked. No more scoring was done.

This game showed that our defensive play
is stronger than our offensive; it also showed
that the left-hand side of our line should be
strengthened. The whole line played too
high. Brainard, Burns, Cunningham, and
the centre men showed up well. Our tackles
were a little bit puzzled by the rotary tackle
play used against them.

The line-up:

The state of the	
St. Mark's.	Cambridge Latin.
Willard, l. e	.r. e., Cunningham
Sard, l. t	r. t., Hopewell
Dodge, l. g	r. g., Williams
Brooks, c	c., Willis
Ifovey, r. g	l. g., Farrington
White, Robinson, r. t	l. t., Hastings
Spaulding, du Rham, r. e	
	Brainard, Rideout



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Miles, q.....q., Taft Hinkle (captain), l. h. b. r. h. b., Child Robeson, f. b. f. b., James King, r. h. b. l. h. b., Burns Umpire—Bent, C. L. S., '91.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6, MILTON ACADEMY 0.

The Latin School lined up for the first time this season on September 26, at Milton. Two short halves were played against Milton Academy.

It was the first opportunity afforded to get a line on the team. All the material for ends is rather light, but Rideout did some good work in the short time he played. The line held fairly well, but the ends did not close in

on punts with any effect. At quarter, Taft was apt to give away the play by facing the way he was to pass the ball, but otherwise played a strong game. Of the backs Burns did the best all round work, though his punting needs improvement. Childs made one or two good rushes.

On the whole the game showed that we have material for a good team, and that it only needs practice to get it into running order.

Those who played in the game were: Brainard, Rideout, l. e.; Hastings (captain), l. t.; Farrington, l. g.; Willis, Carrol, c.; Williams, r. g.; Hopewell, r. t.; Cunningham, Fish, r. e.; Taft, q.; Burns, l. h. b.; James, f. b.; Childs, Brainard, r. h. b.

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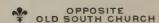
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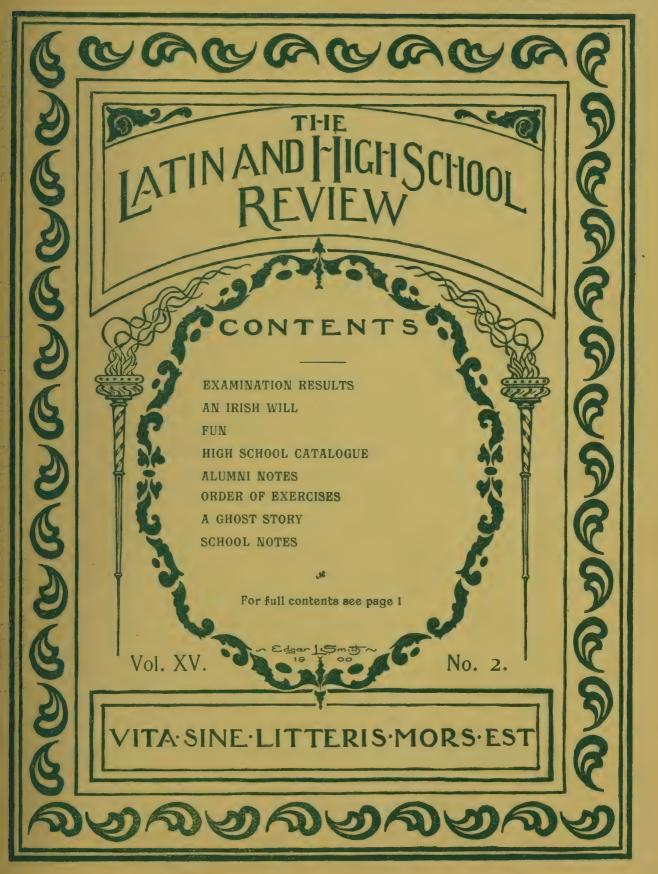
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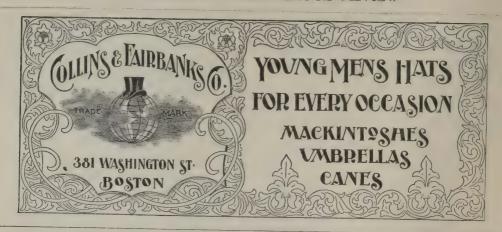
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. II.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1900.

THE MONTH.

First and foremost, we will this month discuss the question of basket-ball. It is not for us, or even for the school committee, to declare basket-ball a mere foolish waste of time, especially when all arguments point to exactly the opposite conclusion. Last year every class in each of the schools had a team, and a good one. This proves the general popularity of the game. Anything so universally favored by the girls must be at once a pleasure and a benefit. It would be a waste of space of bringing to light once more all the arguments and statistics which have been used to prove the need of exercise for the human body. These may be found carefully compiled in any work on hygiene. necessary for the boys is doubly necessary for the girls, since they have not as many opportunities as the fellows for exercise outside of a gymnasium. The best exercise is, of course, one which is popular, and in which the girls will willingly participate. The accepted in-door game for girls is basket-ball: a game, which, if not a prime necessity, is still a health-giver which the girls cannot well afford to be without.

Why, then, should not the young ladies be allowed the free use of the gymnasium for

their basket-ball games? Because our janitor, indeed quite justly, feels that it is not his duty to remain on guard at the main entrance every afternoon and to pay another man for doing the work he might otherwise accomplish himself. If Mr. Cahir is to spend all his afternoons acting as door-tender, the city government should either furnish the extra man or increase Mr. Cahir's salary, so that he may be better able to stand the additional expense. Mr. Cahir is very reasonable and only asks for increased pay to exactly the amount which he calculates that his time given to the pupils last year cost him—one hundred and fifty-six dollars, or just about four dollars a week. Indeed, he has even offered to open the gymnasium now, if the superintendent and principal consider it his duty under existing circumstances. Needless to say, they do not. The city, as usual, refuses to do anything whatever, and mildly suggests that the pupils collect the one hundred and fifty dollars among themselves! The city fathers have built us a beautiful room, which, because it is expected that there will sometime be some apparatus in it, has been commonly dubbed "the gym." have built it apparently to whet our appetites for exercise, certainly not to satisfy them. When our expectations have been raised to

the highest pitch, we find the city too poor to pay even for opening the doors after school hours. The whole affair reminds us much of that mother who "always wanted her boys to know how to swim, but couldn't ever bear to let them go near the water." The city most sincerely desires to have healthy scholars, but cannot, for a moment, bear to think of loosening her purse-strings enough to recompense our janitor for letting us in. We should be sorry to suggest that a photograph of our gymnasium would have any striking resemblance to a white elephant.

Still, these things be. The city, not wishing to pay the janitor, has paid a second ingenious person for devising an expensive method for doing away with the first expense. In time, for great bodies—especially the bodies of municipal governments-move slowly, handsome iron gates will be erected, which, when closed, will shut off a passage from the outside entrance of the basement to the dressing room. The stairways to the first floor will all be barred and the lunch counter will be out of harm's way. Strangely enough, those in authority are not much worried lest movable articles be stolen from the gymnasium, and they trust that steel gratings will be strong enough to prevent the young ladies from pillaging and plundering in the upper world. Yet, this will all be useless; for, if there is no man to guard the entrance, undesirable people will have perfect access to the gymnasium.

If the city, or rather her direct representatives—the school committee, persist in such strange courses, why should not the girls go higher and petition the mayor himself? We assure them that they would have the hearty co-operation of all the fellows. We do not believe that the citizens of Cambridge understand or approve of this policy which their committee has chosen to adopt on the whole gymnasium problem. Last year, a petition for certain apparatus to be set up in the gymnasium was presented to the mayor by the pupils of the Latin School. It was granted. After the order had been placed and filled, it was countermanded by the committee on the ground that they themselves were about to act on this same matter. Consequently, we have seen no apparatus yet; for the mayor, not wishing to interfere with the committee, declined taking further action. year we are still more reasonable in our demands. All we ask is that the room, bare as it is, be opened, and opened at once. REVIEW advises the young ladies to appeal to the mayor a second time—first, to draw up and sign a formal petition and then to send a delegation to reason with him. He cannot well refuse to take some definite action.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

FINALS.

Forty-one members of the class of 1900, C. L. S., this year entered three colleges, as follows: Harvard, 23; Radcliffe, 17; Smith, 1. Of this number two were rejected at Harvard in June, but passed in September. One off these two failed in June in six subjects (seven hours), but passed in September without a condition. Of those who entered college three boys and one girl did not graduate from this school. There were four girls who graduated who did not enter college.

The record of the forty who entered Harvard and Radeliffe last June is as follows:

			Failt	ires.	Hono	13.*	
Candidates.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub. I	Hrs. C	lear
Boys 23	288	409	36	48	70	86	7
Girls17	213	306	15	19	48	62	7
Total.40	501	715	51	67	118	148	14

Of the 36 failures among the boys 14 were given to three boys, two of the three being those rejected in June, and the other one not a graduate of this school.

Of the 51 failures 17 were in one subject.

PRELIMINARIES.

			Fail	ires.	Hone	ors.*	
Candidates.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Clear
Boys.26	145	197	8	10	32	44	18
Girls.24	141	192	10	12	33	46	17
Total.50	286	389	18	22	65	90	35

Of the fifty candidates for the preliminaries, only one, a boy, was rejected.

Of the ten failures among the girls, one girl had four.

Of the ninety hours of honors, Philip Ammidon, Marguerite Beard and Mildred G.

Sears each had seven; Margaret C. Cotter, six; Evangeline R. Hall and Selma C. Moller, each five; Philip T. Coolidge, Ralph H. Croswell, H. Coleman Farrington and Harold M. Jones, each four; thus, of the ninety hours of honors ten candidates get fifty-three.

The name of Clifford Hall Walker of the class of 1900 must be added to the list of "record-breakers."

	Hot	ırs	Hours
Name and School.	pass	sed.	honors.
A. D. Wyman, C. L. S. '97		22	18
A. W. Hodgman, Lowell H. S.	'85	20	18
Mary Edith McGrew, C. L. S.	'99	21	17
P. H. Kelsey, C. L. S. '98		20	16
Clifford Hall Walker, C. L. S.	,00	18	15
Hugh Bancroft, C. L. S. '94		18	14
E. K. Arnold, C. L. S. '91		16	14
Cecil Thayer Derry, C. L. S.	'99 .	18	13

*B counts as an honor this year in one hour subjects. Heretofore, B has been an honor only in two hour subjects.

Note.—Thanks are due to Mr. Bradbury for the information given above.

AN IRISH WILL.

"Wan toime, in the good old country, there was livin' a great rich miser. And he was that rich and that mane that he niver had but the wan gurl, the cook. And, indade, aven she was a moighty old gurl an' not given to atin much. But moind, that same day oi'm spakin av, they had a grand supper (fer thim), a moighty shmall bit av lamb. And after the ould miser was over atin, the cook, she must be atin somethin; an' thin, at just that toime, a cousin er oncle must be comin' to see the cook and atin too. And whin he swallowed the last mouthfull, begorra! there wasn't no laveins at all!

"So, sor, whin the next noight was come, the cook sez, 'What'll yiz be after atin this foine avenin?' sez she. And that ould miser sez, sez he, 'Fer sartin, what's ailin the laveins av that lamb?' he sez. 'There ain't no laveins at all,' sez she. 'Oi, myself, am after atin thim lavens,' she sez. 'Lord!' sez he; 'Ye blitherin' pig!' sez he. 'Pig yezself!' sez she. 'Oi'd ate that lamb all an' all, an' more if oi had it!' she sez. And, moind 'tis the solemn truth oi'm givin yez an niver a dhorp but the truth, that ould miser fell, stiff an' dead loike, on the floor av that room, in a fit!

"And next, av course, they all must be takin the ould scamp and puttin av him abed. Thin they calls the docther an' sez, 'What ails him, docther?' 'Arah!' sez he, 'Wan part starvation, but all the ither parts surprise, be

Hivins!' he sez. 'Will he be dyin?' they sez. 'Sartin! Sure!' sez he.

"Thin they must be fetchin' a lawyer, as if that ould miser naded a lawyer to say where the money was; an' they have him sot close be the bed. And all the relations, an' frinds, all wapein loike mad, are after comin' in the room, wan be wan. An' whin wan inters, the lawyers sez to the ould miser, 'Here's Jinny O'Donnel, what'll yez give her?' sez he. But, sor, even if that ould miser was terrible full of gin, he wasn't movin' er sayin' a word. Thin in comes Patsy Flynn, an' Mickey O'Hara, an' Bridget O'Sullivan, and the lawyer sez, 'What'll yez give thim?' sez he. But the ould man was niver mindin' at all, but starin' loike dead. An' sez the lawyer, 'What's to be done with all the money?' he sez. 'Moight be,' he sez. 'That cook would be sarvin' to recall him loike,' sez he.

"So thin they calls that cook. 'Sor,' sez that lawyer, sez he, 'Here's the cook, what'll

yez be givin' her?' he sez. And ez soon ez iver he was after hearin' that wan word, cook, he jumps an' sits bolt up in bed, starin' an' crazyloike: and he points at her with his lane finger an' sez he, 'Cook!—all an' all, an' more if oi had it!' sez he. Thin, all to onest, the foire left his eye an' his hand dhropped, and he was dead ez a nail.

"And thin all the ithers quit wapein', they was that terrible mad. But the cook, she did the wapein' fer thim all. Thin the lawyer sez very great an' grand loike, sez he to the cook, 'Indade! its all yez own, sartin' an' sure,' sez he. 'Let me be offerin' me congratulations,' he sez, an' he looks at her moighty lane an' hungry loike and smiles almoighty swate an' handsome. And so, yez moind, that cook was gettin' all the money, oi'm tellin' yez: an' indade, oi'm tellin' yez niver a word but the truth."

H. W. B., '01.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA,

We kept meeting her on our walks along the cliff. She was a woman of middle-age, dressed in the short skirt and gray bodice usual among the fishermen's wives, and she always wore a crimson or scarlet ribbon at her throat. It was her eyes that held my attention; they were large and black with a curious restless expression, and at times had the wistful, questioning look that one sees in the eyes of a faithful dog. She always stood on the very edge of the cliff, gazing out over the gray ever-moving waves. When she heard our footsteps, she started and glanced around fearfully, then she seemed to forget us entirely and continued her motionless gaze seaward. One day I asked our good-natured landlady, Madaine Gervais, who the woman was. She shrugged her shoulders in her expressive French way, "Nom de Dieu, dat's only craz'

Marie Debois. Her husband, he sail away to Miquelon with de fishing fleet, and the priest give la bénédiction, and Marie, she wave de handkerchief. Marie say he will return à la fête de St. Anne, but he never come back. All dat fleet went drown on Miquelon. So she wait for him. Sacré Nom, dat was twenty years ago!" While she was speaking the room had been growing darker and darker with the gloom of a summer tempest. As the first drops of hail struck the window, I glanced outward. Suddenly a slender woman's figure swept by the window. There was a wild, restless exultation in the big black eyes. "She goes to watch for him," came Madame Gervais' voice slowly from out the darkness of the room. "Sacré Nom, dat was twenty years ago!"

N. P. H., '99.



Even if you feed a hen tacks, it is no sign that she must lay a carpet.

Stolen Sweetness: A man who has been traveling in the "Far West" says—but he probably misrepresents the matter—that when an Idaho girl is kissed she indignantly exclaims: "Now put that right back where you took it from."

SATISFIED.

There was a sign upon the fence;
That sign was "Paint."
And every mortal that went by,
Sinner and saint,
Put out a finger, touched the fence,
And onward sped;
And as they wiped their finger tips
"It is," they said.

Three was a crowd and there were three—
The girl, the parlor lamp, and he,
Two is company, and no doubt
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

"What's the complexion of you little baby sister, dark or fair?" asked a lady of a small boy.

"To tell the truth," he replied, "she is a little yeller."

The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold;

His pockets were laden with solder and gold; For four mortal hours he made love to the cook,

And five dollars and fifty were charged in his book.

Said he: "The sea breeze has one fault."
Said she: "What is it, Pat?"
Said he: "My whiskers taste of salt."
Said she: "I've noticed that."

Actor—Yes, sir, my real name is Sampson, but I've taken Sudbury for a stage name.

Friend—I should think your own name was better. Wasn't Sampson the first man to bring down a house?

"I understand you have been condemned," gurgled the river as it flowed along.

"Yes!" said the rickety old bridge, "but I suppose I was condemned by my piers."

Dorothy—I wonder how Mrs. Smith manages to get on with her husband. He's such a slippery fellow!

Mildred—She just walks over him rough-shod.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her age?

Jack-Yes.

Tom-What did she say?

Jack—She said it was none of my business.

"Brother," said the cannibal chief, "in about fifteen minutes you will be in the soup."

"Oh dear!" groaned the missionary, "I suppose that must be what people call native humor."

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship, the upward strokes heavy and the downward ones light.



LATIN SCHOOL.

The first meeting of the Latin School Debating Society was held Friday, October 5. A report of the rhetorical committee as to the proposed "camps" was read and accepted. Mr. Thompson was chosen to fill the vacancy on the rhetorical committee. As no regular debate had been arranged, the society held a "hash debate" on the subject: Resolved, That McKinley ought to be re-elected in November. The discussion became general and some very good arguments were advanced on both sides. Many new members joined. When finally the society adjourned the general verdict was that the meeting had been unusually successful for the first one of the season, and that the "hash debate" was by far the best on record.

Friday, October 19, the first regular debate of the term took place. Before hearing the debate of the evening the members once more considered the question of "camps." The president declared that since the accepted scheme deprived the rhetorical committee of practically all its power, the plan adopted at the last meeting was an amendment to the constitution and must be approved by at least two-thirds of the society before it could go into effect. The motion, "that the new arrangement of 'camps' be made an amendment to the constitution, thus abolishing the rhetorical committee," failed to pass. Therefore, there will be no "camps" and the debates will be managed as formerly. The debate was on the subject: Resolved, That the standing army of the United States should be increased

to one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. As one of those appointed to speak on each side was absent, there were only two speakers for the affirmative, and a like number on the negative. Messrs. Murray and Graustein upheld the affirmative and Messrs. Burton and Good the negative. Mr. Murray and Mr. Good summed up for their respective sides. The debate was awarded to the affirmative. Mr. Murray's two extemporaneous speeches deserve especial mention. After the regular debate there was a "hash debate" on the same subject as that of the meeting before.

HIGH SCHOOL-

The first meeting of the year was held October 19. Mr. Blake, the president, made the opening speech, setting forth the object for which the society is carried on,—not to have a good time at the meetings, but to gain instruction in public speaking. The reports of the secretary, treasurer and rhetorical committees were read and accepted. Miss Lottie Stevens contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by her reading.

The president announced his committees for the half year. In the midst of the "hash debate" that followed, Mr. Coolidge made a short address to the meeting. He said in part that it was his earnest desire, as well as that of the other teachers, to see the meetings conducted on different principles. Better order must be preserved, and the "hash debates" must be debates, not useless talking on some senseless subject.

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

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Cummings, Mary A Hubbard Avenue	Stevens, Lottie F31 Walden Street
Downey, Margaret T28 Hunting Street	Sullivan, Julia E
Duvey, Isa M	Webb, Fanny
Eckert, Bertha M146 Magazine Street	White, Helen G31 Mt. Pleasant Street
Fiske, Helen F	White, Nettie H
Ford, Frances P	Winegar, Alice B651 Mt. Auburn Street
Godsell, Mary86 Howard Street	Woodburn, Gertrude I114 Auburn Street
Goggin, Ellen T 2 George Street	Woods, Bertha A85 Green Street
Greely, Elizabeth M284 Harvard Street	Young, Viola F
Hayward, Bertha E16 Story Street	Toung, viola F Brief Butter
Hewitt, Georgia E	Barnes, Frank W., Jr37 Davenport Street
Himeon, Florence W35 Norfolk Street	Barrier, Edward A51 Norfolk Street
Hogan, Elizabeth F147 Green Street	Brennan, Edward L39 Plymouth Street
Howe, Alma M 9 Miller Avenue	Brigham, Walter S73 Upland Road
Jackson, Ethel M24 Union Street	Chase, Alfred W1667 Cambridge Street
Jacobson, Annie	Egan, Ralph I353 Harvard Street
Jones, Lucy M189 Mount Auburn Street	Fuller, Gurden E., Jr35 Highland Avenue
Keenan, Mary T51 Ninth Street	Glidden, John T 9 Ashton Place
Kelley, Catherine G73 School Street	Gove, Arthur L 29 Maple Avenue
Kelley, Gertrude M	Hosmer, Arthur D 3 Potter Park
Leonard, Alice E14 Third Street	Noonan, William A109 Otis Street
Mahady, Jennie J30 Crescent Street	Robinson, Edwin S53 Rindge Avenue
Mahoney, Margaret M346 Vine Street	Rogers, Laurence J10 Ellsworth Avenue
Mathy, Lucy A45 Cherry Street	Rondina, John A
McCoy, Katharine F188 Hampshire Street	Shaw, Guy C. B440 Cambridge Street
McCusker, Gertrude P1345 Cambridge Street	Stephens, Albert L55 Ellery Street
McDow, Alice M345 Norfolk Street	Theller, Ralph L34 Lopez Street
MacKusick, Alice E Central Place	Thompson, Ernest A24 Inman Street
Newton, Grace A	Upham, Harold C10 Linnæan Street
CT A S	C II

CLASS II.

Bateman, May E27 Cushing	Street	Dart, Mary B
Beals, Lillian M31 Regent	Street	Dickson, Jennie St. C.
Borthwick, Rozella J 2 Amory	Place	Dickson, Ola A
Boyce, Alice M 9 Locke	Street	Dinsmore, Emma M
Carmichael, Alice V1541 Cambridge	Street	Doherty, Mae L
Carr, Frances E28 Holmes	Street	Doyle, Mary M
Carrington, Margaret W381/2 Kinnaird	Street	Edwards, Maud A
Cederholm, Anna M251 Pearl	Street	Elkington, Elizabeth M
Chamberlin, Edna C41 Amory	Street	9 /
Clough, Elsie M223 Winsor	Street	Findlay, Jeanne
Colby, Florence M	Street	Fitzgerald, Alice G
Condon, Mabel F30 Austin	Street	Fourness, Lydia G
Connelly, Alice V	Street	Frye, Ella G
Crocker, Martha E32 Lee	Street	Gethin, Rose
D'Arcy, May A54 Baldwin	Street	Goodwillie, Florence A.

Dart, Mary B	3 Fayette Park
Dickson, Jennie St. C	29 Fairmont Street
Dickson, Ola A	29 Fairmont Street
Dinsmore, Emma M	.14 Charles River Road
Doherty, Mae L	109 Pleasant Street
Doyle, Mary M	88 Concord Avenue
Edwards, Maud A	41 Flagg Street
Elkington, Elizabeth M	171 Raymond Street
Findlay, Jeanne	24 Sixth Street
Fitzgerald, Alice G	8 Emmons Place
Fourness, Lydia G	4 Beech Street
Frye, Ella G	38 Amory Street
Gethin, Rose	319 Green Street
Goodwillie, Florence A	8 Beech Street

ANI.

Grant, Catherine	Snider, Grace I
	Thorpe, Carl F. W
CLASS	S III.
	Cofran, Maud S
	Collins, Susan A. C
	Cooter, Elsie H
	Couture, Elizabeth C62 Clifton Street Crook, Grace M57 Fairmont Street
Belluche, Regina V	Cross, Ethel L111 Washington Street
Dettingen Chase E	Currie I ottic E 204 Wingon Street

Currie, Lottie E......384 Winsor Street

Dalloway, Florence M.....99 Washington Street Davis, Helen F..............62 Amory Street

Dinneen, Margaret M...........10 Parnell Street Dunphy, Ada E..........1305 Cambridge Street

Eagleston, Emeline C..... 4 Foster Street

Bettinson, Grace E......94 Otis Street

Campbell, Janet F......144 Auburn Street

Feeny, Mary L	O'Connell, Elizabeth M40 Second Street
Fegan, Celia F	Phelps, Agnes M14 Shepard Street
Ferdinand, Marion N80 Columbia Street	Pray, Lucie E
Fischer, G. Evelyn2519 Massachusetts Avenue	Quin, Lucy P85 Otis Street
Fitzgerald, Ellen F35 Ninth Street	Roper, Lucy A39 Hubbard Avenue
FitzGerald, Regina B1 Leonard Avenue	Sanders, Julie E
Frye, Lydia I	Schlesinger, Rena G30 Harris Street
Gauthier, Mabel A89 Plymouth Street	Shannon, Mary G38 Gore Street
Glaser, Emilie307 Vine Street	Shea, Joanna E
Glynn, Cecilia E	Shepherd, Marion33 Garfield Street
Green, Elsie C141 Allston Street	Simpson, Gertrude M15 Trowbridge Street
Griffith, Ursaline L Bancroft Street	Skelton, Julia E
Haines, Morna P259 Prospect Street	Smith, Alice W20 Warland Street
Haley, Ellen L 5 Hayes Street	Smith, Dora M45 Magazine Street
Haley, Mary E 5 Hayes Street	Smith, Maud E39 Prince Street
Hamilton, Maude C69 Howard Street	Snow, Rebecca
Hayden, Florence M14 Bowdoin Street	Sodergren, Esther F119 Harvard Street
Hayman, Edna F18 Laurel Street	Stinson, Adelaide E 27 Green Street
Healey, Elizabeth M205 Rindge Avenue	Teer, Margaret J
Hennan, Ida L	Telfer, Iva A38 Fairfield Street
Higgins, Helen L118 Hampshire Street	Turner, Mabel E338 Columbia Street
Horgan, Rose C91 Fourth Street	Walshe, Maud E353 Winsor Street
Howard, Charlotte E371/2 Kinnaird Street	Walton, Josephine45 Essex Street
Jackson, Isabella L24 Union Street	Wennerlof, Amely1254 Cambridge Street
Jones, Marion L892 Massachusetts Avenue	Wentworth, Ethel A134 Green Street
Joseph, Hannah E	Wiswell, Estelle L63 Wendell Street
Keane, Elizabeth F34 Crescent Avenue	Wilder, Esteric D Wender Street
Kee, Lillian G	Aldrich, Harry M135 Antrim Street
Kelley, Alice G	Bateman, Edward R27 Cushing Street
Kelley, Ethel M 4 Stinson Place	Boyd, Walter L 5 W. Bellevue Avenue
Kendall, Belle F	Breen, Harry W96 Foster Street
Kindahl, Anna T266 Western Avenue	Burns, George D298 Brookline Street
Lalley, Mary M	Caldwell, Frederick J83 Orchard Street
Leddy, Theresa H89 Gore Street	Clement, Elijah H
Leighton, Floris R651 Mt. Auburn Street	Davies, Harold146 Mt. Auburn Street
Leonard, Bessie T255 Broadway	Davison, William E24 Seckle Street
Levy, Edith F2355 Massachusetts Avenue	Dunn, Winfield T
Linnell, Lillian B38 Sidney Street	Ellis, Alexander
Loomis, Helen G	Fitzgerald, Albert G247 Franklin Street
Lycette, Mabel F50 Foster Street	Grebenstein, George W152 Pleasant Street
Maddox, Alice I	Heater, N. Ray
Maguire, Annie G148 Bridge Street	
Manion, Sadie F66 Wendell Street	Hussey, Herbert L433 Cambridge Street
Martin, E. Josephine	Lawson, Walter A
McCullough, Margaret B86 Bristol Street	Le Farve, Henry JPorter Road
	L'Estrange, Percy33 Lee Street
McDonald, Margaret C324 Vine Street	Lowell, Cyrus C48 Highland Avenue
McHugh, Mary C1597 Cambridge Street	Lundsted, Leif C40 Lopez Street
MacKenzie, Ella E21 Wilbur Street	Mahoney, William R346 Vine Street
Mitchener, Florence M	MacDonald, John A100½ Gore Street
Moller, Agnes J	Murray, Timothy R 8 Bay Street
Moreland, Ethel S159 Mt. Auburn Street	Peterson, Carl H91 Otis Street
Mosher, Edna F 4 Rockwell Street	Quinn, John E48 Bridge Street
Munnis, Grace S 2 Porter Circle	Robbins, William C34 Pearl Street
Murray, Mary E 3 Cresto Terrace	Roberts, Charles S99 Hampshire Street
Neal, Cora C129 Putnam Avenue	Ryan, William R98 Berkshire Street
O'Brien, Clara J2280 Massachusetts Avenue	Sawtelle, Edwin B147 Allston Street
O'Brien, Frances M11 Holworthy Piace	Smith, George D 3 High Street
O'Connell, Agnes L24 Seventh Street	Steed, Willis B74 Harvard Street
	Street

Stuart, Clifford A135 Washington Street	
Taylor, Frank B176 Prospect Street	Watkins, Edward S29 Burleigh Street
Vail, Albert S	White, William A Nichols Place
Waldo, Frederic J	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

CLASS IV.

MacDonald, Caroline E100½ Gore Street	Story, Nina S
MacDonald, Maude E65 Mt. Auburn Street	Sullivan, Ellen F63 North Street
MacDonald, Rachel L. Rear 541 Cambridge Street	Sullivan, Marie F
MacGregor, Ethel M353 Harvard Street	Taylor, Alice F41 Cogswell Avenue
McKee, Ella M	Toomey, Elizabeth A118 Otis Street
MacLaughlin, Josephine A428 Broadway	Truesdell, Minnie E28 Creighton Street
	,
McNabb, Mary G	Vaughan, Grace
McQuaide, Isabel L	Ward, Gertrude E26 Sidney Street
MacVicar, Emma L30 Amory Street	Warnick, Edith S93 Third Street
Moynahan, Julia B82 Tremont Street	Whipp, Annie A36 Gray Street
Murray, Mary E66 Inman Street	Whipple, Olive W100 Elm Street
Musgrave, Emma L40 Montgomery Street	White, E. Pearle
Nay, Sarah E40 Bigelow Street	White, Jenny C324 Winsor Street
Newcomb, Mildred F51 Norfolk Street	Wood, Ethel S41 Pleasant Street
Newgent, Minnie E115 Lexington Avenue	Young, Mabel G
	Toung, maser G Briefy Scient
Newman, Marion E40 Holworthy Street	All 1 Delever El Course
Noera, Madeline	Aldrich, Robert E
Nugent, Mary H111 Sixth Street	Austin, William E
O'Brien, Annie127 Huron Avenue	Babson, Charles W372A Prospect Street
O'Connell, Mary G4 Foster Place	Blewett, James C53 Henry Street
O'Hara, Helen T1208 Massachusetts Avenue	Bulger, James E161 Thorndike Street
Olsen, Amy H 9 Tremont Street	Campbell, Charles D66 Tremont Street
O'Neill, Katherine V99 Thorndike Street	Carlson, Carl T 6 Newman Street
Overton, Mary L50 Market Street	Church, Henry M12 Story Street
Pero, Jeanna B	Cotter, Joseph857 Cambridge Street
Perry, Ella W	Coughlan, Alfred C174 Auburn Street
Plane James N	
Place, Jessie N	Coyle, Timothy J., Jr109 Cushing Street
Preece, Annie L	Cunningham, William E107 Sixth Street
Qualls, Bertha L	Davis, Arthur T50 Lexington Avenue
Quinn, Mary C62 Thorndike Street	Davis, Stillman C., Jr23 Irving Street
Ramsay, Georgie C35 Brookline Street	Dinneen, Jeremiah10 Parnell Street
Reed, Gertrude C	Donovan, John J
Regan, Grace M142 Webster Avenue	Downing, William F30 Mill Street
Reid, Louise I	Durgin, Matthew F88 Plympton Street
Rice, Ethel A26 Lowell Street	Dyer, Ralph C28 William Street
Robart, Florence G16 Upton Street	Fallon, George104 Banks Street
Roberts, Mary A Amory Place	Feeney, John L67 Holworthy Street
Robinson, Cora G92 Concord Avenue	Flaig, Victor W. G349 Cambridge Street
Rogers, Anna M Hancock Park	Garvin, Charles P
Rowe, Alice M	Gilligan, Robert A145 Otis Street
Rowe, Josephine F253 Upland Road	Harney, William H15 Tuttle Street
Rush, Elizabeth M47 Hubbard Avenue	Harris, George E247 Lake View Avenue
Rush, Julia A	Haverty, Patrick H91½Inman Street
Sanders, Emilie J	
	Herring, Lloyd C 6 Oak Street
Schuebeler, Adelaide L109 Thorndike Street	Hunt, Edward E49 Washington Street
Sennett, Matilda E55 Spring Street	Kanaly, Leo T102 Ellery Street
Shay, Mabel P Coolidge Place	Kennan, Roy A97 Richdale Avenue
Sinclair, Emma E	King, Charles O11 Mellen Street
Smith, Corinne H200 Elm Street	Kinsman, Harry B68 Norfolk Street
Smith, Emma N34 Grant Street	Lang, Henry J269 Putnam Avenue
Smith, Fanny M High Street	Lindh, Arthur E55 Orchard Street
Smith, Georgina B	Lowd, Raymond E 195 Green Street
Spaulding, Emma L210 Columbia Street	McCormick, Richard L160 Gore Street
Sprague, Gertrude A347 Winsor Street	MacKenzie, Ernest C11 Allen Street
Stacey, Josephine G10 Davis Street	Mercer, Edward A
Steinkrauss, Emma L	Mower, William A. T4½ Sherman Street
Stewart, Florence M42 Tremont Street	Mullaly, Frank T121 Gore Street
Stickney, Lottie L492 Cambridge Street	Murphy, Daniel L38 Banks Street

O'Connor, Gerard J66 Cushing	Street	Russell, (
Odenwald, George F2051 Massachusetts A	Avenue	Smith, H
Oesting, Walter C528 Massachusetts A	Avenue	Spencer,
O'Keefe, Daniel F George	Street	Ward, Ch
O'Keefe, David A Wood	Street	Wheeler,
Parker, Charles K134 Hancock	Street	White, Ge
Pierce, William J134 Elm	Street	Whitmore
Reynolds, Frank F23 Essex	Street	Wiley, W
Royal, John Short	Street :	Winlock,
Russell, Chester F4 Orchard	Street	Wootton,

Russell, George E322 Winsor Street
Smith, Harold B313 Broadway
Spencer, Arthur H85 Hancock Street
Ward, Chesley J142 Cherry Street
Wheeler, Edward W., Jr25 Suffolk Street
White, George A170 Harvard Street
Whitmore, Charles W
Wiley, Walter L27 Haskell Street
Winlock, Harvey F18 Clinton Street
Wootton, Silas E. L26 Grigg Street

SPECIAL PUPILS.

Allen, Lucretia O1554 Cambridge S	Street
Barbour, Eleanor	
Beane, Helen 9 Ellery S	
Birchmore, Juliana424 Broa	
Crane, Eva56 Trowbridge S	
Dickson, Myrtle C44 Martin S	
Lochman, Anna P	

MacDonald, Flora M	541 Cambridge Street
Miller, Marguiretta E	49 Rice Street
Ruggli, Eva M	263 Upland Road
Strath, May L	381 Putnam Avenue
Trow, Gertrude A	70 Putnam Avenue
Wilson, Jennie B	16 Lee Street

NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Co.:

"Lolita," Danse Cuban. A lively and spirited waltz for pianoforte. By C. W. Krogman. Price, 75 cents.

Two songs by Stephen Townsend: "Wake not but hear me love." 50 cents. High voice in D flat; low voice in B flat. "The Clover Blossoms." 50 cents.

"Thy Face so Fair." Song with English and German Texts. The German is the poem

by Heine, "Dein Angesicht so Lieb und Schôn"; the English is a translation by Ambrose Davenport. Music by Edward Baxter Felton. 50 cents.

"Pierette," Caprice Fantastique, for pianoforte. By J. C. Macy. 50 cents.

"And Now I'm Satisfied," Latest Coon Craze. By Charles H. Prince and Prett Reed. 50 cents.



THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

DUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the under graduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni, and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Christmas number of the Review will appear Thursday December 13. All copy positively must be in by Saturday, the first. Class notes must be handed in Thursday. November 29.

All contributions to be published must be signed. This rule holds for class notes as well as for stories and poems. Even if, contrary to our general practice, we should decide to publish a nom de plume, we ourselves must know the writer. All articles for the REVIEW must be written on theme paper and on one side only.

The Review may be found on sale at Amee's, in Harvard square, and Beunke's, 553 Massachusetts avenue.

Miss Ethel L. Graves was appointed class editor of 1904, High School, last month. She got ten subscriptions, and was the only candidate among the girls. Her colleague will be William J. Pierce. He has handed in six subscriptions, and Charles Parker one.

Miss Leita Kinsman will be editor of 1905 Latin School. She got twelve subscriptions; Miss Johnston, one. Mr. Bennett will represent the boys. He got seven; Small, five; Triggs, five, and Grandgent, one.

Who will provide chestnuts for the next foot-ball game?

Those who have failed in the competitions for class editorships should not be discouraged, or give up all interest in the REVIEW. The young lady or fellow who is able to write a good story or poem is always in demand on our paper. There is one Review Box in the lower corridor, and another in the library.

Latest scores:

C. L. S., 0; B. L. S., 41.

C. H. S., 43; Everett, 0.

ALUMNI NOTES.

At a meeting of the Harvard C. L. S. Club, held October 18, the following officers were elected: C. A. Peters, '97, president; C. A. Metealf, '98, vice president; A. D. Wyman, '97, secretary and treasurer. As members of the advisory committee of athletics, A. P. Stone, '89, P. A. Marean, '99, and P. Carr, '00, were chosen.

Dr. William Everett, Classical E. H. S., delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard last June. This oration, entitled "Patriotism," was listened to with great interest. It embodied many of the sentiments of the anti-imperialists. It has since been printed and is now being widely circulated.

Two of the speakers at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner were graduates of the Classical High School—Dr. Everett and Dean Briggs. The latter received the degree L.L.D. at Commencement.

W. L. Beardsell, C. L. S. '96, is in the Penn. Mutual Life Insurance Company.

"Bob" Wrenn and Evarts Wrenn, both graduates of the Latin School, are to umpire and referee most of the big games of foot-ball in the west this fall.

George Wrenn, C. L. S. '92, reached the finals in the National Tennis Tournament at Newport this summer. "Bob" Wrenn also competed, but had not yet sufficiently recovered from his illness contracted during the Cuban war to do as well as of old.

John F. McGirr, C. L. S. 1900, won second place in the 440 yard run of the Harvard fall handicap games.

Miss Mabel Hale, C. L. S. '98, is secretary of Radeliffe '02.

Those from the Latin School who entered Radcliffe this year are: Misses Elvira Brewster, Mary Wyman, Mary Lerner, Grace Norris, Elizabeth Huling, Ethel McLeod, Mary Hill, Laura Earl, Charlotte Chamberlain, Edith Ellsbree, Mary Cole and Lucy Hutchins; Miss Helen Bates, '99, and Miss Mary Coleman, '00, both entered in the class of 1903. Miss Ellen Hildreth is at Smith, and Miss Grace Crocker has gone to Wellesley. Miss Myrtle Dickson and Miss Jennie Wilson are taking post-graduate courses at the Latin and High Schools. Miss Eva Ruggli is a post-graduate at the High School.

N. S. Bacon, C. L. S. '91, has been appointed assistant professor of physiology and hygiene at Harvard.

Following is a list of the members of the class of 1900 who are at Harvard now: H. Bennett, A. F. Blanchard, P. Carr, J. F. Conlin, E. A. Counihan, J. C. Davenport, H. C. Davidson, A.D. Estabrook, G.D. Houston, O. A. Lothrop, H. T. Mason, J. T. McGirr, T. H. Miller, T. F. Murphy, P. J. Nelligan, H. S. Parker, W. A. Pennell, W. J. Regan, W. H. Thompson, C. H. Walker, W. S. Whittemore, C. Preetorius.

Walter Clarkson, E. H. S. '98, is, with the exception of slight admission conditions, now a regular member of the Scientific School. He will therefore be eligible for the Harvard 'varsity base-ball team.

Carr and Murphy, C. L. S. '99, played on the winning scrub base-ball team.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, 1900-1901.

	Miss Cunningham		II. Typewriting.	II. Typewriting.		II. Stenography.		II. Stenography.	T., W., Th., F. II, Typewriting, M.	
	Miss Stratton.		II. English, M., W., F.	II. English. M., W., Th., E. IV. Literature T.		IV. English, Th F IV. History. M., T., W.		II. English, W., Th., F. IV. Literature T.	IV. English, M., T. IV. History. W., Th., F	M. W and F.
-	Miss Kenrick.		I. & II. Food.			I. & II. Food.		I. Household Chemistry.	I. Food.	Geom. on
}	enital Melntire		IV. French.	IV. French.		II. French.		III. French.		, and III.
}	Miss Stickney.		II. Chemistry	II. Chemistry.				II. Chemistry.	II. Chemistry, T., Th.	n T. and Tb.
	Miss Scudder.	LY HALL.	II. Latin.	II. Botany, T., W., Th., F.		II. English, M., W., F.		IV. Latin.	II. Botany, T., W., Th., F.	h., II. Alg. 01
	Miss Dodge.	DEVOTION AL EXERCIS ES IN ASSEMBLY HALL	III. English, T., Th. III. Geom., M., W., F.	I. A stronomy.	RECESS.	III. English, M., W. III. Geom., T., Th., F.	RECESS.	III. English, M. W. III. Geom., T Th, F.	English, T., Th, F.	After January, I. Adv. Alg. will recite on M, W., and F., I. Solid Geom. on T. and Th., II. Alg. on T. and Th., and III. Geom. on M., W and F.
}	Miss M. R. Smith.	AL EXERCIS	IV. Algebra.	IV. Algebra.	SHORT	II. Algebra, M., W., F. II. Geometry T., Th.	Long	IV. Algebra.	I. Solid Geom. M., W., Th.	I. Solid Geom
-	Miss Crook.	DEVOTION	II. English.	II. English, M., T., Th.		I. English.		I. English.	II. Latin.	V., and F.,
}	Mias Rogera,		I. French.	II. French.		I. French.		I. French.	M., T., W. Th.	e on M., V
	Miss Deering.		I. English.	I. & II. German.		I. German.		I. History, M., T., W. I. English, Th. F.		lg. will reci
	Mr. Coolidge.		III. Physics.	III. Physics.				IV. Algebra.	I. Adv. Alg. T., F.	I. Adv. A
-	Mr. Sargent.		History, M., W., F.	III. Nepos.		History, T.,Th,F.		I. Nepos.	I. Virgil.	r January,
-	Mr. Huling.						,		I. History.	Afte
	Hours.	8.30	8.45 8.35 Mon.	9.20 Mon.	10.25	10.05 Mon.	11.20 10.50 Mon.	11.50 11.15 Mon.	12.35 12. Mon.	

								والناف المستقل والمستقل
Mr. Chapman.			II. Harmony, T., Th.				I. Counterpoint T., Th.	
Miss Jennison.		IV. Drawing, W. Th.	IV. Drawing. W., Th		IV. Drawing, W., Th.		IV. Drawing, W., Th.	IV. Drawing, W., Th.
.800B. TM					I. II. III. Drawing, T.		I. II. III. Drawing, T.	I. II. III. Drawing, T.
Miss Choate.		III. Sloyd.	IV. Sloyd, Th., F.		IV. & V. Sloyd, M., W., Th.			
Miss Moulton.		IV. Algebra.	IV. Algebra.		IV. Algebra.		IV. Algebra.	IV. Latin.
Miss F. W. Smith.	HALL.	IV. French.	IV. French.		III. French.		IV. Algebra.	IV. French.
Miss Lawson.	DEVOTION AL EXERCISES IN ASSEMBLY HALL.	IV. English, Th., F. IV. History, M., T., W.	IV. English, M., Th., F. IV. History, T., W.	RECESS.	IV. English, M., T.	RECESS.	IV. English, T. IV. History, M. W. Th. F.	IV. English, M., T. IV. History, W., Th., F.
Miss Andrews.	AL EXERCISES	IV. English, Th., F. IV. History, M., T., W.	IV. French.	SHORT	IV. Literature. T.	Long	IV. French.	IV. English, Th., F. IV. History, M., T., W.
Miss Close.	DEVOTION	IV. Latin.	IV. English, M., T. IV. History, W., Th., F.		IV. Literature, T.		IV. Latin.	IV. English, M., T. IV. History, W., Th., F.
Miss Goerwitz.		III. French.	III. French.		II. Germun.		II. German.	IV. German
Мг. Стеепе.		III. Book- keeping, M., W., F.	III. Book- keeping, M., W., F.				III. Book- keeping.	III. Book-keeping.
Miss Cogswell.		III. Physics.	III. Physics.		JII. Physics.			III. Physics.
Miss Sawyet.		III. English, M., T., W., Th.	1V. Algebra.		III. English, M., T., W., F.		III. English, M., T.	III. English, M., T. III. Geometry W., Th., F.
Hours.	8.30	8.45 8.35 Mon. ?	9.35 9.20 Mon.	10.25	10.30 10.05 Mon.	11 20 10.50 Mon.	11.50 11.15 Mon.	12.35 12. Mon.

At 12.45 Monday, the entire School has a Choral exercise with Mr. Chapman as conductor. Dismissal at 1.30.

In February, I. Astronomy is succeeded by I. Civics, and in April, IV. History by IV. Physiology.



The officers of the basket-ball teams of the Latin School are as follows:

Class 1, captain, Miss Jackson; manager, Miss Barbour.

Class 2, captain, Miss Eaton; manager, Miss Rogers.

Class 3, captain, Miss Johnson; manager, Miss Bennett.

Class 4, captain, Miss Gilmore; manager, Miss Clark.

Class 5, captain, Miss Eaton; manager, Miss Taylor.

It is to be hoped that the girls will soon be allowed to play, for they are all becoming anxious for the much-needed exercise. There is no doubt but what the girls would be only too glad to help to pay for the privilege if the city of Cambridge cannot afford to.

Chatelaine bead purses are now the style, and are very easily made. Mouth-pieces and fringes of every conceivable size and shape can be bought in Boston at almost any price. Then, it is an easy matter to string the beads on crochet silk and, using a fine needle, to crochet a flat side, working in the beads to form the pattern desired. Another side case may be made in the same way, and the two sewed together. They make very pretty Christmas presents.

Dancing in the hall at recess has become very popular with many of the girls. While it is doubtless most excellent practice for the coming winter's festivities, it would certainly be more healthful for the girls to dance outdoors during this beautiful autumn weather. How awful it would be if we were compelled to remain indoors during all the school hours!

There are styles in stationery, as in everything else that is connected with the feminine sex. Organdie paper, in white, steel, pearl, purple and emerald green, promises to be very popular. This paper comes in sizes known as reception, Lorne and Lakewood.

Kid finish paper in white, gray and pink; woven linen, in white and azure, are also fashionable. Sky blue and Ghent blue are two new shades.

Everyone should know the language of sealing-wax colors, says the "Baltimore News." Seal your business letters with red; those to an intimate friend with gray. A reply to an obituary notice should be sealed with black wax; to a wedding invitation with white.

Violet typifies sympathy; blue, constancy; yellow, jealousy. The strictly up-to-date girl seals her invitations to dinners with chocolate-colored wax, and the letters to an admirer whom she would bid hope, with green. She also conceals the wax under the envelope flap, although that custom is not nearly so pretty as applying it to the outside, and besides forbids the use of a monogram stamp.

A GHOST STORY.

The thirtieth of June, which you all know means the end of the school year, fell on Friday, and by the middle of the following week I was on the way to a little town of the empire state. I caught my first glimpse of it just at sunrise. It lay in a small valley, surrounded by trees and divided by a little winding stream, which was, subsequently, the scene of several of my adventures. From the distance, I could also distinguish the other prominent features of the town—an extensive wood which partly covered a large hill to the north of the village, two churches, two schools, and the town hall.

Although the train rolled into the station at about five o'clock in the morning, we found my cousin waiting for us with a carriage. Ed was the only son of my aunt, at whose house I was to spend that summer. As he was about my own age, a firm companionship immediately sprung up between us. Nevertheless, on the day following that of my arrival, I overheard part of his conversation with some friends, in which my name was continually occurring in connection with such expressions as, "if he's got any sand," "that old house," and "the ghost trick." Moreover, I noticed that when the meeting broke up each one of the plotters went away with a satisfied expression on his face. Of course, I at once suspected a practical joke and made up my mind to give them "more than they bargained for."

One afternoon, shortly after this, Ed invited me to go berrying with the fellows. I agreed and, at about two o'clock, we started out, each one with a basket. After a long romp through the woods and fields (eating more berries than we put into our baskets), we brought up before an old, tumble-down, un-

inhabited building. Ed told me that the place was haunted.

"Yes," he said, "nobody has lived in the old shack for years and years. The last man that lived there was an old Indian doctor, who committed suicide because no one would believe in one of his favorite theories. He hung himself in the chimney you see there at the corner of the roof."

"In the chimney?" I asked. "Why! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. He tied a rope, first on to the outside of the chimney, then around his neck, and jumped down. He had built a fire underneath, so as to make doubly sure. Since that time mysterious things have been happening in the house. Lights have been seen in the windows, grewsome shadows have passed to and fro behind the musty curtains, and strange, ghostly noises have been heard at night. Numberless skeptics have spent nights in the house, and, in every case, all has been quiet until the last stroke of twelve. After that—well, I don't know how to explain it, but on the following morning there has invariably been found one more believer in ghosts. As a matter of fact, the last person who tried it has never returned, and not a single trace of him has been found."

"Shucks!" I laughed at him, "I have never believed in ghosts, and never will until I put my hand on something and find nothing there. Now, I'll make a fair proposition. I'll stay in here all night if you fellows will come with me and station yourselves outside to see that I fulfil my promise. I heard of something much like this once. The man who was to brave the spirits was given a pistol loaded with ball cartridges, but afterwards his com-

panions removed these and put blanks in their stead. Well, the fellow was a good shot, and he knew it; so, when he fired at the supposed ghost and lost he dropped dead from pure fright! But I don't propose to take a revolver along with me, and I don't intend to die of fright."

"O! you'll soon get over all this bravado," they laughed. And, to tell the truth, I came very near doing so.

"So you think," I returned. "But never mind, let's start home. I want to enter this little adventure on a full stomach."

The fact that I had declared my intention of staying over night in the old house, seemed to lend the whole party wings. In less than twenty minutes we were sitting at the table satisfying our hunger. After the meal was eaten and before "the crowd" came to escort me to the haunted house, I went out quietly and filled my pockets with stones, being determined to give the fellow who played the ghost a bad scare. I took nothing more dangerous, for I was convinced that it was to be a joke. As for Ed, he was hurrying about from garret to cellar as though in search of something. After a long hunt he seemed to have found it, and then he left the house for a few moments.

We began our tramp to the house at about eight o'clock. Finally, when we had proceeded in silence for about half an hour, we reached the haunted house. It stood, a dark shadow amid the surrounding trees, with an occasional glimmer of light where some moonbeam was reflected on a window pane. My companions watched me eagerly as I slowly entered the ghosts' dwelling. No sooner had I stepped inside the door than a long wail echoed through the empty hall. At first it was like the cry of a human being in distress, but towards the end it very much resembled the howling of a dog. A pale blue light drove the darkness from the upper floor. I began to

climb the stairs. The light went out, and all was quiet again when I reached the landing.

The room which I entered was about twenty The light of the moon was feet square. streaming in through the window, and it threw one half the chamber in a deep shadow. I leaned out of the window. Below, dark figures flittered to and fro; above, the moon and the stars were shining in all their glory. This, indeed, was no night for ghosts! The clock in the far-away village struck ten and eleven. And still quiet reigned supreme. Another hour slipped away. One-two-three four-five-six-seven-eight-nine-teneleven—twelve! The last stroke had scarcely died when the most unearthly noises resounded along the bare walls. Lights flared up here and there; groans, wails, screeches and howls made the place a perfect inferno. White figures flitted by in the shadows. Soft substances would rub against me and something was flung across the window, shutting out the moonlight. But for uncanny lights which seemed to come through the very walls and floor, everything was in total darkness. My hair began to stand on end and I stolidly fixed my gaze on the hall. The noises stopped and then began again. Suddenly, during one of these intermissions, I became aware that something was behind me. With an effort I truned, and there, hardly five yards from me, stood a tall, white object.

It reached from the floor to the ceiling. For a moment I was terrified and shrank instinctively towards the door, but, then, fortunately, in fancy, I saw the fellows laughing at me. That thought steadied me, and I again looked at the ghost. For a short time it stood perfectly still. Then it slowly raised its arm and all the noises broke forth again in still greater volume.

Mustering all my courage, I took a stone from my pocket and, with a great show of bravery, told the thing to leave. The spectre never moved, but in a deep, husky voice muttered, "Beware! Beware! Another is to be added to the Indian's victims. He must undergo the tortures." This almost unmanned me, yet I raised my hand and threw a stone with all my might. I missed my aim, and, at the time, thought that the stone had indeed passed through the figure. The second stone, however, took effect. It struck some hard substance. The spectre fell. Leaping at it, I began to pummel it with all my strength.

"Wow!" it screamed; "let up, will you! It's me! It's me!"

It was Ed—on a pair of stilts, and completely wrapped in an old sheet. My stone had knocked one of his stilts from under him, with the result that I took his place as leader of the boys for that summer.

To this day, however, my cousin insists that I did not do as I proposed to them, because we left for home immediately after the discovery.

J. C. O'M., '04.



DIE DEUTSCHE SCHULEDIN.

Would the girls of the C. H. & L. S. be interested to know a little of the German schoolgirl's life? From a German friend I have learned a few facts. She asked me during our first conversation if it was true, as she had heard, that the boys and girls went to school together in America, and when I told her it was quite true, she was very much surprised. Such a thing is unheard of in Germany. She was equally surprised when I told her that the girls studied Latin and Greek at school. Here they study French and English. French seven years and English four. My friend has been out of school two years, and has forgotten all her French, she says. Her little sister is about thirteen years old, and has one more year in school. I tried talking a little English with her, but she could not understand my English very well, because I was an American! The English they learned in school was the kind spoken in England! She

was reading at school "The Merchant of Venice." She considered it very easy. showed me a volume of Tennyson's poems, and I asked her if she had read any of those. But oh no! they were too hard. And when I considered, I saw that it was quite as easy to leok up old English words in a special vocabulary as modern words in a dictionary; but I did not dare to tell the young lady that we too read Shakespeare with a vocabulary, for fear she would think the worse of my American English. The older sister is "finishing" her education by "learning the household," as she expressed it, attending a sewing-class every morning and going twice a week with her mother to market. The family could not comprehend that our schools were entirely free and all our books provided.

F. A. C. (Formerly C. L. S., 1900.) Cologne, Germany.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

Purdy has been selected as class photographer, and cards with class rates may be had by applying to any member of the committee, which consists of Misses Sears and Sullivan, and Messrs. Ammidon, Linnell and Locke.

The first class held a very pleasant social at Miss Beard's home on Saturday, the 20th of October. The success of the evening was the game of "characteristics." Miss Drew and Mr. Bradbury were present.

A new club has been formed among the girls. It is called "F," and will doubtless supply a missing link.

1902

We sincerely hope that there will be no more broken limbs for a while. It has seemed to be quite the fashion.

A very successful social was held at the home of Miss Emery on Friday evening, October 26. Several interesting and exciting games were played. A number of our teachers helped us by taking part in the games, and also by their presence.

White is captain of 1902's foot-ball team.

1903.

The first class-meeting of the year was held in Miss Spring's room last month. The following officers were elected:

President, Mr. Detlefsen.

Vice President, Miss Dougherty.

Secretary, Miss Foxcroft.

Treasurer, Mr. Eaton.

Social Committee: Misses Bennett, Palmer and Murray, Messrs. Wyman, Ellis and Bailey.

A very pleasant social was recently held at the home of Mr. Wyman. There were present about thirty-five, including Mrs. Burton, Miss Bachelder and Mr. Bradbury.

A constitution has been adopted by the class, which states that elections shall be held twice a year, instead of once, as formerly.

A. R. Ellis of our class won the school tennis championship, by defeating Harlow, '04.

1904.

We held the first class social of the year at Miss Burton's. About forty-five from the class enjoyed it. (The rest didn't come.) Miss Bachelder, Miss Reynolds and Miss Monroe were present.

Miss Gilmore and Miss Clark were elected captain and manager of the basket-ball team. The offices are decidedly nominal just at present.

Many more from our class have joined the Debating Society.

1905.

Our class colors are crimson and gold.

At a basket-ball meeting Miss Eaton was elected captain and Miss Taylor manager of the team. Miss Taylor has resigned, and Miss Raymond has been elected in her place. There are forty-three girls who want to play basket-ball.

At a class-meeting held in the hall, the following social committee was chosen: The president, the vice president, Miss Eaton, Miss Church, Miss Farquhar and Miss Kinsman.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

The crumbs all went Sam's way on the special car.

The Milton game was a success as far as the fudge and the girls were concerned.

Why were the three girls who went to the Newton game taken for freshmen?

Someone said that German script couldn't be written. It must be drawn.

The social committee is composed of Misses Cameron (chairman), N. White, Dewey, Messrs. Barnes and Barrier.

Photograph committee: Messrs. Rondina (chairman), Glidden, Chase, Misses Phinney and Mahady.

Advisory committee: Misses Winegar, Cameron, Woods, Rundström and Mr. Mc-Gann.

"And Flossie was absent the next day."

Miss Dewey entertained a few of her friends Thursday, October 25. Everyone had a good time. Mr. Chase contributed a cakewalk and Mr. Upham sang. It is understood that there was an animated discussion on religion after the party had broken up. May the good work continue.

1902.

Everyone should support the class socials which will soon begin.

Miss Colby has been elected captain of the basket-ball team, and Miss Halliday manager.

At a class meeting held October 26 it was moved and passed that the treasurer should be on the social and drama committees ex officio.

The social committee consists of Misses Newton, Halliday, Wales, Messrs. Elder, Carstein and Cleveland.

The drama committee is as follows: Misses Boyse, Hughes, Mallory, Messrs. Priest, Hursh and Cleveland.

The students in the institute division are growing thin from hard studying.

Ashmont dew is now the rage, especially with one of our girls.

1903.

Davies had his shoulder broken in foot-ball practice.

Our class colors are black and gold.

Why did a certain young man lose his compass in the physics class the other day?

Heard at the game with Milton: "Oh please let me hold you sweater."

Who lost his hat at the Haverhill game?

The class officers are: President, Mr. Grebstein; vice president, Miss Sanders; treasurer, Mr. Dunn; secretary, Miss Maud Smith.

1904.

Miss Flewelling has recovered and is back at school.

We need several more to sign this petition. Who is next?

How did you like your report?

Writing on desks and chairs has suddenly become unpopular.

Three Miss Smiths in one row in room 5!

The boys' Sloyd classes are being formed.

Smith will be unable to play foot-ball for a while on account of an injury to his leg.

ATHLETICS.

норру, 40; с. ц. s., 6.

On Tuesday, October 30, at Charles River Park, the Latin School team was defeated by Cambridge's old rival, Hopkinson. 3.7.81

Cambridge kicked off to Hoppy. The latter fumbled, but regained the ball. After gains of 20, 5 and 25 yards respectively, Hoppy lost the ball on downs. Cambridge could not gain and gave up the ball. Hoppy gained five yards, then R. Leatherbee scored a touchdown, for which Chase kicked the goal. Cambridge kicked off again; Hoppy got the ball and did not give it up until Chase crossed the line for another touchdown, and kicked the goal.

After the next kick-off Hoppy went steadily down the field. Excellent tackles were made by Child and Brainard, but Hoppy gained at least five yards at every rush. Leatherbee soon scored a touchdown, for which Chase kicked the goal.

For the rest of the half Cambridge braced up, holding Hoppy twice for downs. Davis made excellent punts both times when Cambridge got the ball. Hoppy soon scored a touchdown, however. The goal was missed, leaving the score 23 to 0, which it remained until the end of the half.

At the beginning of the second half the ball was fumbled. In the scrimmage Taft picked it up, and before Hoppy had thoroughly grasped the situation, he had carried it sixty-five yards, and across the line for a touchdown. Davis kicked the goal.

Hoppy kicked off again. Child got the ball by a difficult eatch. Cambridge gained twenty yards, then was forced to punt. Hoppy fumbled. Taft grabbed the ball and ran forty yards. Hoppy gained the ball on downs, then was obliged to punt. Cam-

bridge tried to punt, but was blocked; then tried again, successfully. Hoppy fumbled, Sumner got the ball, and made a good gain. Cambridge punted. Hoppy fumbled, but regained the ball and made fifteen yards. Sheuber made a touchdown and Chase kicked the goal.

Hoppy soon scored two more touchdowns and one goal, making the score 40 to 6.

The line-up:—

_	
Hopkinson.	C. L. S.
Hall, l. er. e., Cunn	ingham, Fish
Jewett, l. tr.	t., Hopewell
Davis, K. Southard, l. g	.r. g., James
F. Southard, c	c., Sumner
Sanborn, r. gl. g	., Farrington
Collner, r. tl.	t., Hastings
Whidden, Pevear, r. e	
1 a Duain	and Ridoout

NOBLE'S, 17; C. L. S., 5.

On Tuesday, October 16, at Charles River Park, the Latin School team was defeated by the Noble's School team, in two fifteen minute halves.

Noble's touchdowns were made by Williams, Tuckerman and Winsor; the two goals were kicked by Parkinson.

Hastings scored Cambridge's only touchdown, after repeated gains through the line by W. Williams. Burns missed the goal. Cambridge twice forced the ball to within a few yards of her opponent's goal line, but did not score again,—the first time on account of a fumble; the second, through the calling of time.

The line-up:-

Nobles. C. L. S.

Burr, Minot, l. e....r. e., Cunningham Bowen, Colby, l. t....r. t., Hopewell Webster, l. g....r. g., James Parkinson (Capt.), c....c., Sumner Pitkin, r. g....l. g., Farrington Jackson, r. t...l. t., Hastings (Capt.) Rothwell, r. e...l. e., Rideout Wheelock, q....q., Taft Williams, r. h...l. h., Burns Tuckerman, Mason, l. h...r. h., Davis Winsor, f. b....f. b., W. Williams

м. г. т., '03; 18; с. г. s., 6.

The Latin School team was defeated by the team of the class of 1903, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Charles River Park, on Friday, the 19th of October.

Touchdowns for M. I. T. were made by Lewis, Krewse and Gleason. Two of the goals were kicked by Parker; the third by Gleason.

The most sensational feature of the game was a run and touchdown by Burns, from Cambridge's thirty yard line. By a clever piece of interference, Hopewell threw his only dangerous pursuer, leaving him a clear field. Burns kicked the goal.

The line-up:--

м. г. т. '03.

Gray, l. e......r. e., Cunningham, Fish Crosby, l. t.....r. t., Hopewell Babcock, l. g....r. g., James, Carroll Dorham, c.....c., Sumner Garcelon, r. g....l. g., Farrington Merrick, r. t.....l. t., Hastings Howes, Foster, r. e....l. e., Rideout Hatch, Roper, q.....q., Taft Parker, Lee, r. h....r. h., Davis Lewis, Nettleton, l. h. l. h., Brainard, Burns Krewse, Gleason, f. b...f. b., Burns, James

NEWTON HIGH, 34; CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 0.

On Friday, the 26th of October, in the first league game of the season, the Latin School team was defeated by the Newton High School team at Newton.

In spite of the distance and the cloudy weather, the Latin School was well represented on the grand stand. The special cars provided added greatly to the pleasure and convenience of the trip.

Davis kicked off for Cambridge. Newton punted back. Cambridge got the ball, but lost it again immediately. Leanord made a forty yard run for Newton, which was stopped by Sumner. Three times Newton tried Cambride's line in vain. Then Skelton broke through and scored a touchdown. Kenway kicked the goal.

Cambridge kicked off again. Newton tried a fake punt unsuccessfully, then punted. Brainard got the ball, but was stopped short by the Newton ends. Davis made ten yards for Cambridge. After fumbling and recovering the ball again, Cambridge punted. Newton punted, and Brainard got the ball. Purcell plunged through the Newton line for fifteen yards. The ball was fumbled, but James fell on it. Cambridge began to plough steadily down the field. Davis and Burns were sent through the tackles repeatedly for gains of five to ten yards. Newton rallied and held Cambridge for downs. Skelton gained thirty vards and Leanord made the rest of the distance for a touchdown. The goal was kicked. Henderson soon made another touchdown for Newton, making the score 17 to 0. This was the last scoring in the first half.

In the second half Newton gained almost at will. Cambridge was greatly weakened and many of her men were badly hurt. In spite of this fact she rallied once after the last scoring had been done, and held Newton for downs on Cambridge's forty yard line. Good tackles also were made by Burns and Brainard. The last part of the half was played in almost entire darkness.

The line-up:-

NEWTON HIGH.

C. L. S.

Johnson, l. e....r. e., Brainard, Fish Mellen, l. t....r. t., Hastings Henderson, l. g....r. g., James Breitske, c.....c., Sumner, Carroll Tolman, r. g....l. g., Farrington, Linnell Henway, r. t....l. t., Hopewell Holt, r. e....l. e., Cunningham, Rideout P. Leanord, q....q., Taft R. Leanord, r. h...l. h., Burns, Child Stephenson, l. h....r. h., Davis Skelton, f. b...f. b., Purcell, Burns

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

On Wednesday, October 3, at Charles River Park, Cambridge High School played the Medford High eleven, with which they had played a tie game at Medford, and won by a score of five to nothing in thirty minutes of play. Cambridge showed a marked improvement over her first game and outplayed her opponents at every point, her goal never being in danger.

In the first half Medford kicked off to Aldrich, who ran it back ten yards. Then, by straight line plays, Cambridge forced the ball to the middle of the field, where Stewart's poor pass lost her ten yards, the ball going clear over Crawford's head. Cambridge then kicked, and the Medford back made little or no gain. Medford tried twice to circle our left end, but was thrown back for a loss each

time. After a tackle play, which had little effect, Medford punted to the middle of the field. From here Cambridge rushed the ball for a touchdown after just five minutes of play. After this neither goal was in danger, but the ball was, for the most part, in Medford's territory.

In the second half Cambridge played a kicking game, by which they kept the ball near the centre of the field. The half ended as described above, with the ball in Cambridge's possession.

The work of Stone and Upham was especially commendable, and the Cambridge backs played better and backed the line for larger gains than did the Medford backs. The attendance was very encouraging, as the girls of 1901 and 1902 were present in quite large numbers.

The Cambridge line-up was as follows:-

Rondina, l. e.

Stone, l. t.

Ryan, Davis, r. e.

Ryan, Davis, r. e.

Crawford, q.

Stewart, c.

Gove, l. h.

Barnes, r. g.

Aldrich, r. h.

Chase, f. b.

The following Wednesday the High School lined up against the Harvard Freshmen for twenty minutes' play. The rain, the wet and muddy field, the fact that few of our team had cleates, together with the much superior weight of the freshmen and their using of twenty-three men against our eleven, give sufficient excuse for the High School's defeat, by a score of twenty-two to nothing. In the first half Cambridge played well and held

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her opponents to one touchdown. In the second half, against an entirely new eleven, the team went to pieces, and Harvard scored three touchdowns and kicked two goals. Rondina and Crawford played well for Cambridge.

Our line-up:-

Rondina, l. e. Upham, r. t.
Stone, l. t. Smith, r. e.
Taylor, l. g. Crawford, q.
Stewart, c. Gove, l. h.
Barnes, r. g. Aldrich, r. h.

Chase, f. b.

Saturday, the 13th of October, our team lined up against Milton Academy's eleven. Cambridge held for downs and Milton punted. Cambridge kicked to Milton's right halfback, who was downed after a short gain. The ball remained near the middle of the

field until the half was about two-thirds through, when a fumble of a punt by Cambridge gave Milton the ball on our fifteen yard line. From here she pushed the ball to our five yard line, where Cambridge held for downs. The ball for the rest of the half remained in our territory.

In the second half the play was almost wholly on Milton's ground, Cambridge reaching Milton's ten yard line several times. In this half Aldrich made a great try for a goal from the field, missing by less than a foot. The game ended with the ball in our possession on Milton's twenty yard line, neither side having scored. Cambridge played a substitute team the first half. Barnes did not play because of trouble with his leg, which has since proved to be water on the knee. He

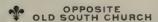
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will probably not play any more this year.

Our line-up:

Davis (Rondina), l. e.

Stone, l. t.

Taylor, l. g.

Batchelder (Stewart), c.

Kennon, r. g.

Upham, r. t.

Smith (Ryan), r. e.

Carney (Crawford), q.

Gove (Crawford), l. h. b.

Aldrich, r. h. b.

Chase, f. b.

The following Monday, High School played Newton High and was defeated twelve points Both Cambridge and Newton played a kicking game, the ball being first in Newton's territory and then in ours. Newton rushed the ball from our 40 yard line for a touchdown, Skelton, the fullback, making both touchdown and goal.

In the second half, near the close, Newton got the ball on our thirty yard line and rushed it over our goal line for the second and last touchdown. Skelton kicked the goal. The feature of this half was the 50 yard run of Stone on a fake kick. The Cambridge team could do little on rushing, for Stone, who had had no practice, did not know the signals well enough to play fullback. He, however, put up by far the best game for Cambridge.

Our line-up:-

Rondina, l. e.

Chase, l. t.

Taylor, l. g.

Stewart, c.

Kennon (Batchelder), r. g.

Upham, r. t.

Smith, r. e.

Crawford, q.

Gove, l. h b.

Aldrich, r. h. b.

Stone, f. b.

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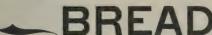
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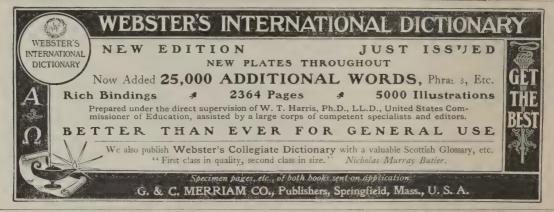
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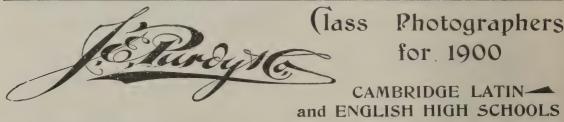
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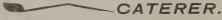
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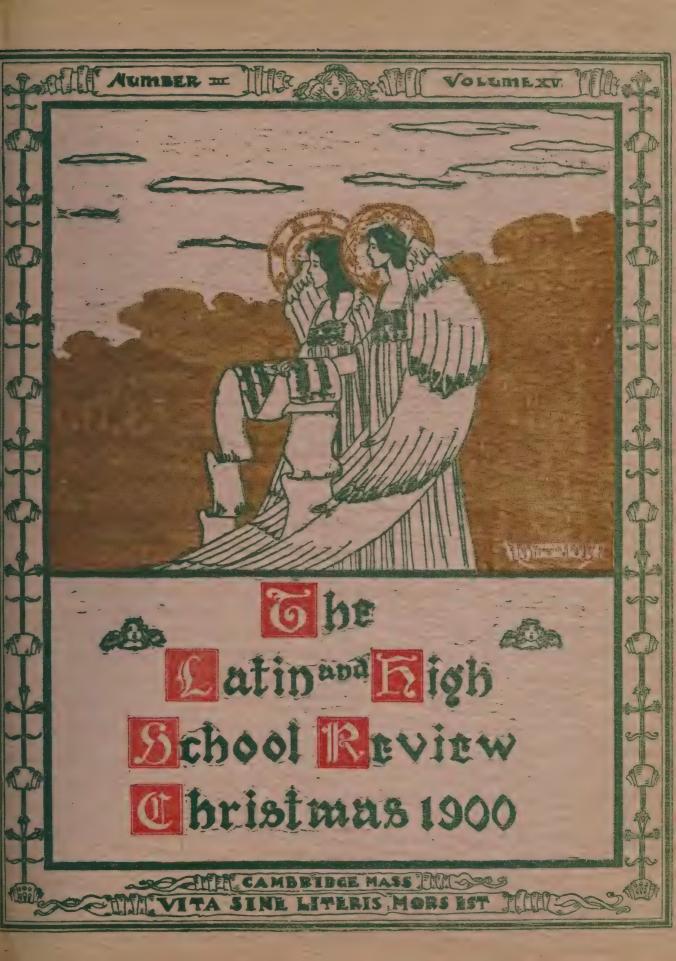


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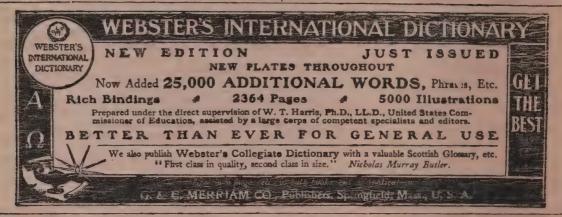
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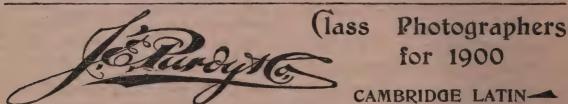
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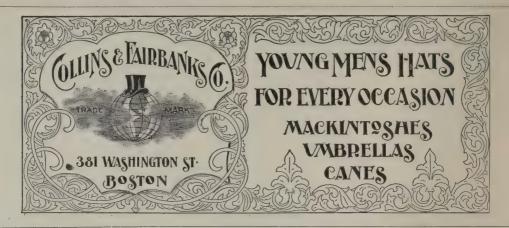
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1900.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE MONTH.

Before beginning we must ask that any one who may be concerned in what we say will find no harm where none is intended. We approve of the selection of Durrell, '01, and Bicknell, '02, as managers of the hockey team, track team, and boat crew, but we do not admire the manner of their appointment. We do not object to the men themselves.

On Wednesday, the fifth of December, a meeting of the pupils was held for the purpose of electing a captain for the hockey team. By the regular rule, the captain would appoint his own managers, his appointment going before the athletic committee for ratification. Instead, the names of the managers were announced a full week before the captain was even elected! The excuse given is that the captains of the other two teams had already been elected, and that they sanctioned the choice. But this is no excuse at all. If only for appearance sake, these appointments should have been withheld until the hockey captain had been given an opportunity to express his wishes: no harm could have resulted from either delaying these appointments another week, or, as an alternative, from holding the mass meeeting a week sooner. But we understand that the hockey captain was

consulted! If our athletic interest is at so low an ebb that a man can not only speak of his election as perfectly assured even before the vote is cast, but may even discharge the duties of an office not yet his own, it is time for the undergraduates to wake up and take the reins into their own hands. To speak the truth, all the athletic appointments are too obviously cut and dried. The best remedy for such a state of affairs is for the pupils to come to the next athletic meeting in a body and to discuss the nominees, instead of blindly voting for any one. If they desire to choose a man who is the candidate of those in authority without further consideration, well and good. If not, there should be undergraduates enough on hand to render any previous arrangement ineffectual. In saying this, we know that we voice the common opinion of all who have given any attention to the way in which Latin School athletics are now being run.



This year we have all watched the progress of the foot-ball teams of both schools with great attention, for the purpose of deciding whether, after all, separation in athletics has been an advisable step. On the whole, we feel that the verdict of the majority of the scholars, who, in this case, are the only quali-

fied jury, has been given in the affirmative. We consider that although separation has temporarily weakened our teams, the very fact that, in the face of adverse fortune, both teams have held together and played all the games scheduled, however hopeless the contests, is in itself sufficient guarantee of our ability to support two independent organizations. No advocate of the separation scheme was so blindly enthusiastic and foolishly confident as to prophesy an uninterrupted course of victories for either team; on the contrary, most of those who gave the matter careful consideration foretold just such a series of disasters as has fallen to the lot, especially of the Latin School. What has happened is no cause for dismay, but only what should have been expected. Each of the schools finds that it has lost an invaluable partner in the other; each, however, finds itself able to lead a struggling existence without its ancient prop. The main point, then, has been proved: that is, the one hypothesis upon which the whole theory was built—that we would be able each to do without the other—has been shown to be correct. The advantages will appear in time. If we can muster two elevens, if we can interest just twice as many pupils in the game as formerly, if we can face such defeats as we have met this year without flinching, if, in place of passive support we manage to arouse an active rivalry between the two schools our efforts must eventually crowned with success. Whatever strength we have lost in our division, we shall regain twofold in the spirit and determination springing from a keen but generous emulation. Twentytwo boys striving in vigorous competition will unquestionably, in the end, produce two teams as effective as a single eleven of chosen players urged on by no such contention.



A course in typewriting and stenography has lately been added to the regular curriculum

of the High School. No one can possibly fail to understand how great an advantage a reasonable proficiency in shorthand and in the use of the machine will be to any one entering a business office, even if he is not engaged as a professional stenographer. In these days when almost all business letters and very many private ones are dictated and typewritten, a young man having a fair knowledge of these two acquirements may make himself useful to his employer in numerous ways. We are especially glad that this course has been brought into our public schools as many pupils will now be able to secure positions as soon as they graduate, instead of first spending an extra year in some so-called business college. As yet, there are only three typewriters, but we feel sure that the number of instruments will be increased to meet the demand.



We have a very pleasant announcement to make in the form of a present to the school. Mr. Frederick P. Bonney, for some time a member of the class of '93, Latin School, has placed the sum of forty dollars in the hands of Mr. Bradbury; this sum to be expended for school decorations. Exactly what these decorations shall be is left altogether to the judgment of our head master. We are confident that we voice the sentiments of both teachers and students when we thank Mr. Bonney for his great kindnes. Anyone who remembers his school in such a substantial manner, remembers her indeed. We take great pride in reminding our fellow-pupils that Frederick Bonney was editor of The Review in 1892, and that the present flourishing condition of the paper is, in a great measure, due to his ability and foresight. It was he who changed the name from The Latin School Review to THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW, and who increased the number of pages from sixteen to thirty-two.

To the Editor of The Review:

I would like to say a few words relative to the Cambridge Latin School Alumni Association. At our second reunion this year there were not enough alumni present to meet all the expenses. Those who did attend had a most enjoyable time, and it would seem too bad to have the reunions discontinued because of lack of attendance and consequent failure of financial support. It has been decided to hold these reunions once in two years; the next one, therefore, will take place in the year 1902, and the future of the Association will depend upon the success of the next reunion. I desire, therefore, at this time to

urge upon the members of the two highest classes now in the school, who will in 1902 be among the graduates, and therefore eligible to membership in the Association, to bear the matter in mind and make an earnest resolve to give the Association their loyal support by their attendance at the biennial reunions. I also desire, through your columns, to make an earnest appeal to all graduates of the school to give the Association the hearty support and encouragement which is essential to its permanent success.

Frederick W. Dallinger,
President of the Cambridge Latin School
Alumni Association.

ABAIGAL SKINTON.

Mrs. Josiah Pratt sat down in her west window with a sigh of weary content. As she wiped her spectacles preparatory to placing them on her fat nose, she gazed with pleasant blue eyes at the little neat white house of her neighbor, Abaigal Skinton. While she looked, one of the little green blinds flew open and a yellow, wrinkled hand shook a piece of cloth for a moment and then hastily drew the blind shut.

Mrs. Pratt, having ponderously adjusted her glasses and taken up her knitting, remarked with great gravity to the world in general, "Wal, if that Abaigal Skinton don't beat everything I ever heerd tell on! Here I be, a settin' in my west window aknittin' as peaceable 's can be, with fifty mince pies, twenty apple pies all settin' in a row in the pantry, an' a hundred rize doughnuts, an' a hundred an' twenty of the best m'lasses cookies yer ever eat out in the cans, an' poun' cake an' what not, all ready fer termorrer, an' there's that Abaigal jest gettin' the front parlor dusted. She hain't got nobody but herself ter pervide fer an' here I got four strap-

pin' men an' Symanthy an' her fam'ly comin' termorrer. Not that I'm complainin' fer havin' so much kith an' kin; I'd ruther die 'n be so lonesome as Abaigal is. Hain't nobody ben there to my certin knowledge sence last Thankgivin', when neighbor Jones sent her over a plateful of turkey, thinkin' she hadn't no dinner. My! didn't that boy come peltin' outer there! Said she was hoppin' mad, an' told him she worn't no pauper, an' when she was she'd go t' poor-house, thank him, just as much. Lord! How scairt that boy were!" Here Mrs. Pratt indulged in a silent, elephantine laugh which caused the tears to roll out of her eyes and sent her spectacles up on her forehead. The setting sun sent a pale ray through the window, which, falling on her round cheek, made it shine like a brass kettle.

Having readjusted her spectacles and taken up her knitting again she continued her monologue, this time addressing the fast-disappearing sun with great affability. I s'pose she'll creep out termorrer with that old ratcolored dolman of hers that looks like it had

been handed down from Noah an' set in the back pew an' never hear a word of the sermon. I declare! I should think the Parson'd get real put out with her. She never pays no 'tention ter him anyway. I guess she ain't never experienced religion. got a regular map of a face, all lines an' those big black eyes of hers reminds one of a fun'ral. Good land! you'd think she'd jest seen a murder an' had taken her affidavit never ter open her mouth agin lest she should tell about it. Mandy Hubbles told me t'other day that she knew somebody who had a friend who knew somebody who was ral intimate with Abaigal's second cousin, an' she said that Abaigal had a son an' her husband drownded right before her eyes, -- boat turned over or somethin'. She says they lived in the city, but all her furniture was tied up in gunny-bags an' I couldn't catch a glympse of it when she moved in five years ago, an' I guess nobody 'cept the minister ever got inside the door, an' he won't tell nothin' about her. She must of set an awful store by her husband. Good Lord, there come father an' the boys an' here I ben settin' ruminatin' with myself an' ain't done a thing about supper."

The sun rose clear the next morning, gilding the frosty window-panes and turning Abaigal's little white cottage into a veritable fairy palace. The sun-beams danced and frolicked over the icy crust of the deep snow and ran along the snow-covered arms of the drunken clothes-reel in Abaigal's back-yard to her pantry window. But as they peeped in they saw only a lonely mince-pie and a scrawny chicken, so they ran away again quickly, up to the low eaves, setting the top of the lonely palace with flashing, multicolored jewels.

Pretty soon the church bells began to send their deep-toned summons across the snow and the irrepressible sleigh-bells jingled merrily in return, as if mocking their sterner

brothers for their dignity on a day like this. Just as Mrs. Josiah Pratt and her numer-

ous relatives were starting for church in two pungs Mrs. Abaigal Skinton came out of her rickety front gate.

"Wal, I declare, if there ain't Abaigal, jest as usual," cried Mrs. Pratt; "now, Joshny, you stop them hosses, I'm goin' ter ask Abaigal ter ride. There ain't no reason why she should walk an' we ride on Christmas Merry Chrismas, Mis' Skinton; dew get in an' ride with us, there's plenty of room, now dew!"

Abaigal nodded her head curtly to the salutation and said sharply, "No, thank you, I'd rather walk."

"Go on, Joshny," said Mrs. Pratt, almost as sharply, and the pungs slid rapidly away.

Meanwhile Abaigal walked quickly along the snow-covered path lifting her old blacksilk skirt daintily and holding her head high. She did not seem to notice the beauty of the long, white stretches of fields, studded with bowing trees like soft, white rosettes on a muslin gown. Her dark eyes were bent unwaveringly on the narrow path in front of her, and her pitiful, stern mouth never moved. Once, when she had nearly reached the church, one of a group of laughing, quarreling little tods met her forbidding gaze and they immediately formed into single file with down-cast eyes until she had passed them.

During the service she sat with her eyes fixed on her prayer-book and apparently paid no attention to the rambling sermon. When it was over she walked straight back to her little white house, paying no attention to the various remarks of her fellow-churchmen, and returning their cordial bows with curt nods. When she reached home she shut the little front door with a bang that seemed to bid defiance to her neighbor's great ramshackle house, which awaited in shabby dignity the home coming of its jolly occupants.

They came with much shouting and merry laughter, for Symanthy had three jolly daughters and they had picked old Uncle Eben at church to come and fiddle for them.

As they whirled by the little white house Mrs. Pratt observed to Symanthy, "I b'lieve that Abaigal Skinton's lonely. I don't b'lieve she's got a blessed thing ter eat today, out of the ordinary, an' she's so all-fired proud I don't dare send a child of mine over there with anythin'. She most likely throw him down cellar."

"I guess she wouldn't throw your boy Ben very fur. Land! ain't he big! An' he's that gentle a kitten wouldn't be scared of him," replied Symanthy.

"Wal, I dunno but what I'll try her," mused Mrs. Pratt; "that Jones boy always wus an impident piece." And after they had all taken their things off and were standing around the blazing fire, she called Ben to the kitchen and gave him a plate heaped with food. "Now be precious keerful not to rile her, Ben, an' I guess you'll get along all right."

Ben laughed a little uneasily and strode across the snow to Abaigal's door. It opened so quickly after his knock that he jumped with surprise and a nervous desire to go home came upon him. Nevertheless, grasping his plate firmly and looking Abaigal straight in the eyes, he said, "Mornin', Mis' Skinton, mother sent yer over some turkey an' fixin's; seein' as how this is Chrismus day she didn't know but what you'd be kind enough ter accept 'em."

Abaigal's eyes flashed fire for a second and then when she looked into Ben's frank, blue ones they softened and she said awkwardly, "It's real good of her, I'm sure; do come in and I'll wash the plate and you can take it right back to her."

Ben stepped in with a mingled feeling of awe and curiosity. But his curiosity soon vanished, leaving him overwhelmed with wonder. For through the hall door he saw the most beautiful room he had ever dreamed of. Soft, lace curtains looped up almost double hung at the windows, a rose-wood piano stood in one corner covered with beautiful vases and a little bronze statue of Mercury. A dainty rose-wood divan stood at one window and various gilt and mahogany chairs stood about on a soft velvet carpet. But the one thing that caught the boy's attention, casting an air of gloom and sorrow over the beautiful little room, was a black-draped painting of a young man. The large brown eyes looked jestingly down from the spiritual, finely-cut face and gave Ben a creepy feeling that Abaigal Skinton had suddenly turned into a picture.

When he heard her returning footsteps he flushed guiltily and turned his back to this fascinating room. As she handed him the plate she said timidly, "How old are you, my boy?"

"Nineteen, last month," said Ben.

"Yes? I had a boy like you once. Tell your mother I'm very much obliged to her and come in and see me sometime, won't you?"

"Thank you, marm," said Ben awkwardly."

"Tell your mother to come in soon, won't you?"

"Yes, marm," returned Ben, as he backed awkwardly out of the door.

Abaigal, having closed the door softly, threw herself on the rose-wood divan and wept convulsively.

L. M. B., '01.



A STORY OF 1905.

"Once upon a time," near the land that Columbus discovered, a Brigg came into port. I went on board to see if I could obtain a Beunke to Boston. I was told that I would have to work my passage. I agreed, and was set to work catching Bodfish.

Our food consisted mainly of fish, Bacon, Pease and Beanes. We would Boyle them all together and they made a very good soup. Before I got used to it, however, it gave me a severe Paine.

When we arrived at Boston the Captain told me I must go with them to Nova Scotia. I was *Cross* with him, and made up my mind to run away. One of the cabin boys went with me and the first thing we did was to go to *Church*.

The next day we set out in search of work. We could find none for a long time, but finally we were hired by a *Coleman*. The work didn't agree with us, so we went to *Worcester* and tried to get work in the *Marble* quarries.

There was no work there, but I found a Kinsman of mine, a Foster brother, who said he was going to Maine, where we might find work in the lumber camps. We did obtain work and enjoyed it very much until one night a heavy Frost came up. It began to Snow, and it wasn't quite so nice. It was good fun, though, to Pierce the ice and see the water bubble up as though it were glad to escape.

As we boys were *Small*, of course we stayed in the camp and worked in the kitchen. The water was not drawn through a *Fawcett*, and our chief duty was to bring it from the *Brooks*.

My friend and I went out hunting one day, and on our way back, as we were coming over a steep *Hill*, I shot a *Browne Fox*. It was a good-sized one, and I was proud of it.

One of my duties was to Locke up the camp, and, if I forgot it, the outlook was

pretty Black. But I seldom did forget, and altogether we had a pretty good time of it.

In the spring I suggested to my companion that we return to Boston. "O. (P.) Shaw!" he said, "there's no work there." So we returned to Worcester, and a day or two after we arrived a Taylor engaged us as messengers. We enjoyed the work immensely and the tailor evidently liked us, for one day he told us that we might go into the country. As soon as we were fairly started we bought some Baldwin apples and sat down on a Stone to eat them. As we were sitting there, a White horse came up, and its Rider, a Sergeant in the army, asked us the distance to the Ferry. We replied that we did not know, and he rode on.

After a while we started back to the city, and taking a short cut through the woods, we came to a small river. We could see no boat and were just about to Ford it, when a small voice said, "Want to go across?" We looked up and saw a Greene boat in which was a very diminutive boy. The whole thing looked ridiculously small, hardly more than a Toye, but the boy said he would Rowe us across, and we got in. The woods were very thick on the other side, but I could see a great many men. The boy seemed in a hurry, and we remarked that something must be going on. "They've got a fellow," he said, "who has been stealing horses. The crowd want to Lynch him, but I guess they won't." They didn't, and we were soon in Worcester.

My friend soon left the tailor and engaged in business with the Adams Express Company, who needed a Newman. I remained, and the wisdom of my deed may be proved by observing the sign which is displayed over one of the largest wholesale clothing stores in the city. Mine is one of the names inscribed upon the sign.

T. L. S., 1905.



Owing to the difficulty in obtaining the use of the gymnasium, basket-ball practice begins rather late this year. Everything has at last been satisfactorily arranged, however, and the interest and enthusiasm in the game seems greater than ever before. All five of the classes intend forming teams for inter-class contests and there will be a school team as there was last year.

The hours of practice for the Latin School are as follows:—

Class 1901.
Tuesday, 3 to 4.
Friday, 3 to 4.
Class 1902.
Wednesday, 3 to 4.
Saturday, 2 to 3.
Class 1903.
Tuesday, 4 to 5.

Class 1904.
Tuesday, 2 to 3.
Class 1905.
Monday, 2 to 3.
Thursday, 2 to 3.
School Team.
Thursday, 3 to 4.

Friday, 4 to 5.

There is considerable expense in running these different teams and Miss Robinson has already started subscriptions.

It seems as though the boys in the school should take as much interest in basket-ball and be as willing to aid the girls as they have been anxious that the girls should support them in foot-ball and base-ball.

They are a little inclined, I think, to be incredulous when they are told that there is necessary expense in running a basket-ball team, but if they consider, they will realize, I think, that this is so.

In the first place, if we are to contend with other schools we must come up to a certain standard in playing, and to do this we must of course have coaches. These are paid fifty cents an hour, and although for most of the teams it is considered sufficient to have the coach only once a week, even this amounts to considerable.

Then a basket-ball is no more proof against wearing out than a foot-ball and cannot be replaced under five dollars.

Besides, this comes to the question of suits. Up to this time the girls have been perfectly willing to supply their own suits, but there is no reason why they should do this any more than the boys. There should be money in the treasury to replace a suit worn out in service for the class and to provide one for any girl who does not find it easy to furnish herself with one. Certainly, the team should not lose one good player because it cannot buy her a suit.

Now you see that as it is not possible for us to make money on our games we depend entirely on the generosity of subscribers, and I am sure the Latin School will not be deficient in basket-ball because it cannot support its teams.

M. W., '01.

Note: The department of "Girls' Corner" will, in January, be devoted principally to the interests of High School basket-ball.



LATIN SCHOOL.

November 2 it was moved that, at this meeting, "the president appoint a committee to arrange for joint debates, that this committee have jurisdiction over debates other than the High School, and that the debates be limited to two." This was carried. Those appointed on this committee were: Messrs. White, Bicknell and Ammidon. On the motion of Mr. Ammidon, the president appointed two coaches, Mr. Ammidon and Mr. White, one for each of the lower classes, to prepare them for the first class debate. The committee to give out guest tickets consists of Miss Wood, Messrs. Thompson and Detlefsen. The debate was: "Resolved, That the present administration should be upheld at the next election." Affirmative, Detlefsen, Bicknell and White; negative, Ammidon, Thompson and Bennett. The debate was awarded to the negative by the judges, Miss Arnold, Messrs. Burns and Linnell.

November 16 a motion was carried to the effect that a slight admission should be charged at the next joint debate and that this money should be given to athletics. Mr. Ammidon moved that the constitution be amended so that the affirmative should be allowed to sum up last in the rebuttal. This was carried. It was decided to hold the next meeting on December 7.

This was the first class debate between 1905 and 1904. The subject was: "Resolved, That the policy excluding Chinese laborers from the United States should be maintained and

rigorously enforced." Messrs. James, Bennett and Ellsbree, from 1905, supported the affirmative, and Messrs. Rivinius, O'Mahoney and Rogers held the negative for 1904. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Ellsbree summed up. The judges, Miss Reynolds, Miss Perrigo and Mr. Detlefsen, awarded the debate to the negative. Mr. Rivinius, who was the only one who did not read his debate, and Mr. Ellsbree carried off the honors.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The first regular debate of the year was held November 2. Subject: "Resolved, That the free coinage of silver would be disastrous to the country." Messrs. Priest and Wilder, '02, spoke on the affirmative, while Miss Cameron, '01, and Mr. Hursh, '02, supported the negative. The judges awarded the debate to the negative. The subject of the debate of November' 16 was: "Resolved, That trusts should be abolished." Speakers were Messrs. Stephens and Elder on the affirmative, Mr. Blake on the negative. The debate was given to the affirmative.

The order at the meetings shows no signs of improvement. Decided measures will have to be taken, unless the meetings in the future are conducted on an entirely different basis than at present. It may be necessary to disband the society altogether; for of what value is the society to the members in its present condition? Is it organized only for the purpose of meeting together and having a gottime generally? We appeal to the members of each class to come to the front—to aid us in establishing permanent good order in the society.

On the Other Fellow: and, On Me.

In the first place, I should like it plainly understood that when I buy short lobsters to make a snapper-stew, the veritable queen of all stews, I do not evade the law. Instead, the law most cautiously evades me! And this is why and how.

I spend all my summers at the little seaside resort of L——, where I am almost as well known as the natives themselves. I own a pretty little house there, about three miles from L—— beach, and when ever I weary of dusty streets and hard pavements I retire into my country shell for a few days' rest.

Of late years it has been almost impossible to buy sizable lobsters from the fishermen at the beach. Therefore, since large lobsters are not generally to be had, as I do most dearly love a fresh juicy fellow, and as young lobsters or snappers are really the best after all, I must confess to the purchase of many delicious youngsters. This selling of short lobsters proceeded right merrily until last June. Then, it seemed as if an end had finally come to it, as to all other desirable things.

One morning, when I went down town to get my mail, I was startled to hear that five men had been heavily fined for trafficing in short lobsters. The dreaded government inspector had come at last. Considerably disturbed, I glanced over the list of names posted on the bulletin-board, and was greatly relieved to discover that my particular friend and tradesman had not been caught this time. However, it was my day for lobsters, and if it was not safe to buy babies, I must attempt to find a couple of old stagers in some one of the fish-houses.

I went home, and, without saying anything to my wife, lest she should object, harnessed the colt into my light Concord and started for the beach as usual. After a drive of about three miles, I reined in at a little hut which faced the ocean but had a back entrance on to the road, and called out, "Moses!" A tall, gawky figure appeared in the doorway and shouted, "Hullo!" "So you wasn't among those fellows who got fined?" I called out. "No!" he answered, coming slowly towards me. "No! Ther warn't no lobsters at all in ther pots yesterday." "Well," said I, "they surely kept away at the right time. What have you today? I don't suppose it's safe to buy any of the little fellers." "It's fact," replied he, while a broad smile lighted up his bronzed features. "Luck's my way all right, I got a dozen big 'uns the mornin'!" He stopped short and nudged me, pointing at a figure listlessly strolling along the beach. The man was well dressed in a neat flannel suit, and was walking slowly back and forth in front of the fish houses, apparently to enjoy the fine, brisk sea-breeze at his leisure.

"There," said Moses, "that's him. He's got a beard on today and he's wearin' eyeglasses and he's dressed altogether different; but he's the man a' right."

"Why! Has he visited you this morning?"

"No! He hasn't been here ter day. He knows if I had any short 'uns I'd have hidden 'em. But jest wait till you drive off. He'll follow you a'right. See, there's his wheel leanin' on the starboard side of that big rock there."

I took the situation in at a glance and concluded that Moses' conjectures were quite probably correct. "Good enough!" I laughed, "I hope he will. Be careful you give me good long lobsters today, Moses, for I don't intend

he shall get any reward for his trouble." "A' right, sir," said Moses with a sly wink.

In five minutes more I had finished my trade, stowed my purchases under the seat of my wagon and started home. As Moses had forewarned me, and as I myself fully expected, I had gone but a few rods when the man slowly mounted his wheel and followed after. I made as if I were going to stop and pulled the colt down to a walk, but when my pursuer had drawn very close, I suddenly hit my little horse a light blow with the whip, at which she broke into her two-twenty prize trot.

After a moment or two, when I once more had the colt under full control, holding the reins securely in one hand and turning half round in my seat, I looked pityingly on the poor fellow struggling on in our tracks, blinded and choked by the dust which the colt was raising. He saw me glance in his direction and shouted at the top of his voice, "Stop! I tell you, stop! Short lobsters! I command you, stop!" But I only shook my head and smiled a vague, uncertain smile to signify that I did not understand what he could mean. For a little while he continued to command, and, presently, even to threate, but still I only smiled: and this smile was no effort for the situation was so ludicrous that, had I wished to, I could not have restrained myself. Soon he learned that talking required rather more breath than he could conveniently spare just then, and subsided into complete silence. But now it was my turn.

"Fine day, isn't it?" he nodded his head curtly at this polite inquiry, thus letting me know that he could hear all I said, but he didn't answer a word. "Isn't it too bad the way that jay of an inspector fined all those poor fishermen for selling a few short lobsters?" I ventured next. This time he ignored my question entirely and feigned that he did not hear, but I knew that he did, and

kindly gave the thumb-screws another twist. "You seem to be working pretty hard! Good colt, isn't she?" I called out. It was remarkable how deaf that man had grown! Almost as badly so as I had been a few minutes before. All these kindly observations produced just one effect, namely, they afforded me infinite delight: as far as the other man was concerned, he might have been a stone image for all the part he took in this agreeable conversation. Moreover, I am much afraid he did not appear as serenely happy as a well-bred government official in discharge of his duty ought to be.

Well, we drove—or rather, I drove and he followed—in just this way up and down hill for the whole three miles home. As you see, I have always kept a good horse, and the colt was a little better than my regular standard; the drive took us just ten minutes. Just before I slowed up, I conveyed this interesting fact to my friend in flannel, but he didn't even smile. He must have been pretty plucky, for when I turned into the yard he was still following, though he seemed almost ready to drop from his bicycle. Of course, I was a cool and complacent as a mandarin and the horse was feeling all the better for her little trot.

"Come in and have a drink to cool you off," I shouted back, but it was needless, for he was evidently coming anyhow. Still, I felt it to be more gentlemanly to invite him I drove right into the barn and jumped out to throw a light blanket over my pretty racer. My pursuer rode into the barn also and dismounted, or, to speak more exactly, tumbled from his wheel. "Short lobsters," he gaspe l and staggered to the only seat near at handthe floor. Politely, I offered him a chair, which, with my aid, he accepted. He was momentarily humbled and seemed to think some apology for this total collapse nec ssar since he panted out, "Soft-not used to riding—chain needed oiling." "Yes! Yes!" I said. "Keep perfectly still for a few moments and get control of yourself. You seem quite out of breath. I'll fix your wheel all right; I have some 'Lightning Cycle Grease' here which I'll rub on the chain." He made no reply, but sat in silence struggling to get his breath and wiping the perspiration from his face. When he had recovered somewhat he asked for water, which I gave him at once. Very shortly he was on his feet again and rummaging under the seat of my wagon for the lobsters.

"Wait!" said I; "let me get them myself. Be careful not to exert yourself too violently at first." Up to this time his demeanor had been entirely sheepish, but now he was evidently angry. I think I never saw a more angry man in all my life—and, perhaps he had reason.

"No you won't! I'll get them myself. You'll have to pay enough to make you laugh on the other side of your face before you get out of this hole, I warrant," he snarled.

I smiled in my most gracious manner as if waiving any such little difficulty completely out of the question, and suggested, "Well, then, won't you have some more water to keep you cool while at work; the doctor has analyzed it and says it's the finest water in town. It will be real cold—the well's twenty-five feet deep."

"No!" he snapped again, and glowered at me with such a melodramatical expression that all my efforts to keep a straight face nearly proved futile.

One by one he pulled out the lobsters, and examined them. By the time he had found the sixth and last he had begun to look much less self-confident, and it seemed to me that he was muttering things—naughty things—though in such a low voice that I could only judge by the moving of his lips. But although he was certainly discomposed, he was

not to be so easily beaten! After he had searched the road-wagon so thoroughly that a pin could not have escaped him, he scrutinized me sharply to make sure that there were no suspicious bunches in my pockets. Of course I at once guessed the reason for this inspection and, going forward, kindly offered him my jacket, which I took off for this purpose, and, at the same time, explained that it was quite impossible for m to cram even a small lobster into the watchpocket of my vest: as for my trousers, why, he might feel for himself. But my poor victim gave no more heed than a stone image; on the contrary, he stolidly set to measuring those he had found, I suppose, as a forlorn hope.

By this time the miserable depths of embarwas plainly in the rassment and despair. Again and again he cleared his throat as if to speak, but he inevitably stopped short before he had uttered a word and, instead, fell to measuring the lobsters all over. Meanwhile, with a balmy smile suffusing all my features, I seated myself in the chair which I had placed for my uninvited guest; moreover, I tilted my chair back against the and beat the "Devil's Tattoo" arms. Still, in the face of all I could do, this became tiresome, and, leaving my prey engaged in a fruitless endeavor to stretch his tape-measure, I went into the house for a moment. Almost immediately I returned with a glass of cider and half a squash pie, which I placed side by side on the bottom of an overturned pail.

It now occurred to me that it was about dinner time and that I might as well get this unwelcome visitor out of the way, so that I might turn the lobsters over to my wife. Consequently, after having announced my intention by sundry coughs, I spoke. "How are you making out?" I queried.

"Ah! um—ah! um ah!—um, um, ah!" he

answered; which reply, although scarcely articulate English or anything else, I had not the least difficulty in translating. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I had to laugh whether I would or no. The moment the very first chuckle burst forth he turned round with a kind of maddened snort and cried, "Now, don't you get too funny! I'll catch you next time, and don't you forget it!" My reserve once broken down I could not restrain myself and was laughing so hard that the tears streamed down my cheeks in two very diminutive rivers. "Great Heavens!" I gasped, "I want to see you the next time. That may be better yet. But no! no! this is good enough!"

He looked daggers at me. From sheer exhaustion I ceased laughing, and, pointing to the cider and pie with the finest composure, asked, "Won't you take a little refreshment before you start back? There are a couple of other trotters in town who would be glad to race you. But mind! another such ride would surely be disastrous to a man with an empty stomach.

"No! never!" he snarled, and, while I went into another gale of hilarity, having mounted his wheel, he rode slowly and sullenly out of the yard. Just as he was passing the door my wife, who was innocent of the whole business, opened it and called out to me, "John, I do wish you'd bring those lobsters in now; it's almost dinner time." You should have seen that man flush! He was so abashed that he came within an ace of falling off his bicycle. "All right, my dear," I replied at the top of my voice; "Jones and I were having such a pleasant little chat that I forgot all about them." Then, raising my voice still higher, I cried, "Good bye, Jones, old man; good by!"

Now when lobster day comes around I drive to Moses' fish-house and command in my most resonant tones, "Moses! bring out the short lobsters!" "None here sir," he al-

ways replies with a sly wink. "Then bring out the *very* short ones," I retort.

One day when I was buying my weekly supply at the beach I saw my friend, the inspector, again. I nodded in the most friendly and vigorous manner possible, and even whistled through my fingers in a vain attempt to draw his attention, for he was steadfastly watching a little schooner which had just poked her saucy bowsprit above the horizon. Indeed, I do not evade the law. The law most assiduously avoids me.

ON ME.

The one on me happened thus: As has already been mentioned, it is my habit to pay flying visits to my home in L—— at all seasons of the year—winter as well as summer, for although the city is bearable in the colder weather, still the country is the best place for a tired man to find rest or recreation. So when one day last November, after a particularly hard day, my old longing to put aside work and go duck shooting seized me with unusual force, I naturally thought of L—— as the place where I had better hunt.

I succeeded in arranging my business affairs so that I might take a day's vacation and, early Friday evening, set out for L---. As none of the evening trains stop at L I was obliged to go to Newburyport by train, and from there on in the electric cars. But even allowing for the extra time which this would take, I had every reason to expect to be in my own house at L--- by ten o'clock. Once there my plan was to retire immediately and to rise early in the morning to make my expedition. However, everything seemed to go wrong, for my train, which was a trifle late, reached Newburyport just after the electric had left it and I had to wait an hour and a half for the next car. When I reached the half-way station and had watched the car —the only light visible—retreat along its iron path into the darkness, I had the pleasure of waiting another hour and a half in the most

exclusive company. The platform of that little station—the station itself was closed—is thirty-six feet long and thirteen feet wide. It is built of seventy-one six-inch pine boards; I know for I counted. If any duck had been flying when I arose next morning he would have deserved to have been shot!

While I was eating breakfast at John Lane's farm-house, what seemed a happy thought struck me. Since I could not shoot Saturday, why, I would shoot Sunday! The birds would know no difference, and as for anything else, I was desperate and didn't care.

It took me just ten minutes to bribe a young fellow, who had done more or less work for me during the summer, to act as guide. Indeed, I own I felt some scruples about paying a good country lad to break the Sabbath, but the scruples were infinitely less potent than the ducks. Still, although he accepted my offer, I noted that he answered with some hesitation and, fearing lest my guide should not be in evidence just when his services were most needed, I questioned him closely. "No," he said, "I don't know as there's any sin in shooting Sunday; leastwise, unless the game warden gets ye. Then there seems to be!"

"The game warden!" I cried. "Why! are there laws against shooting here Sundays?"

"I should rather guess so. Folks do say two men got fined pretty bad last year. Stil, I dunno as there's any real risk. Anyhow I'll risk it."

"Well," thought I, "this is more serious. A game warden is apt to make a very trouble-some kind of conscience!"

John Lane was then one of the town selectmen, and as I felt perfectly safe in confiding in him since he was under very considerable obligations to me, I went to him for advice. When I entered the yard I found John talking to one of his cousins, a certain Jim Barry, whom I knew slightly, so I immediately began to state my case.

"John," said I in tones of authority, "how much danger is there in hunting Sunday? I thought I might try for a duck in the morning."

"Yes!" he answered, and I saw him glance at his companion; "I dunno as there's so much."

"Is there really a law against it?"

"I suppose there is. Two fellers were fined last year, they say."

But even if I should get caught would it cost me much? I want to go bad enough to pay five dollars for the day's sport."

"I dunno. Ye better ask him (pointing to Barry). He's quite a hunter ye know."

"Well," said I, turning to Barry, "what do you say? Do you think it would be rather dangerous?"

"Just so," he replied solemnly.

"Of course I see it's bad if you're caught, but do you suppose that if I went off Boar's Head early in the morning there'd be much chance of the warden getting me?"

"I should say so—when you came back. Some fellers do go shooting down river, but I shouldn't say it would be very safe for you to go off Boar's Head tomorrow."

It seemed to me that I heard a stifled laugh, but when I glanced quickly around John's face was as sober as a deacon's.

"Pest take it!" I cried, "how much is that fine. I believe I'll go, law or no law!"

"That fine's just nine dollars and ninety cents," said Barry.

This time I distinctly heard John chuckle. A sudden horrible suspicion began to dawn on me. Could the old man have played me false in some way after all? I looked Barry squarely in the eyes and demanded, "How do you know? Were you one of those who got caught?"

He beamed on me with that complacent smile which always illumes the face of a countryman when by chance he has sold a city cousin, "Not exactly," he said, "I'm the game warden!"

H. W. B., '01.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next number of The Review will appear Thursday, January 10, 1901. As THE Review will go to press December 31, all class notes and all notices must be handed in on the last day before the Christmas vacation. Departments and stories may be mailed, to reach the editor not later than Friday, December 28.



A Graduates' Catalogue has been issued which will be mailed to anyone on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address: George H. Goodridge, Secretary L. S. Alumni Association, 12 Scott Street, Cambridge.



Durrell and Bicknell are joint managers of the Latin School hockey team, track team, and boat crew. Smith is captain of the hockey team.



Burns, C. L. S. 1902, has been elected captain of next year's foot-ball team.



Purdy, 146 Tremont Street, is the class photographer for the senior classes of both schools. Cards, entitling the holder to class rates, may be obtained from the members of the photographic committees of these two classes.



It was through the kindness of Brigham, the milk dealer, and the Oak Grove Creamery Co. that the bulletins of the Harvard vs. Yale game were given out at the High vs. Latin School game.



In the new heading for Girls' Corner which we publish this month, the figures were drawn by Miss B. E. Ellesbree of 1901, and the lettering was done by Frederick W. Ried, formerly of 1902.



THE REVIEW sincerely intended to print a picture of the High School foot-ball team as well as one of the Latin School team, but the members of the High School team absolutely declined to have their pictures taken. This explains the printing of only one picture.

GRADUATES' DINNER.

The second reunion and dinner of the graduates of the Latin School was held Friday evening, November 23. Although the attendance was smaller than in 1898, as a social affair it was very much more of a success. Instead of listening to a great number of speeches, which, however good they may be, are sure in time to become monotonous, after nine o'clock the tables were cleared away and the gymnasium turned into a dance hall. The committee on arrangements, to whom the credit for this pleasant change of programme belongs, consisted of Mr. F. W. Dallinger, '89, G. A. Goodridge, '95, H. H. Murdock, '97, Max Benshimol, '91, and H. N. Sterns, '95.

After a most informal reception at halfpast six, when opportunity had been given all the Alumni present to meet one another and talk over old times, and as soon as all those who had never seen the new building before had been given a chance to inspect the school, dinner was served in the gymnasium. The menu was quite elaborate, and the service such as one would expect from as popular and efficient a caterer as Hardy of Arlington. While dinner was being served three pieces from Niles' Society Orchestra rendered a large number of selections very effectively.

As soon as the tables had been cleared, Mr. Dallinger rose, and, before introducing the speakers of the evening, made a few remarks which are well worth recording since they show how difficult it is, even for our own alumni, to obtain the use of the Latin School for a single evening. He said, in part, that he saw no reason why those present should not have as good a time as if the attendance had been larger. That, at first, it was intended to have both the hall and the gymnasium

open; the hall to dance in, and the gymnasium for the dinner. Permission was refused, however, by those in authority, for the reason that it would be necessary to wax the floor of the hall! Even when the graduates offered to scrape the wax off again, they could not get the decision changed. He explained that it was impossible to come to a satisfactory agreement by exactly reversing thingsthat is, by having the dinner in the hall and the dancing in the gymnasium, because the objection was raised that food would be strewn on the floor and stairs. Mr. Dallinger surmised that those in authority suppose the alumni of the Latin School had not vet learned how to feed themselves. they were obliged to be content with only the gymnasium. Then, after he had tried to impress those present with the fact that it was and is their duty to interest their classmates in these reunions, he introduced Mr. Brad bury, who was received with great applause.

MR. BRADBURY.

Mr. Bradbury's speech may be briefly summed up in two divisions. First, he answered the assertion of President Faunce of Brown, that the men who became most important in after life seldom ranked very high in their classes, either in high school or college. To prove his point he quoted a letter which he had received from Colonel Higginson. He also pointed out that all the graduates of the Latin School who have become prominent, stood among the first eight scholars in their respective classes. The second part of his address was devoted to a discussion of the enlarged and continually increasing curriculum of the school, in connection with which he prophesied that, within five years, the school will be crowded.

Mr. Dallinger, the toast-master, next stated that Mr. Raymond, who was to have read an original poem, had suddenly been called to New York. He said that, on this account, Mr. Benshimol would both read the poem in Mr. Raymond's place and speak a few words on the subject of "Athletics."

The only reason we have not quoted the poem in full is its length: and it would not be just to Mr. Raymond to quote in part.

MR. BENSHIMOL (ATHLETICS).

Mr. Benshimol said that he was glad to speak on the subject of "athletics" because, on account of our separation from the High School, which occurred last spring, the topic was one of singular interest. He explained that it seemed best for all concerned that the Latin School should stand alone, and that the idea of separation, although seriously misinterpreted by some of the students in the High School, was absolutely free from any taint of high-handed snobbishness. He stated that the school had entered a new and permanent league—the so-called "preparatory league." He showed that "the athletic as well as the academic curriculum has been enlarged for now, besides school organizations, there are class teams both of the boys and of the girls." Mr. Benshimol ably defended this increase of interests in the sports by arguing that it was altogether essential that a scholar in the Latin School should have some bodily exercise; and that, since he had noticed that many of the students were physically weak, he was justified in encouraging athletics to a reasonable degree. He concluded by thanking Mr. Bradbury for his great and noteworthy tolerance in this respect.

Mr. Dallinger was obliged to announce that, for some unknown reason, Dean Briggs of Harvard was not present. He therefore introduced Mr. Munroe of the class of 1860 as the next and last speaker.

MR. MUNROE.

Mr. Munroe, in the first place compared the Cambridge High Schools of today with the institution which he graduated from forty years ago. He gave very interesting statistics to show that the number of teachers had been multiplied by ten-from six to sixty-and that the three High Schools today contain three times as many students as were then members of Harvard University. Mr. Munroe drew the natural conclusion that before many years the school would have to be supplemented once again. After advancing the theory that before long the Latin School would give its scholars most of what is now termed "a college education," he logically came to a discussion of those who control the school —the school committee. As Mr. Munroe served on this board for many years himself his opinion is peculiarly valuable. This little discussion of the school committee was undeniably the speech of the evening and may best be summed up in his own words. "There is not on our school committee today a single man who has been through the Latin or High School or even college in Cambridge. Thirty years ago there were three graduates of my own class on this committee at the same time. Why should not some young men be on it now? What harm would there be in having two or three young men from twenty-eight to thirty-five years of age-men who have the patriotic loyalty of long associations—on th's committee? No reflection on the present committee is intended, still why should we always look to strangers?"

In connection with the last speech, Mr. Dallinger said that Mr. Stone—a Latin School graduate—was this year a candidate for the committee.

Mr. Benshimol then moved that the officers be re-elected and that the name of Miss Almira W. Bates, '97, be added as vice-president. The motion was unanimously approved.



LATIN.

All the people died who spoke it, All the people died who wrote it, All the people die who learn it; Blessed death, they surely earn it.

"Your sister's hair curls naturally, does it not?"

"Oh yes; she naturally curls it."

"My task in life," said the pastor complacently, "consists in saving young men."

"Oh!" replied the maiden, "save a nico-looking one for me."

Wanted— Λ collector to collect the ground rents of an earthquake.

"Clear out now, or I'll set the dog on you," commanded the housewife." "He wouldn't hatch nothin', lady," shouted back the tramp, "I'm er bad egg."

Farmer--Well, old Fussenfeathers, what do you think is going to happen to you?

Turkey-Don't ax me!

First Turkey—How shall you be dressed for Thanksgiving?

Second Turkey-Oh, cutaway, I suppose.

When the pesky fly,
So artful and sly
Doesn't care any longer to flutter,
He buzzes around
With a moanful sound
And buries himself in the butter.

"I have noticed," remarked the clergyman, "that the man who goes to sleep in church is generally very wide awake at a base-ball game."

"Yes," replied the hardened sinner, "the delivery is different, you know."

Night falls and day breaks. Who gets the pieces?

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding house?" asked the prospective boarder.

"Table of waits and measures," said Peppers in reply. "The first long and the latter short."

I asked a Miss what was a kiss
Grammatically defined,
"A conjugation, sir," she said,

"And hence can't be declined."

The girl with a new diamond engagement ring always has a great deal of trouble with her back hair.

His mind was not ethereal,
Yet he was very apt
To leave a contest in the ring,
Looking extremely rapt.

"What, minding the cradle?" said Northside as he entered his friend Manchester's home and found him agitating the cradle; "Yes," said Manchester, "I've got down to bed-rock."

Hoax—I believe everything my wife tells

Joax—On general principles?

Hoax—Yes; I think every man should believe half of what he hears, and I prefer to believe the better half.

"Smith got off a sharp thing the other day."
"What was it?"

"A bent pin placed in a chair he sat on."

We must not assume the water at the foot of Niagara Falls to be green because it has just "come over."

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

The Sigma Gramma fraternity gave a small dance in Browne and Nichols' hall on the evening of November ninth. It was very successful in every particular, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Now let us do as well in basket-ball and hockey as in foot-ball, and get "1901" on the other two banners.

The Pi Sigma held a meeting November 1 and elected the following officers:

President, Mr. Linnell.

Vice-President, Mr. Rideout.

Secretary, Mr. Carstein.

Treasurer, Mr. Jones.

Miss Moller is president of the Digamma. The society has no other officers.

Basket-ball practice has begun once more. Every girl should take an interest and be on hand Tuesdays and Fridays, from 3 to 4.

Silence is golden—especially between recitation hours in Mr. Benshimol's room.

Do you belong to the Alpha Alpha Society?

Several of the classes have adopted kittens as class mascots and it is very home-like to see the little animals trotting about. Why shouldn't 1901 have one as well?

A pleasant class whist party was held at Mr. Carstein's home Tuesday evening, November 27. A large number were present, including Miss Perrigo. The prizes were captured by Miss Macfarlane and Mr. Carstein.

1902.

A successful class social was held at the home of Mr. Garfield, 37 Irving street, on Tuesday evening, November 27. There was

a large attendance, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Several teachers were present.

Members of 1902, wake up! The Debating Society is not being supported as it should be by the scholars of this class. There are many who ought to be members but are not.

The drama committee has organized, with Mr. Brainard as chairman.

Burns has been elected captain of next year's foot-ball team.

The girls have started enthusiastically again in basket-ball. Miss Lee, Radcliffe '01, has been chosen coach.

Latin scholar—"The Romans defended their ancestors." Uncertainty arose as to how that was accomplished.

1903.

Where is the social committee?

Miss Wheeler has been absent the past month on account of illness.

"This is almost as good as a circus."

Miss Palmer is class editor in place of Miss Webb.

That was hard luck for the class foot-ball team, but it played a good game. Ellis covered himself with glory, and was in a class all by himself.

Miss Boynton, Miss Chase and Miss Marston have left the Latin School.

Our basket-ball hours are from four to five, Tuesdays and Fridays. Come out for the team, girls. You are all needed!

When did you say that next social was coming?

1904.

The second social of the year was held November 22 at Miss Gilmore's home. About fifty came, including Miss Perrigo, Miss Reynolds, Miss Monroe and Mr. Bradbury. Everyone had a splendid time, but the lessons next day felt the effects of it.

Too bad we were beaten in the class football games. Better luck next time.

I've got a little kittie-cat,
It's striped white and gray;
I fink it's dreadful cunning,
And I plays wid it all day.
Mama calls it Maltese,
I'm sure I don't know why;
Perhaps 'cause you can maul and tease it,
And it won't scratch or cry.

We won the debate from 1905! Who said "It was pretty good for the fourth class?" Humph!

1905.

We have selected very pretty class-pins. They will cost \$1.50 apiece.

We notice that only a few '05 girls were present at the league foot-ball games.

Basket-ball has begun, and we are glad. There are two teams, and Miss Gilmore of 1904 has been coaching us. We expect to hire a regular coach later.

Last month a mistake was made in regard to the social committee. It should be Mr. Church instead of Miss Church, and Miss Peavy's name should be added.

SIGMA GAMMA DANCE.

A dance was given in Browne and Nichols' hall November ninth by the Sigma Gamma Club. It was a complete success, both financially and socially. The matrons were: Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Barbour. Their corner was very prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns, sofa-pillows and plants.

Mr. White, from Tufts, played the piano for the dancers with his usual success. In the intervals of the dancing the guests enjoyed cooling lemonade. Ushers were members of Sigma Gamma Club. There were about fifty present, mostly members of the Latin School. The dance broke up at about twelve o'clock.

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"When the Robin Sings Again." Duet for soprano and alto. Words by Mary M. Leighton. Music by Adam Geibel. Price, 50 cents.

"Mammy's Littl' Honey." A Coon Hush. Words by William Henry Gardner. Music by George Lowell Tracy. Mixed quartette, male quartette, female quartette. Price, 50 cents.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

The first social of the year—a hallowe'en party—was held at the home of Miss Alma Howe, 9 Miller avenue. There were about forty-five present. Many jokes and tricks were played, and all the regular hallowe'en games were enjoyed—especially the ducking for apples. The latter part of the evening was given to music and dancing. At a late hour the guests began to disperse, after having spent a most delightful evening.

Miss Gertrude Breen has left school. Everyone will miss her fine playing in the hall mornings.

"Six Sinners"—"Tearful Five"—"Cradle Robbers!" What next?

There is considerable rivalry among the girls as to the rightful owner of Tootsie. Its a shame, girls. Do leave the child alone.

What sort of a society is it whose badge is a "Velvet Kiss?"

Have you seen the flags made of the new school colors?

One of the boys in the third hour French division is getting so strong that he broke the chain to the register in Miss_Rogers' room.

The boys of 1901 are glad to hear that the girls have resolved to ask only 1901 boys to their socials and little affairs. This will leave the boys in the other classes free to stick to their own classes, which we sincerely hope they will do.

Three cheers for the blue and gold!

The first social of the year was held November 12, at the home of Miss Wales, Wal-

den street. The first part of the evening was taken up by a photograph party, and the remainder was spent in playing games. Several teachers were present. It was one of the most successful socials ever given by the class.

On November twenty-fourth the T. U. B. Society held a masquerade social at the home of Miss Hughes, Pleasant street. The members were charming costumes, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

The basket-ball girls have begun practice in the gymnasium and will soon be in championship form. One of the leading players at Radcliffe will act as coach this year.

Mr. Hursh is chairman of the drama committee and Mr. Priest manager.

We all congratulate 1901 on their successful dancing party.

And the pictures really came out good!

1903.

A very successful social was recently held at the home of Miss Schlesinger. There were present about forty-five, including Miss Sawyer and Miss Goerwitz. The peanut hunt was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

The social committee is composed of Miss Leighton (chairman), Miss Moreland, Mr. Clement and Mr. Smith.

Don't worry! Our class pins are coming. We hope to see more boys at our next social.

Is it possible for a good foot-ball-player to dance?

Who did not lose on the High vs. Latin game?

It took more than fudge to make the boys smile.

Who said it was his sister?

Miss O'Brien has been elected captain of the basket-ball team, and Miss Hayden manager.

1904.

Gilligan is back in school after a long sickness.

All the boys should get knives as the girls wish to borrow them often.

One of the Algebra classes is better at forgetting than anything else.

C. E. II. S. grammar—"no 'taint."

The class has quite a large number in the Debating Society. This is the right spirit, and it is hoped that more will join very soon.

Miss Archibald has been absent on account of a death in the family.

When do two Lemons make a pear (pair)?

Is not 1904 to have a basket-ball team?

A few new scholars have joined the class.

The boys' Sloyd classes are small but industrious.

Parker has developed into an artist.

Only six more days of school before Christmas.



SENIOR DANCE, HIGH SCHOOL.

The social season for the coming year was most successfully opened on Tuesday, November 27, by 1901's dance at Newtowne hall. In view of the disastrous experiences of other classes in running dances, it took some courage for 1901 to try one, but the affair was a great success, socially and financially. The credit of this is due to Mr. Barnes and his committee.

It was very encouraging to see that the greater part of those present were either pupils of the school or graduates of it. At last we have had a school dance which was a

school dance. Every class had its representatives out in full force, and if they support the dramas as well as they did the dance the upper classes will have no cause for complaint.

Mr. Brigham, as floor-director, saw that the dancing was run off without a hitch. He was assisted by the following aides: Miss Alma M. Howe, Miss Isa M. Duvey, Harold C. Upham and Arthur Hosmer. The matrons were: Miss Crook, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Barnes. There were about a hundred and thirty present.

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ATHLETICS.

LATIN SCHOOL.

BROOKLINE, 16; C. L. S., 6.

On Friday, November 9, at Charles River Park, the Brookline High School team defeated the Latin School team, giving Cambridge last place in the preparatory school league. The entire game was played in a driving rain.

Brookline kicked off against the wind to Taft, who made a good gain. Cambridge lost the ball on downs. Brookline went steadily down the field and sent Wilbor across the line for the first touchdown. Wilbor kicked the goal.

Cambridge kicked off; Brookline fumbled and recovered the ball. Brookline gained her distance, but fumbled within twenty yards of her goal. After gains by Hopewell and Hastings, Hopewell scored a touchdown. Davis kicked the goal.

Cambridge kept the ball for the rest of the half, and failed to score again, only through lack of time. The score: 6 to 6.

In the second half Cambridge kicked off, Brookline took the ball, and gained repeatedly until within a few yards of Cambridge's goal line, where she lost ten yards for off-side play. She was unable to gain the added distance, and gave up the ball to Cambridge, who fumbled and lost it. Quigley scored another touchdown for Brookline. The goal was missed.

The next few plays practically decided the game. Brookline lost the ball in her own territory through a fumble. Cambridge lost ten yards through off-side play, then fumbled. On regaining the ball she was forced to punt across Brookline's goal line. Brookline kicked off from her twenty-five yard line to Taft, who made a good gain. Cambridge

fumbled, Brookline got the ball and, by repeated gains, forced it back into Cambridge's territory. Quigley then made a touchdown for Brookline. As the goal was missed, the score remained 16 to 6.

SOMERVILLE, 40; C. L. S., 0.

On Friday, November 17, the Latin School was defeated by Somerville at Tufts' Oval. Touchdowns for the latter were made by Chandler, Jones, Harts and Story. Bot't teams played a better offensive than defensive game.

R. M. T. S., 17; C. L. S., 0.

The second game in the triangular league was played on Tuesday, the 20th of November, between the Training and Latin Schools.

Latin School kicked off, Training School rushed the ball to centre, gained her distance once, and then lost ten yards for off-side play and punted. After carrying the ball for some distance down the field, by a number of short rushes, Latin School lost it on downs. Training School kept it until Bullock scored a touchdown, and Bean kicked the goal. Training School kept the ball for nearly all of the rest of the first half. Bean scored a touchdown and goal.

The second half was shortened to ten minutes on account of darkness. Training School held the ball most of the time, and gained at will, as it was too dark for the Latin School fellows to see which of their opponents had the ball. The Training School scored another touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. The score: 17 to 0.

The line-up:-

R. M. T. S. C. L. S.
Sennot, l. e. r. e., Child
Hobart, l. t. r. t., Hopewell
Coolidge, Stewart, l. g. . . . r. g., Murray

Carrick, c
Fletcher, r. g l. g., Farrington
Emmons, r. tl. t., Hastings
Harris, r. e l. e., Linnell
Bean, qq., Taft
Bullock, Morey, r. hl. h., Burns
Boyson, Gallagher, l. hr. h., Davis
Daly, f. b f. b., James
LATIN SCHOOL, 10; HIGH SCHOOL, 5.

On Saturday, November 24, the Latin and High Schools met, at Charles River Park, for the contest which has been awaited with such interest since the foot-ball season began, as it was to be the first game between the two schools since the separation. The contest was remarkably close and well-fought, as the decisive touchdown by Burns of the Latin School was not made until the last moments of the game.

The details of the game are as follows:—

High School kicked off to Taft. School could not gain her distance and punted By repeated rushes High School outside. gained twenty yards, then fumbled. Stone regained the ball, but High School was held for downs. Latin School was forced to punt. High School fumbled and Child fell on the ball. Burns gained five yards. Latin School fumbled on a trick play, but regained the ball. By a double pass Taft gained twenty yards. This was followed by a run of ten yards by Burns. After making thirteen yards more Latin School fumbled, regained the ball, lost on a fake punt, and punted. High School got the ball, but fumbled immediately; Linnell got the ball. Latin School failed to gain on a guard's back play and lost on a double pass. She then received ten yards for offside play by Chase, which placed her on High School's thirty-yard line. Then, by working all her backs in succession, Latin School ploughed her way steadily over the remaining distance, and sent Davis across the line for the first touchdown of the game. Davis missed the goal. Although this was the only

scoring in the first half, Latin School had the advantage until time was called.

Second half:—Latin School kicked off; High School fumbled, recovered the ball and made ten yards. Aldrich made a run of thirty yards by a trick play. He then fumbled, but Rondina got the ball. By the same play Crawford gained fifteen, Aldrich fifteen and Stone five yards. Crawford then scored a touchdown. After a long dispute over a decision, Aldrich missed the goal.

The score was now even, five to five, and a keen struggle for the decisive touchdown followed. For a while High School seemed to have things her own way. Ronding got the ball on the kick-off and passed it to Crawford, who gained fifteen yards. Aldrich made runs of twenty and twelve yards, and Rondina one of eight. After High School had gained ten more yards and then lost, Aldrich made an unsuccessful attempt at a goal from the field. Latin School brought out the ball and rushed it from the twentyfive-yard line. She was held for downs after gaining her distance once. Aldrich made a run of thirty yards for High School. Latin School gained the ball on downs on her own fifteen-yard line and Brainard and Burns, by successive rushes, carried it to High School's thirty-five-yard line, where Latin School was given ten yards for off-side play. After gains of five and three yards by Brainard, Burns made the remaining fifteen yards and scored the final touchdown. Latin School punted out, but failed to catch the ball. High School tried desperately to score again in the few remaining minutes, but was unable to do so.

The line-up:---

Latin.	High.
Linnell, l. e	
Hastings, l. t	.r. t., Úpham
Murray, l. g	.r. g., Kennon
Sumner, c	c., Stewart
Farrington, r. g	l. g., Taylor
Hopewell, r. t	l. t., Chase

Child, r. el. e., Rondina
Taft, qq., Carney
Davis, Brainard, r. hl. h., Crawford
Burns, l. h r. h., Aldrich
James, f. b f. b., Stone

Directly after the game Burns was elected captain of the Latin School team for the next season.

The results of the Latin School class football games, played at Charles River Park on Saturday, November 10, and Saturday, November 17, are as follows:—

1901, 10; 1903, 0. 1901, 10; 1902, 5. 1903, 5; 1904, 0. 1901, 39; 1905, 0.

Line-up of the winning eleven, 1901:—
Carroll, l. e......r. t., Tyng
Crothers, l. t.....r. e., Sullivan
Farrington, l. g.......q., Gauthier
Carstein, c......r. h., Jones
Linnell, r. g.........l. h., Rideout
f. b., James.

HIGH SCHOOL.

C. E. H. S., 43; EVERETT HIGH SCHOOL, 0.

On Friday, November 2, the team journeyed to Everett and easily defeated the local team by a score of 43 to 0. At no stage of the game did Everett have the ball nearer our goal than the forty-yard line. Aldrich kicked off for Cambridge, the ball rolling over the goal line. He kicked again, and after two or three rushes by Everett, for little or no gains, they kicked, Crawford receiving the ball and running it back for fifteen yards. About three rushes resulted in a touchdown, Crawford going around Everett's left end for a ten-yard run. The rest of the half abounded in long runs and speedy touchdowns for Cambridge, ending with a score of 27 to 0. In the second half Everett braced up and held High School down to three touchdowns, only one goal being kicked.

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The line-up:	
C. E. H. S.	Everett H. S.
Rondina (McLaughlin Chase (Blake), l. t Taylor, l. g Stewart, c Kennon, r. g Upham (Heater), r. t. Ryan, r. e Carney, q Crawford, l. h. b Aldrich, r. h. b Stone, f. b	l. t., Hardyl. g., Georgec., Kellyr. g., Uptonr. t., Kendallr. e., Fisherq., Sullivanl. h. b., Walshr. h. b., Wells
	, ,

с. е. н. ѕ., 17; м. а. н. ѕ., 0.

The following Wednesday our team defeated Mechanics' Arts High School at Charles RiverPark by a score of 17 to 0. Our opponents were a much heavier team, but were unable to gain through our line or around our ends to any great extent. M. A. H. S. kicked off to Aldrich, who returned the kick, the M. A. back fumbling the ball, but falling on it for a ten-yard loss. M. A. H. S. failed to gain their distance and High School received the ball. In exactly three rushes Cambridge scored. Cambridge scored again this half, principally on clever line bucking by Stone, backed up by the whole team.

During the second half Cambridge scored once again, Aldrich making the touchdown, but failing to kick the goal. Ryan sprained his ankle near the close of the second half. The Cambridge ends played poorly this game, failing to follow the ball with any degree of accuracy and allowing the M. A. full-back to recover the ball three or four times after he had fumbled the punt.

Cambridge.	M. A. H. S.
Rondina, l. e	l. e., Elway
Chase, l. t	l. t., Fawcett
Taylor, l. g	
Stewart, c	
Kennon, r. g	
Upham, r. t	r. t., Fish
Ryan (MacLaughlin), r.	
Crawford, q	
Gove, l. h. b	
Aldrich, r. h. b	
Stone, f. b	

с. м. т. s., 18; с. е. н. s., 0.

On Saturday, November 10, High School and Training School lined up upon Charles River Park for the opening game of the Cambridge High School league, and Training School won by a score of 18—0, principally because High School did not have the necessary endurance to stand such a hard game.

Crawford won the toss and took the west goal, thus having the advantage of an exceedingly strong wind which prevented C. M. T. S. from scoring in the first half, and which, in the scond half, spoiled High School's chances of making it a tie game, with a nothing to nothing score. Clark kicked to Crawford, who passed the ball to Aldrich, he returning the punt to C. M. T. S.'s fifty-yard line. C. M. T. S. tried an end play, making about one yard, and then, by using her tackles' back formation, she pushed the ball to her own thirty-yard line, where High School held for downs. The ball was advanced twenty yards and then C. M. T. S. held for downs. The ball was then steadily pushed to the centre of the field, where Training School kicked and

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then got back the ball by an outside play. She carried the ball, principally on short rushes by Bullock, to High School's fifteenvard line, where she gave up the ball on downs. High School kicked far into Training School's territory. Training School, again, by short, persistent rushes, placed the ball on our twenty-yard line, where High School held and soon punted out of danger. The half ended with the ball in Training School's possession on High School's ten-yard

In the second half Aldrich, after kicking outside, sent the ball to the Training School's quarter-back, who advanced it fifteen yards. The ball was taken to our fifteen-yard line, where High School secured the ball on a fumble. After a few rushes High School punted, but the strong wind prevented the ball from going more than twenty yards. story of the rest of this half is about the same as that above, with the exception of the last seven minutes, in which Training School rolled up her eighteen points. C. M. T. S. would rush the ball to our ten-yard line, where High School would hold for downs, but would be prevented from kicking out of danger by the strong wind. At last, with only seven minuted to play, Training School scored, and High School went all to pieces. Stone played himself all out, Chase taking his place, and McLaughlin playing Chase's position. After the touchdown Aldrich kicked off to Bullock, who ran thirty yards before being downed. Right here the weakening of the team by Stone's absence was shown, Gallagher going around our left end for long runs which soon ended in a touchdown. Once more they scored, and then time was called immediately after the next kick off.

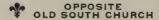
The playing of Stone was the feature; he was all over the field and made over half the tackles for High School. Crawford put up his usual steady game, and Carney played fairly well in back field, making one pretty tackle of Bullock which prevented another touchdown.

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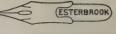
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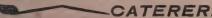
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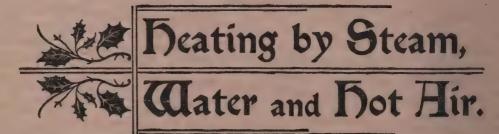
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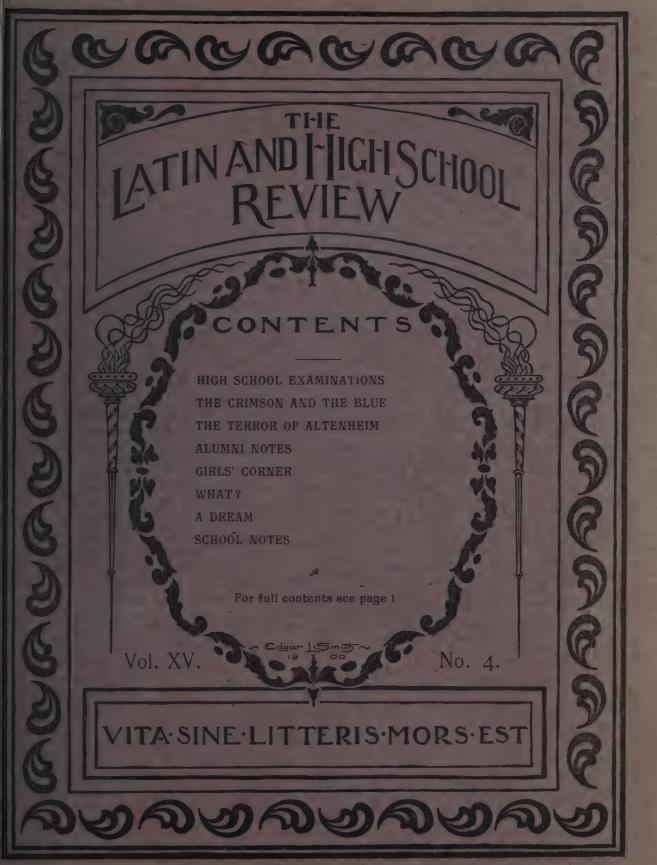
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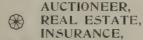
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LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. IV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1901.

THE MONTH.

THE NEW CENTURY.

Each year is as a sheet, fresh, clean and white, Upon which noted men and nations write; A century—a volume guilt and bound, Wherein, as leaves, a hundred years are found.

As in a book one blemish or one fault Detracts from all and makes the value less, So every single crime defiles the whole, And stains a year of peace and kindliness.

Each volume is a chance to start afresh, To leave each page as spotless as when new. All hail! The Twentieth Century at last! O Nineteenth Century, once more, adicu.

When the clock struck half-past eleven on the last night of the old century, I was sitting, as all dreamers love to sit, before a blazing wood fire with no other occupation than to watch the flames flicker and flare as they mounted up the chimney. Since the room was uncomfortably hot, I allowed the blaze to die gradually away, until, at quarter of twelve, the glowing, blinking embers were all that remained. Nothing so inclines a person to reverie as to sit gazing silently at the fast-cooling embers, so eloquent of all that lives for a time; then, little by little, becomes cold

or dead—ashes or dust. Half awake, half asleep, my chin resting in the palms of my hands, I bent forward, attracted by these last red coals.

Without the least warning a tall, noble figure entered noiselessly and, standing between me and the fireplace, stretched his feeble hands toward the grate, as if to grasp what little heat still radiated from it. He was old,—very old. Although so venerable, there was something martial about his whole bearing, yet his face was that of a patient scholar, and his hands were those of a skilled mechanic, large and somewhat begrimed, but not clumsy, like those of a laborer. Strangest of all, under his arm he carried an immense book

Much amazed, I said to myself with a nervous little laugh, "Surely this is no agent! But what is he?"

Now a second aged man appeared and, bowing low before the other, humbly addressed him, "O Father, hear me, thy last child, the Year 1900. Behold the records of thy last day, O Century!" Without a word the Century took the manuscript which the year extended toward him and began to copy its contents into his great volume. I observed that the old man's hand trembled so that he could scarce trace the words; I saw a few

great tears well out of his kindly eyes and, one by one, course down his haggard cheeks; I heard him stifle a sound that was almost a sob. His face wore that pathetic expression of unwilling submission which always settles on the features of those who have striven bravely for some dear hope only to suffer defeat. He muttered, "War! War! At this last moment of my hundred years as at the first! Nay, not war, but murder!"

Suddenly he turned and spoke to me, "Son, I have been great in scholarly achievements and in revolutionizing inventions, but most terrible in war. Think you another century can ever rival me—are there other powers mightier than steam and electricity still to be discovered and applied? Is a greater boon than ether or a greater curse than modern firearms still to be contrived? Read in this book. Am I not the grandest of the centuries?"

I took the book and read. All the marvels of the last hundred were recorded there; every good act was given to the minutest detail; every new blessing was written therein; but on every page from one to one hundred was the stain of war. For a moment I pondered. "Aye!" I cried, "none can surpass thee!"

The old man rose to his full height and, for one instant, the vigor and pride of youth seemed to return. Then again he bowed his white head. "Yes!" he said, "I am great, but not so great as he whose annals shall be purged of war, of legal murder! You see me as you have made me—part scholar, part inventor, but, before all, soldier, the self-inflicted scourge of humanity." Once more he stood proud and erect. "Still, it is not my fault. 'Tis thine! O thou who hast fashioned me thus—thou man!" Twelve o'clock began to strike. Towering above me like an angry spirit, he spoke one word at each throb of the solemn chimes:—"The—sin—is—thine—is

—thine. As the sixth peal burst forth, the Year and the Century flitted into History.

A childish voice behind me piped, "Well, I rather guess! I should say as much! Of course I'm the Twentieth Century!" Smiling, I murmured under my breath, for I would not purposely offend even a baby century, "A little fresh, a triffe over-smart, like all very young children, but maybe not so bad. We shall see, we shall see!" The rogue must have guessed my thoughts, for he cried, "Yes, old 'un, we'll see. Don't you worry. I'm all right, and don't you forget it!"



Since our last issue, Durrell, '01, has offered two cups as athletic prizes—one to the class winning the inter-class track games, this to be contested for every year; another to the winner of the tennis singles, a cup to be bought every year from the interest of a sum of money which he has endowed for that purpose. Bicknell, '02, and Reid, formerly '02, have also offered two cups as trophies. One to the crew, provided it wins its preliminary race, and one to the 1902 basket-ball team, provided it wins the championship. In connection with these gifts we can only express the thanks of the scholars.



COMMUNICATION.

At a meeting of the High School Debating Society, the old familiar question of furnishing and maintaining the Latin School gymnasium was brought up by a member of the school committee, who happened to be present. He said that he desired to hear the opinions of the pupils concerning the matter, and furthermore, he gave us his side of it, which is, presumably, the side of the school committee also.

As far as we could make out, the school committee desires to be assured that there will be a continued and permanent interest in, and support of, the gymnasium if it is equipped. He said that there was no question of interest for the first two or three months, but the committee was almost sure that there would be a great falling off in attendance after that time. He cited numerous examples to show that this might be expected to happen.

However, he left us one ray of hope. Speaking for himself, he said that if we could once show him this interest, which we undoubtedly all have, he would be with us heart and soul. He advised us to send a petition to the school committee. Such a petition, signed by the undergraduates, would show the extent of this interest in the question, and would be

in the nature of a promise to support it. It would do no harm and might do a great deal of good.

It is absurd to think that in the number of pupils of the two schools, there are not enough who would retain a permanent interest in gymnastics. A petition is the only way to show our interest; we have a member of the school committee's promise that if we show any interest he will be on our side; it therefore only remains for some one in each school to take the matter up and push it through. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

JOHN T. GLIDDEN.

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL AT THE SUMMER EXAMINATIONS.

Seven boys from the English High School took, last June, twenty-six "preliminary" examinations at the Institute of Technology. They passed in twenty-five, three of them (in Algebra) with "relatively high standing," says the Secretary. Only one boy failed, and he in one subject. One pupil took the "complete" examination and passed in all six required subjects; he failed in one advanced subject by which he sought to anticipate Freshman work. One pupil, who had previously passed his "preliminaries" with high standing, this year passed two "final" examinations, but failed in an advanced subject; he subsequently changed to the Lawrence Scientific School, passed in two more subjects in September and was admitted without condition. Thus in thirty-six Institute examinations, thirty-three were passed successfully, and three with what at another institution would be called honors.

At the Lawrence Scientific School last June, three boys took fourteen preliminary examinations, passing in twelve of them. Of the two failures one was in a subject in which the pupil was not recommended. One honor was taken (in Solid Geometry). Four boys took eighteen "complete" or "final" examinations (including the boy previously mentioned who changed from the Institute). They passed in nine subjects, taking one honor (in Algebra), and failed in nine subjects. Under the rules of the Scientific School these boys were at liberty to take the examinations without recommendation. In eight of the nine cases of failure they would not have received recommendations.

There were, therefore, at both institutions, sixty-eight examinations, of which fifty-four were passed successfully and five of them with honors. Of the fourteen failures, in the case of nine the subject was taken contrary to recommendation.

Two boys were received by certificate at Colby College, one girl at Mt. Holyoke College, and five girls at Boston University.

RAY GREENE HULING.

The Crimson and the Blue.

On December 13, 1909, the city of Cambridge was in a flutter of excitement, especially that part of the city in which the college girls resided. The shop windows were brilliantly lighted and displayed crimson gowns, toques, umbrellas, handkerchiefs and flags in abundance. In every store window was this inscription printed in blazing red letters on a white back-ground:

First of a Series of Intercollegiate Basket-Ball Games. Harvard Annex versus Yale Annex, to be held at Yale Annex Gymnasium.

In every game since her great defeat in 1900 Harvard had been worsted. Now the Cambridge girls had taken up the gauntlet and were determined to show the Connecticut girls that if the Harvard boys could not beat in foot-ball, the Harvard Annex girls could defy the world in basket-ball.

In the training quarters of Radeliffe gymnasium sat a merry group of about twenty girls, laughing and chattering. Strong, athletic, yet graceful girls they were, remarkable for their thorough womanliness and unaffected politeness. Yet this was the Radeliffe 'varsity basket-ball team.

They had been in training for the event a day ever since October. Nevertheless, they were as healthy and jolly as one could wish and seemed to look forward to the great event with pleasurable anticipation, rather than with nervous dread. They were waiting for their coach and chaperone, with whom they desired to discuss their next day's journey, and were talking about the conferences they had skipped, the lectures they had missed and the newest play. Various "trots" were scat-

tered about the floor, and the captain, a tall, light-haired girl with dark grey eyes, the best goal-thrower that the team ever had, was reading from one with a drawling, affected voice, to the great amusement of the others.

"Linny, do you suppose we shall beat tomorrow? I shall never come back if we don't!" This was from an anxious-eyed sophomore who thought that the undertaking was altogether too great.

"Of course we shall," said the goldenhaired captain with a rather insolent flash from her dark eyes. "Do you suppose I would have challenged them if I hadn't been pretty sure of winning. Our coach was up there last week and managed to see them play, and she said that we were superior in every way. Oh dear! I wish Miss Jennings (the coach) would come! I can't stay here any longer; I have got all my packing to do. She is so inconsiderate!"

"My, shan't 1 eat fudge and fudge and fudge and turkey Christmas to make up for dieting so long," exclaimed a dashing little brunette with a wicked smile. "Besides, papa and my brother promised to give me an automobile for Christmas if we win, and of course we shall."

"Oh you lucky girl!" said a rosy-cheeked maiden, with a thoughtful look. "If we win I shall get nothing but a scolding for being so very unladylike as to play, and if we are defeated I shall be treated with silent contempt."

"Never mind," said a pale-faced, sedate young lady in a cool voice, "the professors say that silent contempt is the best thing for us."

"Just so," said the captain absent-mindedly, for she was thinking of how much glory would fall to her lot if they should win the next day.

"Ah, here is Miss Jennings," cried the girls, "And now for tomorrow."

The girls jumped up immediately and hurried to meet a short, dark-haired little woman all in black.

"We have been waiting for you for the longest while," said the captain cordially. "Miss Fost, the business manager, wants to report about the arrangements for tomorrow."

"I was delayed by a telegram from the faculty at Wellesley, asking if I had any objection to their students witnessing the game, and so I trust you will all pardon me."

"Of course! of course!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Did you give Wellesley a favorable answer?" they all asked.

"Indeed I did," she smilingly replied. "I am only too glad to have them come and see how well my girls play, and she beamed almost affectionately on the vivacious group. Now, what has Miss Fost got to say?"

Then a vigorous, energetic girl shook back the auburn hair from her forehead and replied, "Tomorrow at 8.45 P.M. we are to meet at Union Station, Boston. You who are always late, beware. At 9 we are to take the train for New Haven, arriving there at 1.25 P.M. From there we shall take cabs to Hotel Read, where we are all to say while we are in that beautiful seaport town, where this far-famed contest is to be held. ("Quite a flight of eloquence for Reddy," whispered one girl to another merrily, but Miss Jennings smiled reprovingly, and Reddy went on.) At 12 A.M. we shall lunch in this same hotel. From 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. we are to rest in whatever way we choose, then promptly at 6 P.M. we are to dine. From 7 to 9 we are to receive any friends who were interested enough to follows us. Then we are to retire for the night. At 6.30 A.M. we are to get up, practice bag-punching until 8 A.M., then breakfast, bag-punching from 9 to 11 and rest from 11 to 12. At 12 lunch, a very light lunch, mind you; then we are to drive to the Yale Annex Gymnasium, the scene of the most overwhelming defeat for Yale that was ever witnessed. And we are to win; win, girls, do you hear, and make Cambridge famous for its basket-ball girls."

"You ought to go on the stage," said the captain jealously. "The Idler is too small a sphere for you."

"Well done," said the coach kindly, "but you are not through, are you?"

"No, indeed! We are to play four periods of fifteen minutes each, with a rest of five minutes between each two periods, and no ice-water, girls. (Λ groan from the girls.) After our great victory we are to return to the hotel and devote the time, from four to six, in restoring the wounded, and bringing ourselves into a presentable condition generally. We shall dine at six, receive congratulations in the evening, retire at nine, and take the half-past eight train for home the next morning. Then we are to study until we can hardly see out of our eyes for, of course, you know we have always maintained that athletics never affected our studying."

"Are you through?" asked the girls breathlessly, "and is the programme just the same if we lose?"

"Just the same with the exception of receiving the congratulations in the evening," said Reddy calmly, as she slipped into her coat preparatory to leaving.

"Well what are you going to wear? Shall we have to take dinner gowns?" asked the girl who always looked nice.

"Haven't we discussed that subject for the last three months," said the captain pettishly. "You are determined to keep me here until I get cross. Of course we must take dinner gowns with us. Do you want those rustic Connecticut girls to outshine us?"

"Well I haven't got anything but my white organdy, and I've won that to so many things now that people are begginning to put it on the programme. Mamma won't get me a new one just for basket-ball, because she fails to see the connection between it and dinner dresses. I really believe she thinks we play ball in them."

"Your mother is about the nicest person I ever met, so stop talking about her," said Miss Jennings good-humoredly.

"I do hope you get hurt, or faint or something, just so I can play," said an enthuiastic sub to a regular.

"Well I shan't, just for spite," said the regular, tossing her head as she moved away, "so you needn't count on me."

"Oh, what about our chaperone, Miss Fobbs?" said the captain just as the girls were bidding the coach good-bye.

"Oh, she's in the library looking up a book on etiquette and politeness," said Reddy sarcastically. "But I have notified her of our arrangements so you needn't wait for her."

"You always think of everything, don't you?" said the captain sweetly as she walked out the college gate.

"Good-bye everybody, don't be late tomorrow," cried the captain.

"Of course not—I never am," a girl answered, and separating into groups of twos and threes they walked away in different directions.

The coach and the captain walked as far as the square together, both very silent. "You are fairly confident about tomorrow, are you not?" the captain asked finally.

"Yes, I am," the coach said deliberately, and few as the words were they carried weight with them, for the captain's anxiety vanished immediately. Just as they parted the coach

remarked, "Don't forget the songs and the cheers."

"No! Oh, no!" the captain answered laughingly, "I won't forget those. Goldbye."

"Well, it's about time you got home," said a tall athlete with mock severity, as he answered the bell at a very pretty cottage house near the college grounds. "What on earth has kept you so late? We have been waiting for you for the last hour."

"What a fib," said the captain, taking off her coat and hat. "I saw you walking up the street just a little ahead of me so you can't say a word."

That night when they were all assembled at the supper table Mr. Whitehall exclaimed with pretended weariness, "Oh this basketball and foot-ball will be the death of me yet. Every day I fear that I shall come home to find my son in bed completely encased in a plaster cast and my daughter nursing her broken bones in an adjoining room."

Mrs. Whitehall looked anxiously at her two young hopefuls and then at her husband, and said thoughtfully, "Don't you think it's the best thing for them after all? Just see how strong and happy they are!"

"That's because I get enough to eat and because Linny is going to win tomorrow," said the brother indolently, "aren't you Lin?"

"Of course," said she promptly, "and that reminds me, I must go up stairs and begin packing right off."

"Don't you want me to help you?" asked the athlete affably.

"Oh I wish you would," said Linny, looking over the banister at her brother, who had followed her into the hall.

"Well I shan't," he said calmly, putting on his hat, "so au revoir, Sis," and with that the front door banged and he was gone.

"I might have known that he wouldn't," she said with a dispirited air, "but I don't

care. I suppose he has gone to see Miss Dulcetta to be sure that she can go tomorrow."

The next morning at eight a group of stylishly dressed young ladies were standing at the entrance of the ladies' waiting room at Union Station. They were the basket-ball girls, but how changed they looked in their severe traveling costumes. They were all very much excited and were evidently looking for somebody.

They calmed down somewhat as the coach and chaperone came into view, but there was still one missing, for the captain exclaimed nervously, "Why doesn't that Brunny come? I told her she would be late. It's just exactly like her. She probably spent half the night doing her hair up in papers and—"

"Pray don't be disturbed, Miss Whitehall. I've been here in this station ever since seven o'clock waiting for you; fortunately I used the curling iron this morning." And the captain turned round to confront the flashing eyes of the little brunette who had come up behind her.

All the girls laughed and Linny said, with an injured air, "How could I know? She might have come up sooner, at any rate."

"Are you all here now?" asked the chaperone, turning to Reddy, who was scarcely recognizable in a stunning costume of golden brown.

"Yes we are, and it's only 8.55, said Reddy enthusiastically, "what is going to happen?"

"Then we ought to get on the train; I'm sure it's in now. Mr. Turbot will look after the baggage."

Thereupon the group of young ladies took their places in the train chatting like magpies.

"Do be still, girls," said the chaperone reprovingly, "everyone in the car is looking at you."

"Well, why shouldn't they," said the

sophomore with a little pout, looking complacently at her crimson suit, for she was dressed entirely in red, a color which set off her demure face to perfection.

"I don't care who looks at us," said the captain calmly, "we have simply got to practice some of these songs, and with that she took a book out of her bag and started in singing. All the other girls joined in with the exception of two, the little brunette and the grey-eyed sophomore. These two glided slowly up front and were not see again until long after the train had started.

The captain was just going over the college cheers when the train stopped at Providence. She looked out of the window and saw that a crowd of newsboys and porters and street gamins had collected about the station and were laughing immoderately.

"Look, girls, what can be the matter!" she said excitedly. "See the crowd around the station. Something must have happened." The train started up amid the cheers of the crowd and the girls were more mystified than ever.

"By the way," said the coach anxiously, "we are not all here, are we?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that we are crazy, Miss Jennings?" asked the sober-eyed little lady indignantly.

Oh, of course not," she answered, smiling, "but I don't see Miss Western anywhere."

"That's so," said the girls in chorus. "Where can she be?"

Just then in walked the two delinquents, their faces flushed with excitement, but trying to seem very unconcerned.

"You've been in some scrape, I'm sure," said Linny reprovingly. I know you of old. Are you the cause of that jeering crowd at the station we just passed?"

"Come, own up," said the little brunette michievously, "you were ring-leader."

"Well I'll tell you, girls, if you won't tell

a soul," said the demure-faced sophomore, and all the girls crowded round her sure of a treat.

"Brunny and I thought it was dreadfully poky sitting here looking out of the window, and you know neither of us can sing. Besides we wanted to show our colors, so we walked through the cars, four of them, mind you, until we got to the first car. There was the conductor talking with the brakeman and I went up and tried to persuade him to let me get on the cow-catcher to show off my red suit, but he was afraid I might get hurt and wouldn't let me! Then I asked him to hoist a red flag, but he declared he hadn't any, and that he didn't see what he could do for one.

"Then hesaid, 'I suppose you're one of them basket-ball girls what's going to New Haven, ain't yer.' I told him I was, and that I was bound to show our colors in some way. With that he laughed, and rummaging about in a little closet, he brought out,—what do you think, girls? an old, red table cloth.

"'Just the thing,' I said. "Put it on the cow-catcher any way, as long as you get it there. And sure enough he did, for we could see the end of it floating past the engine, and the engineer was holding his sides, laughing. We enjoyed it, didn't we Brunny, but we knew how dull you would be without us, so we came back."

"You wicked, wicked girls, you ought to be sent home by the next train," said Mrs. Fobbs, who had heard every word, but there was a merry little twinkle in her eyes which they were quick to see.

"You are always in some adventure or other, Westy: I never saw anything like you," said one of the girls disconsolately. "Why didn't you tell a fellow?"

"Too many cooks spoil the broth," said Westy saucily, and the girls sat down to rehearse the cheers.

Meanwhile two other girls made up their

minds to distinguish themselves by doing something or other, so they stole two pieces of cardboard from the lunch boxes, and by means of a fountain pen inscribed on them in large letters:

This Car For Married Couples Only.

and pinned one on the door at each end of the car. The people who got on at Saybrook Junction would catch sight of the notice, look in at the merry group of girls, smile broadly and retreat to another car. So many did this that the girls became annoyed, but none so annoyed as the girls who had put up the placard.

When the conductor happened to come in, therefore, one of the girls asked him what was the matter. He grinned and replied, "Go out and see for yourself, Miss." Then the girls rushed out en masse and when they discovered what it was they laughed long and merrily.

The chaperone was properly shocked and coming up to them said, severely, "Girls, I must insist upon your taking your seats and remaining here. We must have no more escapades." Then the girls subsided, for a while, at least.

Before long the train steamed into New Haven. Then there was a great bustle, bags and wraps were huddled all in together, umbrellas were lost and hats were crushed, but finally the young ladies were helped into cabs and were on their way to the hotel.

"Oh look, Lin! the store windows are all draped with blue, and such a hideous color, too, said Brunny with her face glued to the cab window, "and nearly everybody has got blue badges on, and there are blue posters announcing the game."

"How do you suppose anyone else can see anything when you take up the whole window?" asked the captain; "I've tried my best to catch a glimpse of something." "Here we are at the hotel, anyway, exclaimed Miss Western joyfully. "What a dingy place this is, to be sure, but I suppose we shall have to stand it."

As the party of stylish girls went up the steps of the hotel, many a passer-by gazed at them admiringly and wondered who they were. Most, however, guessed that they were the Cambridge girls, whom they knew were expected to arrive that day.

The girls assembled for luncheon at two, but could scarcely eat anything, they were so excited. Miss Fobbs looked worried to death, and no wonder, with such a charge on her hands. Miss Jennings, however, looked as cool and collected as possible and did her best to encourage the girls.

"Girls, how do you like your rooms! Aren't they simply insufferable?" asked the captain indignantly.

"Be careful," said the chaperone nervously, "that waiter heard you, I know."

"He ought to hear," muttered Linny, subsiding, "that's what I said it for."

"Now, girls, you must rest until dinner," announced the coach decidedly. "I don't want any indignation meetings or foolish escapades."

"I'm too tired even to do anything foolish," said Westy wearily, "so of course there won't be anything done,--Good-bye."

The girls then went off to their rooms, followed by the admiring gaze of the colored waiters.

"Ain't dem stunners!" said one of them to the newsboy. "No, they're basket-ballers," said the newsboy, saucily, "didn't you know that," and the colored waiter drew back abashed.

At dinner the girls were in the best of spirits. Linny looked bewitching as usual in dresden blue though most of them were dressed in white. Reddy's rich auburn hair was set off with matchless effect by a black

tulle gown trimmed with sprays of forget-menots.

"How well the girls look," whispered Miss Fobbs to the coach, admiringly, "everyone is looking at them."

"Yes, they are charming, every one of them, and will do me credit, I haven't a doubt. I hear that several friends have followed them so they will have an exciting time this evening, still, I shall insist on their retiring at nine."

The girls were chatting merrily, looking enviously at each other's gowns, the while.

"Where's that old white organdy you were talking so much about?" asked one of the girl who always looked nice and who was dressed in the prettiest of pink frocks.

"Oh!" she answered laughingly, "papa heard mother and me talking about it some time ago and he made up his mind that I should have a new dress, so when I got home last night there it was."

"How fortunate! I wish my father would take hints like that! He's always interested in reading the paper whenever we talk dress."

"By the way, what have you been doing this afternoon, you look as bright as a button?"

"We've been draping my room with red bunting, haven't we, Brunny? We brought a whole stack of it in our trunks. Now what do you think girls, they had some horrid little blue vases on the shelf and I was bound they shouldn't stay there. So when the maid came in, I asked her with a grandiloquent air either to take them away or to paint them red. She was simply horrified, but took them out and we haven't seen her since."

Everybody laughed and Reddy said, "Will you ever get over your rudeness, Westy, people will say that it is the result of basket-ball."

"Well, let them say it," retorted Westy, "I'm willing, but half the time Brune spurrs me on."

"Come girls, we must hurry," said the captain rising. "Miss Jennings says that there are hosts of people waiting for us in the parlors, and you know we can't sit up late."

Then the girls all arose, and, with charming dignity, followed their chaperone into the parlors.

"I shall be talked blind, I know, for my chum has come from ——," said a Southern girl, "See her there near the window, in a green silk waist."

"It depends upon who begins talking first, I guess," said her companion, maliciously, and she walked up to a fair-haired gentleman who had evidently been looking everywhere for her.

"So good of you to come, I really didn't expect you, you have been studying law so assiduously of late," said the graceful captain in her nicest tones to a tall, dark-haired young gentleman who had come up with her brother.

"Indeed, I thought it was quite understood," he said easily, but adding to himself, "I wonder what's the matter now, anyone would think I was a Yale man by the way she is treating me."

"I hear that the engine of your train came in with a shredded red table cloth on the cowcatcher," said a boyish looking individual to Westy with a knowing look.

"You don't say so," she said wonderingly, lifting her sober grey eyes to his, "probably the engineer brought his lunch in it and dropped it there by mistake, but it was very appropriate. Do come with me while I tell thegirls," and taking his arm she glided away. All the girls were having a most delightful time with their friends—ladies who had come to stay over and see the game, and gentlemen who had come to hear about it and congratulate the girls afterwards—for neither college would hear of such a thing as allowing gentlemen to be spectators.

The next morning they came to breakfast from their bag-punching, looking ready to defeat anybody. This meal was eaten in comparative silence. Westy had the courage, however, to say that it was very fortunate that she had been exercising, or she would never have been able to cut her steak. The girls tried to encourage her by laughing but failed dismally, and Westy was justly indignant.

Directly after lunch, they hurried into cabs and were driven to the Gym.

The Yale Annex was founded and endowed in 1903 by a wealthy New Haven citizen who had married a charming Radcliffe graduate. He admired his wife so much that he was determined that the Connecticut girls should have similar opportunities for captivating his sex, so he founded this institution.

It had never received any name save Yale Annex, and Yale Annex it is today. The main building was a large structure of four stories and the gymnasium occupied the entire fourth floor.

On this eventful day the streets near the Annex were gay with either red or blue ribbon fluttering from hat, buttonhole or umbrella. Most of the ladies sailed triumphantly through the entrance while the men looked around dejectedly, reminding me of the old pun—"If all the ladies go to Canton, where will the men go?" "To Pekin!"

The coach and her train hurried breathlessly upstairs into the locker rooms and soon the blue and red were busy putting on their suits and talking in subdued tones for fear of offending one another.

Suddenly the coaches' shrill whistles blew and eighteen frightened girls rushed into the centre of the gymnasium to meet their fate, while the galleries waved flags and ribboned canes and the "subs" of both sides cheered wildly and started up the college songs.

(To be continued.)

The Terror of Altenheim.

I shall now, for the first time, unseal my lips and and give a true and direct account of what has gone into history as the Terror of Altenheim. Sometimes as I sit down by a warm fireside and muse over past adventures, I think that this Terror and the Thing that caused it are only a bad dream. But when I look down upon my wrist and see the scars, when I see the marks upon my face and arms, then, indeed, I know that the Terror of Altenheim was not a dream nor a fantasy of the imagination, but a reality.

It was twelve years after the close of the Napoleonic wars when the Terror began. At that time all the German towns were again springing into life after being ravaged and devastated by the marauding bands of many Situated as it was, not far from nations. the high road which leads across the Rhine from Strasburg into the heart of Wurtemburg, it had not escaped the desolation which all Germany suffered more or less. But now it was enjoying renewed life, business was flourishing, and the population was fast reaching five thousand. I, who was born at the time of the French Revolution, and had lived in Altenheim many years as a doctor, had never seen it so flourishing.

But the peace and happiness of Altenheim were not long to remain undisturbed. On the east side of the town there lived an old man known by the name of Dietrich Instihm, and his wife and daughter. Little was known of their antecedents or past life. They had come into the town in the train of the French soldiery, before the battle of Wagraw, and had remained there ever since. They were peaceful people, who disturbed no man and were disturbed by none.

Yet one night when a large party of towns-

men, with myself, were returning from a gathering on the outskirts of the town a loud, blood-curdling scream was head, apparently issuing from the house of the Instihm family. We rushed instantly toward the dwelling, but when we arrived in front of it so terrible a sight met our eyes that none of us wished to be the first to enter. The door was wide open and there, in full view, lying partly on the staircase, partly on the floor at the bottom, was Dietrich Instihm. His discolored face and bulging eyes told but too well the manner of his death. Finally we gathered courage to rush in and search the house. In a room on the second floor we found the dead bodies of the murdered man's wife and daughter. The faces of both were shockingly discolored, showing death, as in the case of the man, by strangulation.

The most terrible thing in these three murders was the imprint which appeared on the throat of the victims. In every case there were marks as if the throat had been grasped, not by an ordinary hand, but by the talons of vultures.

Furthermore, another mysterious thing was that the house had not been disturbed in the least. Coins and jewelry were found lying on a table in plain sight. Clearly then, theft was not the motive. What monster could have done this deed? What creature was there, with talons in place of hands, which slew whole families seemingly without purpose? These questions were passed around that terrified crowd, which by this time had grown to enormous dimensions, but none could answer them. The murderous Thing had left no tracks save only that one evidence on the throats of his victims.

We all dispersed for there was nothing

which we could do, but that night a chill was east over Altenheim which was not soon to leave.

The very next night the whole town was startled by another shocking crime. time Anthony Seidenberg and his family were murdered. In this murder the circumstances were almost exactly the same as in that of Instihm. There were the same imprints of talons on the throats of the victims. There was the same apparent lack of motive. But the horror of this murder was heightened by the fact that the residence of the Seidenbergs was in the very centre of the town, that the crime was committed while people were passing the door, and that though the people rushed in immediately and the police surrounded the house, absolutely no trace of the murderer was found.

This murder, following so closely on that of Instihm, sent a thrill of horror throughout Altenheim. Seidenberg was one of the principal citizens of the town. His father had been mayor for many years. Tradition said that his family had been leaders in Altenheim for over two centuries. If he was slain, and at the same time a man so obscure as Instihm, who might consider himself safe?

So precautions hitherto unheard of were taken. A system of night patrols was adopted. Citizens were on their guard continually, for none knew when they might be struck. All carried weapons, but especially after nightfall.

Nevertheless murder continued to be the order of the night in Altenheim. I will not go into details of the next three weeks. Anyone sufficiently interested may find a full account of all the murders in the town records of 1827. Suffice it to say that no man, whereever he might be, was safe in Altenheim after sunset. One, leaving a large company of guests, was heard to scream an instant later. They found him in the next room, dead, with the marks of talons on his throat.

One night, three weeks after the first murder, I sat in my room musing on these things. It was a wild, stormy night, but all in the house had gone to a ball at the residence of the mayor, Arnold Zenton. As I sat at the table thinking, I took down a book of poems written by an obscure young Russian just before his death. Opening the book haphazard my eyes fell on the following verses:—

What fearful things do walk by night

Unseen by eye of man? The drowned from the ocean rise, The murderers from their gravés. Vampires fly with wings of bats From dark, sequestered caves. Witches go forth, vile hags of night, On man to work their ills; Their faces wrought with evil thought, Their hands, long skinny claws, Itching with murderous intent; Their lank, lean forms far forward bent To seize upon their prey. The spectres of the murdered rise, 'Tis vengeance that they seek; Woe be then to the murderer, His scion or his stock; Nor gun nor sword, nor knife nor dirk, Nor wall, nor door, nor lock, Shall keep the spectre from his just revenge.

I shut the book with a force so great that the sound resounded through the house, seeming to bring to me straightway all the dark imaginings which these poems always awaken in me.

"Ah!" I thought, as I looked out upon the raging elements, "This night at least no spectre walks the earth."

I had scarcely spoken these words when I became conscious of some new presence in the room. As I sat at the table my back was turned to the door, but I was in front of a mirror, by which I could see the door behind me as well as if facing it. Just at the mo-

ment when I became conscious of this new presence I looked into the mirror. There I saw a sight that made my flesh creep and the hair rise on my head with horror.

Entering the room was, my instinct told me, the author of all the crimes which had been so disgracing fair Altenheim for nearly a month. The whole of the body was enveloped in a gray cloak. The face was covered with a dark hood, which gave absolutely no chance of admitting air and left nothing visible, save a pair of gleaming eyes, which, made brighter by contrast with the hood, seemed to pierce my very marrow. Held out before him as if feeling the way for his catlike advance were two long, skinny arms, and at their ends, instead of hands, the talons of vultures.

My momentary horror over, I turned and faced the monster. On it came, nearer, nearer,—until its talons almost touched me. I stooped, and they met above my head. Then, convinced that boldness alone could save me, I sprang at the creature's throat. Not a sound issued from the Thing as I grasped it, but it seized me with tremendous force. One claw gripped the hand that held its throat so fiercely that I could feel the skin torn from off my wrist. The other scraped up my arm, lacerating the flesh so that blood poured from it in streams. Then it seized my face between the jaw and the cheek bone. The pain was intense, but knowing my sole means of safety lay in my grasp of the creature's throat I held all the tighter.

Now ensued a most fearful struggle. Together we swayed to and fro, striving each to hurl the other to the ground. But while I felt my strength constantly decreasing and my hold on the monster's throat weakening there was no perceptible lessening of the force with which it struggled. Finally, after a last desperate effort, in which for an instant I thought I had the Thing under control, I fainted.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying in the hospital of Altenheim, where my wounds had been dressed and salve applied to all the lacerations which I had received. I was informed that I had been found lying in my room the morning after the ball and that I had lain unconscious in the hospital for five days. During all these days it was a matter of wonder to everyone that the murderer no longer visited Altenheim.

After remaining in the hospital for some time while I recovered from my wounds and from the shock which I had received, I was enabled to leave and pursue my usual business. This I have done for the last ten years, during all which time, ever since that memorable night in which I fought with the Thing, peace has reigned in Altenheim.

Here then ends my story of how the Terror came to Altenheim, and how it left that city. But I am certain that it will not be entirely devoid of interest to my readers to hear of a discovery I made three years ago, which may throw some light upon this most extraordinary affair.

I was reading over the town records when I found the following item:—

"In June, 1627, convicted for the practices of sorceries and heresies, Friedrich Anwäller, on the accusation of Dietrich Instihm. Sentenced to have his eyes burned out by the public executioner and then to be chained to a stake in the plain of Altenheim, to be torn in pieces by the talons of vultures. A peculiar circumstance at the trial was the declaration of Friedrich Anwäller that two hundred years later he would be revenged on the whole town of Altenheim and first of all on the descendants of his accuser, Dietrich Instihm, and his judge, Anthony Seidenburg. Said declaration made in the face of the torture and persisted in to the last."

P. R. A., 1901.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next number of the Review will appear February fourteenth, 1901. All copy positively must be in by Friday, the first of February.

The class of 1901, High School, will give a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club hall, February 8, 1901. Tickets, 50 cents.

The class of 1902, High School, will present their drama, "An Engaging Position," on Thursday, February 21, at the Newtowne Club hall. Tickets, 50 cents.

The senior class of the Latin School will give a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club hall, January 25, 1901. All should come. Tickets, 50 cents.

The class of 1902, Latin School, will give a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club hall, January 18, 1901. Tickets, 50 cents.

The captain and manager of 1901's basketball team have both resigned, and Miss Beard and Miss Sears have been elected respectively, captain and manager instead.

The scholars should help the graduates by attending the entertainment to be given by them in the Latin School hall, January 15.

The Review has decided to offer a prize of \$5.00 for the best story written in both schools, and one of \$2.00 for the best article from the lowest class in each school. rules of the contest are: all stories must be in by the 1st of March; all stories must be neatly written, on one side only; no competitor for the \$5.00 prize must send in a story of less than 1,500 words—two and one-half pages of the Review; no one trying for either of the \$2.00 prizes must hand in an article of less than 800 words. No article of more than 3,500 words will be considered.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Fred Hall, sometime a member of C. L. S. 1900, has been elected to the board of editors of the "Harvard Lampoon." While in the Latin School, Mr. Hall did much fine designing for the Review—numerous posters, department headings, and covers. The Christmas cover, first published in '98 and repeated in different colors, this year, was drawn by him.

The officers of the class of '98, C. L. S., for the year 1901 are: Guy Bancroft, president; Miss Appleton, vice president; Paul Kelsey, secretary; Henry Winslow, treasurer. The offices of secretary and treasurer have now been made permanent.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Taylor, C. E. H. '99, and Mr. Harris Whittemore, C. L. S. '00.

The play that Miss Agnes Morgan, C. L. S. '97, brought out at the Radcliffe Idler, November 30, was a great success.

The class of '99, C. L. S., held a reunion at the home of Miss Florence M. Wyman Tuesday evening, December 27. At the business meeting held then, Mr. Walter E. Clark was elected president for the ensuing year. Although there were not more than twenty-five present, the reunion was a decided success. Mr. Benshimol, Miss Bachelder and Miss Drew were present.

The class of C. L. S. 1900, held its first reunion at the home of Holland Bennett, December 28. Although the number of those present—thirty—was not quite as large as is to be desired, everyone had a good time. At the business meeting it was voted that the present officers all retain their positions for another year, and that, hereafter, the regular term of office be two years.

The class of 1900, E. H. S., held its first reunion at the home of Fred Dow, on Sacramento street. There were fully *sixty* graduates present. Everyone had a good time.

Walter E. Clark, C. L. S. '99, has been awarded the Sewall scholarship for the present academic year, and Cecil T. Derry, C. L. S. '99, the William Samuel Eliot scholarship.

C. C. Lombard, C. L. S. '99, is now living in St. Louis, Missouri.

Of the three members of C. L. S. '99, who took postgraduate courses in the Latin School, Miss Marguerite E. Emerson is in the class of 1904 at Smith; Miss Earle is a freshman at Radcliffe; and Miss Bates, who entered Radcliffe as a sophomore, has been obliged to leave college on account of illness.

The C. L. S. Alumni Association is to give an entertainment in the Latin School hall Tuesday, January 15, at seven forty-five P. M. The principal attractions are the Harvard Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs. As the proceeds are to be used toward paying the debt which the alumni association unfortunately incurred at the time of the last reunion, every graduate should feel it his duty to attend.

Editor's Note.—This column is open to graduates of both schools. We will gladly publish any information sent us. We desire especially to keep an accurate record of all marriages and deaths. We will be pleased to correspond with the secretaries of any of the High or Latin School alumni associations.



A great dispute has arisen among the basket-ball teams of the High School as to which team should play the one game allowed with an outside team. Probably everyone does not know of the restrictions placed upon the teams, so I will explain, in order that they may understand this article. There are four teams in the High School, these teams can play against each other or against any team in the Latin School, but when it comes to playing games outside of the High or Latin School, there is just one game allowed. Although we think this is very unjust, we are obliged to consent to it. Now, as there is only one game, the question arises as to which team shall play it.

As a member of the senior team, I think the senior team should play it. 1903 and 1904 readily agreed to this; but 1902, murmuring something about letting the champion team play it, went to see 1903 and 1904, and with many persuasive arguments won them on their side.

This is the last year that the senior girls will play basket-ball, while the other classes have years to come in which to play, and probably, another year, Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Huling will relent and allow more than one outside game.

Another thing; the senior girls have much more studying to do than the girls in the other classes, and when they take two hours a week for basket-ball practice, they want to feel that it has been done for some purpose; and when they play against only the High and Latin school teams, they do not take as much interest, and drop off, one by one, claiming that they can not spend two hours from their studies if they don't play any games outside.

I think it would be only courteous in 1902 to give up their claim to the game and allow 1901 to play it. I am sure that if we were juniors and they were seniors, they would expect this honor.

I. M. D., '01.

Can it be that the C. E. H. S. basket-ball girls are growing disloyal to their school, just to satisfy their own whims? Present circumstances point greatly in that direction. All because of a game which will be played sometime during the spring, if a satisfactory agreement can be arranged between our two schools. Most assuredly the championship team of our school should play this game. Does not each team aspire to that honor which can only be obtained by hard and earnest work!

Each team stands as much chance of becoming the champion as any other, that is, if such work is put into it as should be. Now, girls, think this matter over seriously and remember that it is for the *school* and not ourselves for which we are working.

F. M. C. 1902.

Following are the High School teams' hours for practice: 1901, 4-5 Monday, 2-3 Wednesday; 1902, 3-4 Monday, 4-5 Wednesday; 1903, 2-3 Friday; 1904, 3-4 Saturday.



UNFEELING.

At the moment the worm was trodden upon, true to tradition, it turned.

Thereupon all the other worms shouted in chorus: "Rubber! Rubber!"

"Ugh!" gasped the victim, "I might have known that."

"Ma," said Harry, "give me a nickle and I'll be real good."

"No," she replied, "I'll not pay you for being good."

"All right, then," answered the little fellow, "but you'll be sorry when I grow up good for nothing."

"It's a wonderful thing," remarked Links, "that there should be a plant called the rubber plant."

"Indeed, but that's nothing," said Sphinx, "every day in Pittsburg the inhabitants pass by iron and steel plants."

It is related of a certain Frenchman that, desiring to compliment Gen. Grant by telling him he was born to command, he said, "General, you were made to order."

Tourist—Don't you ever get lonesome here?

Hermit—Well, yes; sometimes I do long for solitude.

The class in natural history being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered, "A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it." "What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," was the answer.

"Correct. Now, what is the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply.

There was once an artist nigh dead, Half starved, his heart was like lead,

But he wandered about,
And never found out

There was a nice spread on his bed.

"There, now," said Smith, "I've left my watch on the table upstairs and I want it."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Smith, "if you let it stay up there long enough it may run down."

"Alas!" sighed the Chinese official, as he put an end to his existence by swallowing gold leaf. "Now, indeed, I begin to feel my inward guilt."

Hofer—On our farm we raise cabbages as big as tubs.

Petz—That's nothing for vegetables. Up in Detroit I saw three policemen asleep on one beat.

Student—They tell me, Professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues.

Professor—All but two—my wife's and her mother's.

Great oaks from little acorns grow, Great aches from little toe-corns grow. "My son, how is it that you are always behind in your studies?"

"Mother dear, if I were not behind them I could not pursue them."

"Say, papa, wasn't it the Spaniards that settled this country?"

"Yes, my son, that's what my history used to say."

"Well, history's changed now. It's this country that settled the Spaniards."

'Mid dramas and 'mid dances;
'Mid socials and soirees;
'Mid every entertainment
Made for the man who pays—
What joy is on my countenance!
What leaps I give with glee!
When I see upon a poster
The words, "Admission Free!"

Young lady (translating Latin at sight): "And Cæsar commanded the single men that they must be on their guard against Sallies from the town." (Great applause.)

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the cyclist without a light. "You'll get run into," responded the rider as he knocked the other down. "You'll get run in, too," said a policeman standing nearby. Just then another cyclist without a light came along, and the policeman had to run in two.

For our new baby I've a name
I chose, for reasons deep;
I think I'll call the boy Macbeth
Because he murders sleep.

When a man is gifted with such a glowing, vivid imagination that he can lie back in a dentist's chair, close his eyes, and imagine he is in a barber's chair enjoying an easy shave, that man is a novelist.

Armson—Is it a sick headache, old fellow?

De Manising (with a groan)—No! it's the most robust headache I ever had in my life.

A showman at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was "to be seen inside," wound up by saying:

"Step in, gentlemen; step in! Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

Visitor—What are you crying about, m little man?

Little Willie—All my brothers hez got a holiday, and I hain't got none.

Visitor—Why, that's too bad! How is that?

Little Willie (between sobs)—I—I—don't go—to school yet.

Advertisement in a provincial paper: "A piano for sale by a lady with wooden legs about to cross the Atlantic in an oak case."

The minister called one afternoon to see Mrs. Brown, and at a moment when she was out of the room, being in a sermonizing mood, he said to little Johnny:

"This is an unreasonable world, my young friend."

"You bet it is!" assented little Johnny, in a way that left no doubt as to his sincerity. "Teacher licks me when I don't know enough, and dad takes it out of me when I know too much."

Manager (to actor)—In the new piece you will die in the fifth act. There will be a funeral song for three voices, and as we have only two singers, you will have to help them out.

WHAT?

"Once upon a time—"

Yes, that's right for a beginning, isn't it?
"Once upon a time, there was——"

Yes, "Once upon a time, there was—"

There was there was! What?

I'm sure I don't know.

I leave it to any sensible person, if it's not altogether unreasonable for an editor to force me to choose something out of the millions, yea, billions of objects in this world or any other world, upon which to write a story.

"There was---?"

Oh, why did I so forget myself to promise that editor that a story would be in his hands to-morrow morning!

Well, it's done now and alas! can't be helped.

If Milton and Homer and Virgil had to envoke the Muses to come to help them, I might as well follow their example.

"Oh, Muse-"

Wait, am I prepared for a visit of an inspiration? I'll run my hands through my hair again to make sure it's in a strictly disheveled condition—another daub of ink upon my previously much bedaubed fingers—a nice, clean sheet of white paper—now, I'm ready, I guess.

"Oh——"

Of course, something's got to be the matter. There's no wind blowing weirdly. How can one expect an inspiration to come when it's just raining! It makes me think of what that editor of the Irish newspaper said:—

"Can a man knock sparks out of a wet rag? Is inspiration to be found in the desperation induced by fogs and motionless wetness? Oh, for a wind! In fact, I'd be willing to pay for a wind. One of those we learned about at school that woke us from sleep and said:—

'Now for a frolic, now for a leap, Now for a madcap galloping chase, I'll make a commotion in every place!'

Wind! What we want is wind. What you want is wind. And you're getting it. What I want is wind. I'll just get my second wind and then give you some more."

Hark, what was that!

Much obliged. Here comes Boreas, in his usual great rush. Hear those window-panes rattle, and that moaning and whistling around the corner of the house!

Ugh—r—r-r!

This is just great! Light burning brightly, another clean sheet, an extra daub, a run through my hair, wind howling—"All aboard!"

"O Muse, O Muse, O Muse!

"Come lend your beneficent 'auxilium' to a soul struggling to break the bonds that this mortal mind puts upon it, in order to soar into the celestial regions of the fulfilments of literary aspirations. Come!

Once upon a time there was ——'

Still a blank. But you see the Muses have hardly had time to get their dress-suit cases packed. So we'll wait.

I wonder if that invocation, or eulogy, or elegy to the Muses will be handed down to posterity! Poor things, I hope they won't have to tell "in what meter it's written, how many feet," etc., etc.

Half an hour later—still waiting.

An hour later—ditto scene and condition.

Takes Muses an awfully long time to come! (Perhaps their automobiles broke down on the way.) Never mind. "Everything comes

to him that waits" ("even a man," as the old maid said).

* * * * *

What's that?

There are people whispering together outside my door. They knock, and without waiting for an answer, in they come.

I turn toward the door.

"Here there, get off my toes! I'll tell Jupp on you."

"I'm not on your toes. I should think with wings on your feet you might keep out of other gods' way."

"There, there children, do be quiet. Mercury, can't you keep your tongue out of mischief? Vulcan, go outside and wait for Mars. You know he's over in China at present making himself agreeable to Prince Tuan and the Empress Dowager, and so will be a little late. Be sure to tell him to leave his weapons and scalps outside."

"Er-r-r, wh-who a-a-are y-y-you? I finally am able to articulate.

"Mortal, I am The King of the Gods, Jupiter."

I look toward the speaker—a grand, majestic old man, every inch a ruler of gods and men, and yet—and yet—he looks a trifle henpecked.

"We call him Jupp for short," comes from a winged individual, previously addressed as Mercury, "that is, when we're out for some fun."

"Mercy!" I shriek for there's a noise like the crash of a thunderbolt.

I can distinctly hear some one at the door saying, "Ah there! Been having a good time over there? Got all of those heathen mortals killing each other?"

Now, in a voice that suggests turmoil and strife, "Here you little jackenape! Be more respectful to your elders or I'll put you down one of your own volcanos and place Atlas on top of it."

"Say, mother told me to tell you to leave all your arms outside," is Vulcan's reply.

And in they come.

I look around. Strange as it may seem, they don't appear to be afraid of me—but are entertaining themselves.

A whiff of sea-breeze greets me, and I know it was Neptune who just brushed by me in order to examine a painting of the sea-shore.

I judge those are Minerva and Mars, over in the corner, who are comparing notes concerning the recent wars.

Mercury and Vulcan are playing "tag" round the room.

"If they break my cups and saucers," think I to myself, "I'll borrow that bow and arrow that young lady has hanging over her shoulder."

Why, that must be Diana, and how attentively she is examining that gun that went to the Revolution!

Apollo and Aurora, hand in hand, were gazing at "The Angelus," which hangs over my little tea table.

I don't know whether to laugh or cry, but am dangerously near the latter.

Ah! A beautiful girl comes up to me, puts her arms around my shoulders, and whispers, "Do not be alarmed, my dear child, we have left our celestial homes and come to earth for a good time just for tonight. Do not be afraid, neither the gods nor the goddesses will harm you." And as I look up into her face, lighted up with sympathy, I know she must be Venus, the goddess of love and beauty.

Jupiter takes up a piece of paper at my desk, when a squeaky little voice calls out, "Hey there Jupp, play ball?"

And now, one of my dainties sofa-pillows is settling itself under the arms of the king. For a minute all I can see is flying sofa-pillows.

I heave a sigh, but what good does it do? Suddenly, I hear the sweetest music that

ever touched mortal ear. Apollo is sitting in my cozy corner, with my banjo.

Immediately all is quiet. The strange visitors group themselves comfortably round the room. Vesta, however, who is, you know, goddess of the hearth, is looking sourly at the register. Jupiter comes and sits down beside me, but before very long, a regal looking personage plants herself between us. I hear a sigh from "the mightiest of gods," and some one in the corner says something about "the green-eyed monster." Of course my new neighbor must be Juno.

They all look so happy that I cast out my fears and try to think how I shall entertain my unexpected company.

My chafing dish! Just the thing. I'll make a welsh-rarebit. I'll get my brother's phonograph too—and off I go, soon to return with the box.

I set it going and begin my task.

"Say, mortal, I'll put in the next roll," cries Mercury, and turns to the box. "Look at all these specks over it." and—

Look at him, trying to rub off "those specks," as if his life depended on it.

At last he gets the whole contrivance in a perfectly demolished condition.

Now my rarebit is ready to eat, but oh,

horrors! do gods eat? I'll pass it around anyway.

Oh, what a commotion! What have I done! It's nothing but sneezes and chokings from every corner of the room.

I look at the table.

With fear and trembling, it flashes into my mind that I was putting in the cayenne perper when Mercury was performing on the phonograph.

Hebe rushes around with her "cup of nectar."

Has my hour come?

"Vengeance," cries Mars, springing up.
"Vengeance," echoes on all sides. Cupid and
Diana point their arrows! Minerva
brandishes her thunderbolts! Mars rushes for
his arms! Jupiter is just about to nod—

**

"Child, child, go right straight to bed!
What are you doing up this time of night?"
I rub my eyes and stare wildly about;
Where, where are Jupiter and the rest?

My eyes fall upon a sheet of white paper in front of me. With haste I start to read to see if it can solve the mystery. But, oh! what do I see!

"Once upon a time, there was——" C. C. C., '01.

A DREAM.

"I dreamed a dream the other night when all was dark and still," but it wasn't about "Susannah a'coming down the hill." Now, I really don't consider it so very wonderful that I dreamed a dream, because that is the customary thing to dream, and I don't consider the mere fact of my dreaming particularly extraordinary, because I had often done so before. What was remarkable was the dream itself. It was certainly a most curious one for an old bachelor like me to have indulged

in—for me, an old bachelor, aged thirty eight, a respectable and estimable man, whose appearance is always immaculate, who has the honor of being called uncle by three young and promising nephews, and two young and bewitching nieces.

It was the first night of the new century, that is to say, the evening of January first, nineteen hundred and one; I was weary, owing to the fact that I had celebrated the night before and had seen the New Century arrive

in proper style. In addition, I had been exerting myself to be pleasant and interesting to the multitude which had been thronging the house all day at the invitation of my sister, with no other purpose, I amagine, than to make my stay with her as delightful as possible. Still, all this unusual dissipation tired me,—though I am naturally a strong man and have a splendid constitution,—and at 9 o'clock, when my three nephews and two nieces came to bid me good-night, I was so worn out that I was quite ready to go myself. I kissed both my nieces affectionately. Then Catherine May asked me why I was not wearing the pretty tie they had presented to me as a Christmas gift, while Genevieve Maude gave utterance to suspicions that I questioned their taste in the selection of this article of neck-wear. I quieted them, however, by a promise that I would surely wear it the next day, declaring it to be the prettiest I had ever owned or seen, and remarking incidentally, that, though it was very elegant, I thought the one I had on was better suited for such festive occasions as that afternoon. Then I shook hands with my nephews in turn, while they declared that I was a "Bully uncle," and they thought it was a "mean skin" (if I remember correctly) that I should not enjoy their company the following morning, since as it would be the second of January, they would be compelled to go back again to that dreadful place called "School." I assured them that I shared their grief at this unpleasant necessity, and they all withdrew reluctantly.

After half an hour I begged to be allowed to follow the example set me by my young relatives, and myself retired. The moment my weary head touched the soft pillow I sank into balmy sleep (I am as fond of sleep as Maebeth, but I can't say such poetical things about it, without a great deal of previous preparation, at least).

The next thing I knew I was walking down Tremont Street in a cheerful and unoffending frame of mind, radiant in the glory of my Christmas tie. My feeling of conscious pride had just begun to wear away and my thoughts to descend to more earthly things, when I happened to notice that the eyes of the passers-by were all apparently fastened upon this work of art with a fascinated gaze, struck by its beauty, so I thought. I decided I should like another look at it myself, to refresh my eyes with its rich colors. Casually, but intentionly, I glanced at my reflection in one of the large show windows and saw to my horror that the tie in question was gone. Yes, gone—utterly and entirely. Not a trace of it was to be seen. So that was why they had all seemed so fascinated, and had gazed at me as they passed with such marked interest as I walked along all unconscious of the stir I was creating. It was not at a tie they had looked, but at the place where a tie ought to have been.

To say that I felt embarrassed would be putting it very mildly. I felt not a pang of grief over the loss of the tie, nor even imagined the sorrow it would cause the donors. My pride—a natural and unblamable pride—in my faultless dress (which my enemies say amounts even to foppishness or dandyism, or whatever you wish) had received a terrible shock. I declare that wide-a-wake as I now am, even the thought of that painful situation in my dream will bring back that awful feeling again, and I will again experience those identical sensations, while I wonder sadly how long I must have been parading the streets of Boston minus a tie.

As soon as I could collect my scattered faculties, I went in all haste to the nearest clothiers to invest at once in a new tie to take the place of the missing one, and was just on the point of entering the store when I felt my right shoulder seized by a powerful

hand, and, turning half around, found myself face to face with an officer of the peace. Looking into his stern, unflinching and very Hibernian countenance, I heard the musical voice—evidently issuing from the mouth belonging to this countenance—say calmly:—

"Stop, Sirrah! Not a nuther step do ye go. Oi orrest ye in the name of the law," and before I could utter the least remonstrance, this creature had hauled me half way down the street, and was conducting me with alacrity in the direction of the police station.

Perceiving that my guide apparently meant business, as soon as I recovered my breath I ventured to inquire, weakly, the cause of my arrest and nature of my offense, for I felt perfectly free from any guilt. Yet the cause of my arrest seemed to be wellknown to everyone else, for a large crowd was now following us and every one was pointing at me with expressions of scorn and derision, until I felt like an absolute imbecile. And while I was feeling thus, my policeman proceeded to enlighten me. "Bagorra!" said he, "and why do ye ask? Faith, would ye be a walking of the public streets with never a sign of a toi. Indade, and that's why, and that's why, and ye naden't deny it." I couldn't deny it, though I had never known that it constituted a breaking of the law, so I was wisely silent.

By this time I seemed to be borne along through the air by the policeman who held me by the collar, and seemed to have grown to the size of a house. Events moved along rapidly now. The next thing I knew I was in the court-room being tried. It was packed by a great and curious throng. There were a large number of witnesses, among them Queen Victoria and Joan of Arc. It did not strike me as remarkable, however, at the time, nor did I feel surprised at the very youthful appearance of the jury, nor the fact that the

judge was a perfect picture of Catherine May and Genevieve Maude combined. even find a chance to get a word in edgeways while I was in the dock, they all talked so The jury retired to make their decis-They returned almost immediately sion. and the audience waited in breathless silence for them to render it. But the jury somehow looked so funny and important (they all had wigs and gowns) and yet so very young and childish that in spite of myself I laughed outright. They punished me sufficiently, however, right afterwards, for the decision was "Guilty." What next? I looked at the judge and awaited my doom. He cleared his throat, and, after remarking that the sentence was the lightest possible for such a flagrant offense, sentenced me to five years, not in the States-prison, but in the Cambridge Latin School.

In spite of the fact that I have mentioned before, that I had once, in the days of my youth spent five long and studious years in the above-named school, I cheerfully shaved off my mustache, and purchased a pair of very becoming short trousers, not forgetting a tie, and quite changed by all this set out the next morning for the Latin School. I found it to be a new and very beautiful building, quite different from the one I had attended before. It gave me a strange, uncomfortable feeling, and I found my way to the office of the Head-master with the greatest difficulty. This new Latin School had all the modern improvements, and a splendid heating apparatus, which had the unusual advantage of giving many fine opportunities of testing the powers of one's imagination. It also had a fine gymnasium, which the old school had never aspired to. They were even looking forward to the day when they should have suitable apparatus to put in it, (for it was quite empty, except for the basket-ball baskets). It was altogether a

building of which the pupils were justly proud and careful. But of that later.

I first went to interview the Head-master, glad to think that I would find at least one familiar face, for the Principal was the same one we had had twenty years before. But, much to my chagrin, he did not appear to recognize me at all, although I had been sent to interview him in his private office in the good old days, and time had left very few traces and wrought very few changes in my countenance. Still worse, when he asked me my name (a natural question, I am sure, and one which I should have been prepared to answer), I could not, for the life of me, remember it, try as I would. The name which I had used and been known by for thirtyeight years had simply slipped from my memory. I might never have had one, for all I could remember. I stood there speechless and helpless. Realizing, however, that this was not exactly a good beginning, I pulled myself together, and stammered that I thought it was something like Green or Brown, but I wasn't quite sure. So he called me Green and Brown by turns, and I don't know what he registered me as, I am certain.

This, though, was only a beginning of my miseries. Once established in the fifth-class room with a strange teacher, among a lot of strange pupils, at a pretty new desk in a pretty new seat which was miles too low for me, I found myself attracting a great deal of attention, but then a new pupil usually does, and I was rather large. Besides, I was used to that by this time, and so didn't feel abashed, but proceeded boldly to cut my initials on my desk-lid with my new knife (I remembered my name now). I was always proud in my school-days of my abilities in the direction of carving, and had practised occasionally upon desks of the old school.

But when I was set to work at five algebra problems, to see whether I could go on with the class where they were, I grew desperate. The first was very short: 5x-7=13. I had certainly never seen anything like that before in my life. I struggled for five minutes helplessly, chewed my pencil for five more, then glanced at my neighbor, a little girl of about twelve, and saw that she was confidently solving a problem which took up half a sheet. So I took courage and began again. I had just written 7 = 13 - 5x when, to my dismay, Miss B came and stood by my desk and asked pleasantly if they were all done yet, as though she expected they had been finished for half an hour. I was on the point of giving expression to my feelings, when she caught sight of a large W on the corner of my desk, and shoving aside my books and papers with a reckless hand, disclosed the other two in all their beauty. Then she gave expression to hers. Oh, how cruelly she rated me, how indignantly reviled me! She looked like an angry goddess, but alas, could not be so easily appeased. "To think," she cried, "that a great big boy like you should know no better than to deface and ruin this splendid school of ours. You don't deserve to go to school at all. I should think you were old enough to respect public property a little at least. I shall see the Principal about it immediately!" That was too much for me—the awful problem with an x in it had been bad enough—I burst into tears.

It is impossible to say what would have been my fate, for suddenly a voice cried, "Oh, Ma, I don't want to get up. It's only seven o'clock!" and my sister's voice replied laughingly, "Why, aren't you going to school to-day?" at which there arose a chorus of groans and moans, with exclamations of "Oh dear! I forgot! Latin and Geometry again! No more fun!" and I awoke to find my pillow wet with great tears, but with the joyful realization that it was they, not I, who must go back and enjoy the pleasures of learning at the Cambridge Latin School!

B. E. E. '01.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

It may be of interest to know that the last diploma ever given by the Cambridge High School, before its division into the Latin and English, was to Mabel Winter, '89, and was number 1001.

A new secret society has been formed in 1901. One has to go to a great deal of trouble to become a member. The society is called the "Hash." Its pins will soon appear.

We understand that H—— has gone into bankruptcy.

Do you think it was worth ten cents?

1902.

The 1902 basket-ball team will give a dance January 16, 1901, at the Newtowne Club hall. Let us show our class spirit on this occasion.

The class drama and dance will be given at the Newtowne hall February 21, 1901. As this will be our first undertaking in such a matter, we ask the help of every member of the class.

So Arthur broke the chair in his earnestness at the drama rehearsal!

The T. U. B. spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Miss May Bateman (Pres.) Saturday evening, December 8. The souvenirs which were given delighted the girls.

The T. U. B.'s all excel in walking.

The social committee decided that it was not desirable to give a social in December.

Mr. W. H. Bowie has successfully passed through a surgical operation and is on the safe road to recovery. We will be glad to see him with us soon. The class has lost Mr. C. W. Stone, win now attending an academy in Chicago.

So Floss skated all day with Charlie, often having to sit on a *cold Stone* to rest!

Alice ate the mince-pie; Fanny played the doctor.

Miss Bateman is very fond of peach stones.

A meeting of the T. U. B. was held at Miss Grover's home Saturday, December 22. Oh, what sport! Fudge! Then followed the pains.

1903.

The class held its second social at the home of George Harris. There were fewer at this social than the last, but it is hoped that more will attend the next one. The evening was spent in games and singing.

Who are the Cambridge belles in our class?

A number of our girls took part in the Parada.

Miss Goerwitz was absent from school two days, and her brother took her place as teacher.

Miss Griffith and Mr. Ward have left school.

Have you got a stamp?

Mr. Bradbury has consented to allow the boys to attend the basket-ball games.

Mr. Dunn won the silver pin for the 20-yd. dash at the Y. M. C. A. meet last month.

And they both took a fall.

Mr. Leighton, a former member of the class, was at our last social.

All who desire to contribute towards some rubber heels for Davies and Smith, are requested to do so at once. Anonymous letters are quite the fad.

A secret society has just been formed in 1903. Miss Leonard is president and Miss Leighton is vice president. The initiation is very original.

It is nice to remember that reputation is not what we are, but what others think we are.

What is the difference between a bug and an insect?

It is very dangerous to have two L's sit together in the hall.

Basket-ball is progressing rapidly. We all like our coach.

Have you adopted the Kangaroo walk yet?

Hooray for the new caps! They are so becoming.

He didn't seem to know she lived side of him.

1904.

Don't talk so "Lowd" is the latest.

Miss Jones has left school.

Will some kind reader please explain the meaning of the five minutes' recess?

If we are the best Algebra class, what must the others be?

The C. E. II. S. wishes to thank Mr. Alfred Fuller for so kindly lending us valuable and interesting pieces of armor.

Miss Flippant will kindly contlescend to give her attention to the Algebra class.

We have a fine grade of "whippes" for sale in our room.

What a number of sinners we have.

We sincerely hope that the boys and girls will wake up before the next debate.

Just what part of the verb is the stem? Answer: The ending.

As silent as the "Graves" can hardly be said of someone in our room.

The class debates were postponed on account of the inability of the members from this class to speak on the night fixed.

We have some very tall boys in the class.

Have you met "Grandpa" yet?

The History examination was easy, but there were a number of low marks.

Is it hard studying which stops Church's growth?

Keenan is the class representative on the athletic committee.

ATHLETICS (HIGH).

It has been decided by the interscholastic league that all previous victories in hockey won by C. II. & L. teams will be counted for either team, provided it wins the championship this year. Thus if either the High School or Latin School wins this year, the hockey cup will be the permanent property of the Cambridge schools.

The supervisory committee has appointed Walter Brigham, '01, temporary hockey captain, and Arthur Crawford, '02, temporary base-ball captain. The latter has also been elected permanent captain of next year's foot-

ball team, and has been appointed manager of the hockey team.

The committee also decided not to enter any track-team in the interscholastic indoor meet this year.

The candidates for the hockey team have been practising on Artificial Pond every day the weather would permit, and the prospects for getting out a good team are very fair. The following men have been playing as a team so far: Forwards, Brigham, Crawford, Lowell and Davies; cover-point, McSweeney; point, Chase; goal, Southward.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

A meeting of the class of 1901 was held on Monday, December 17. The balance of the money needed to purchase caps for the foot-ball team was appropriated. Mr. Tyng was unanimously elected captain of the class hockey team. The report of the social committee in regard to the drama was accepted. Mr. Foster was chosen as floor-director for the dance following the drama.

We are sure that the drama will be an immense success. Its date is January 25.

String seems to be the favorite theme of the poets in this class.

Beware of temptation in the third hour Latin class.

The boys have at last succeeded in getting their foot-ball caps, and they (the caps) are really very pretty.

Have you had your pictures taken yet?

Mr. B. does not wish to discourage musical genius, but simply requests that no one be inspired after the last bell.

Hurrah for the first class in the 20th century!

Captain Tyng has chosen Mr. Chase a manager of the hockey team.

1902.

To the Girls of 1902:

If you have a spark of enthusiasm for your class left, show it by coming out for basketball practice. From the results of recent games it is very evident that more girls must come out. Even if you do not intend to try for the team, come out just to help the girls that do intend to. Please try to come at least once a week, if you cannot come twice.

Miss Heywood, formerly of the class of 1902, has been made an honorary member of the basket-ball team, and a vote of thanks has been extended to her for past services to the team.

Mr. Child and Miss Rogers are the managers of the drama.

Algebra is growing more and more interesting (?) every day. Wait till the Harvard papers come.

We were glad to see Mr. Gauss the other day. From his appearance, we judge the west has agreed with him. At present he is living in Lawrenceville, N. J.

How some people do enjoy dancing in the hall!

Garfield, our class-president, gave a short address of welcome at the reunion of H. G. S., '97, December 7th.

What wonderful marks many members of our class are getting in chemistry.

1903.

The second social of the year was held at the home of Miss Dougherty a few days af ter Thanksgiving. On account of the short notice given, there were not many there, but those who were present enjoyed themselves very much.

We won the debate from 1902. The speakers were Good, Crowley and Wyman.

We have the making of some good "floor-walkers" in the "trusty three," who parade the lower hall at recess.

Do you not enjoy the diet of Latin irregular verbs that Miss Spring is giving us?

Crocker, Weymouth and Taft are out for the C. L. S. hockey team.

Miss Morgan is to be our basket-ball α a again this year. She will coach us Saturday mornings, from 9.30 to 10.30.

How are the mid-years prospering?

No more books in the hall for sure!

Clerk—"Come Teller."

Friend of girl buying the article:

"It seems to me that half the girls in this place are named 'Tella.'"

Are you glad to get back to school?

1904.

At last! After much effort the girls have a new basket-ball.

Did you have a Merry Christmas?

Taylor is captain of the hockey team. We expect a good one.

Why was it that the scholars of Room No. 5 stayed after school the other day?

1905.

The first social of the class of 1905 was held at the home of Mr. Bradbury, '05. More than ninety were present, and everybody had a pleasant evening.

English History is not as easy as Hygiene.

Boys, let's have a good hockey team.

Did you pass the final examination in Hygiene?

Boys, come out for the track team.

We have a regular basket-ball coach now. Our team will soon be chosen.

Who stole the crackers, girls?

Don't get discouraged, 1905. You will win the debate next time.

LATIN SCHOOL HOCKEY.

The hockey team, which came out on the first day of skating, has defeated the High and Training School teams, and has been defeated by Waltham and Arlington in practice. In the Waltham game we were obliged to borrow a man from our opponents, and in the Arlington game Smith, the captain, was unable to play. Under these circumstances the two defeats are not surprising.

The schedule of Latin School games is:

Jan. 12, Newton High at Crystal Lake.

Jan. 15, R. M. T. S. at Spy Pond.

Jan. 22, B. E. H. S. at Spy Pond.

Jan. 25, Somerville High at Spy Pond.

Feb. 2, Cambridge High at Spy Pond.

Feb. 6, Melrose High at Melrose.

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DEBATING SOCIETIES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

At the regular meeting of December 7 the subject was: "Resolved, That the standing army of the United States should be increased." Affirmative, Mr. Pierce, '04; negative, Miss Helen White, '01. The debate was awarded to the negative. A very interesting discussion as to whether the city should equip and maintain the gymnasium in the Latin School, was carried on between the members and one of the school committee who was pres-

Nothing as yet has been done regarding the annual debate with the Latin School. It seems that the preliminary steps, at least, might be taken now.

Of the meeting of December 21, the least said the better. In the prevailing disorder the regular debate of the evening was not even attempted. In view of the people who started the ball rolling, it is very obvious that tickets to members only is not the remedy for the present state of affairs.

LATIN SCHOOL, DECEMBER 14TH.

This was the most poorly attended meeting we have had this year, there being only nineteen members present. A motion was passed, reading, "After the treasurer has asked a member three times for his dues and has received no satisfactory answer, he shall be empowered to go to the secretary and request him to strike the name of that person from the membership list."

As there was no more business the house proceeded to the debate of the evening: "Resolved, That the contract system of convict labor should be adopted." Affirmative, 1903, Crowley, Wyman, Good; negative, 1902, Murray, Smith, White. But one of the 1902

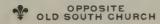
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speakers was on hand, Mr. Murray, and he should be given great credit for the way he worked. The judges, Messrs. Rivinius, O'Mahoney and Gauhan, awarded the debate to 1903.

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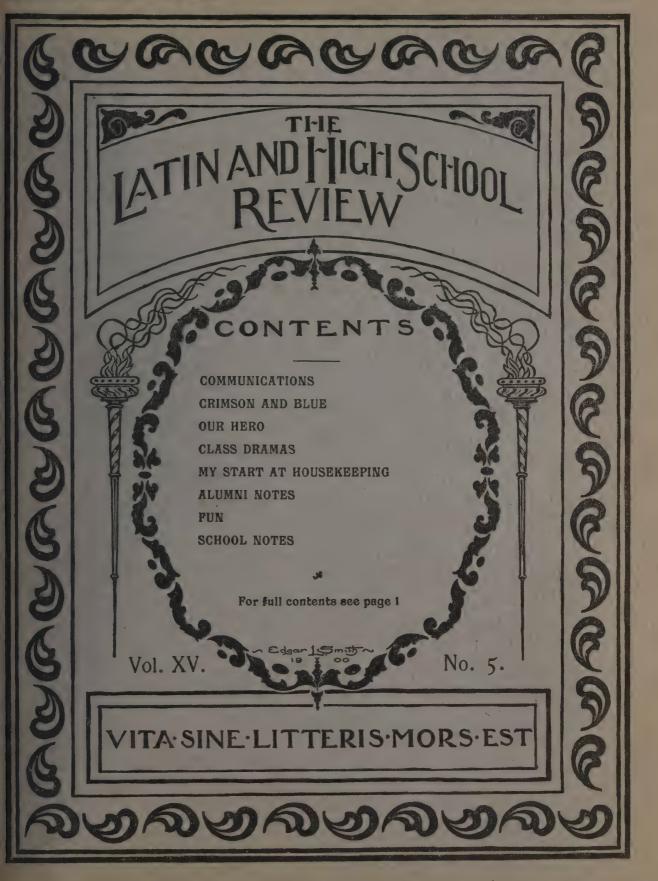
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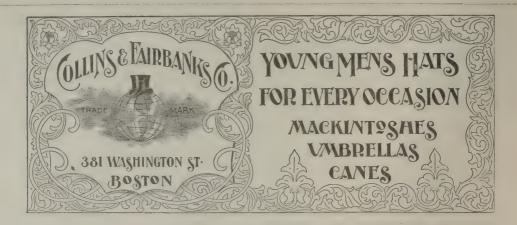
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. V.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY, 1901.

THE MONTH.

WASHINGTON AND ST. VALENTINE.

The man who pays ten cents for this magazine, as well as his less generous brother who borrows a copy, will see that the editor, if so disposed, has two subjects at hand for either of which he might feel justified in mounting his crippled Pegasus and steering in a beeline toward Parnasus—especially if he chose to sing of the merry old Saint. But alas! Our poetic steed, even though he snort and neigh at the very thought of the fourteenth of February, must be held fast by the halter. Even though he flap his wings in the stall and vainly endeavor to fly out the barn window, restless in the knowledge of what fine antics all other men's Pegasi are cutting today, we must shut the doors tight and lock him in. What editor of a school paper would venture to whisper the symbolism of the potent valentine—in other words, to write a serious discourse upon tender, unreasoning * * * * * ? Nay! Such thoughts are not for school children—they are in a different tempo from Latin and Greek.

You see we must pass the Saint by—he is not a fit subject for our contemplation—and turn to Washington. But for George Washington there would be up United States of America today, for without his hand to guide our adventurous course we must have been subdued by England, or having won the Revolution, must have split into a number of petty republics. In order that this great American hero may be brought forcibly to mind at least once a year, the twenty-second of February is set apart as a holiday throughout the country. Men do this to signify their respect—let us print this boldly in large letters—their LOVE. But the valentine also signified—we must be cautious when Cupid's in the case—love! Love, love; Love, love! February must be a fated month! Whatever way we turn we are forced to write 1-o-v-e! Would that all affection produced as happy results as Love! Would that it were as easy to do geometry as to fall in-Hold! Despite ourselves we are beginning a most rose-colored digression. Cupid! once again, you are out of order.

Young ladies and gentlemen, take the advice of a fatherly scribe and make this paper, which appears on the fourteenth, your only valentine; it will neither cause heart-burnings nor demand chaperones and ice cream. As for the twenty-second, we can only advise you, instead of wasting the whole day, to spend, at the lowest, five minutes in pondering over the greatest thing in the world—the love, greater even than that of the English people for Vic-

toria, the God-given love which every patriot owes the sacred memory of George Washington.



One question which we supposed was settled quite definitely last year has forced itself into prominence again on account of a misunderstanding. Shall the boys be allowed to attend the basket-ball games? We will not enter into any discussion of the merits of the question, for both Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Huling, who alone have the authority to permit or forbid, have wisely given their decision in the negative. If some few scholars feel this judgment tyrannical, and object, we cannot help it. If they are not able to see for themselves that the course chosen by our masters is undoubtedly the best one, their parents cannot fail to see for them. The misunderstanding that the boys would be allowed to witness match games came about in this manner. "A voung lady who is much interested in basketball asked Mr. Bradbury whether he would consent to the boys being present at the match games. After thinking a moment, he replied that if all the parents had no objections he was willing. The young lady not being exactly satisfied with this somewhat ambiguous reply, asked if he really meant it. Bradbury replied that he did. Then the young lady announced that the boys were to be admitted to the games unless some pare it objected. Since then Mr. Bradbury has explained to us and asked us in turn to explain to the pupils that, as he was and is sure that all the parents cannot be willing for the boys to attend the games, his answer was nothing less than a polite refusal. No boys allowed. These three words are certainly unequivocable.



Since we publish, this month, at least one communication apt to provoke considerable discussion, let us remind the readers that we do neither vouch for any communication, nor yet condemn it by publication. The question this time is one on which, as not being in the class of 1902, we are little qualified to render an opinion. We only hope that the members of that class, or any other class, will make free use of their school paper to discuss all questions in. Anyone may write a communication, the only stipulations being that the subject is one worth discussing, the article not unnecessarily lengthy, and the language gentlemanly. We should be especially pleased to receive more communications from the High School as it is most difficult for the editor to keep thoroughly in touch with affairs there.



This month we must not neglect to say a few words concerning the concert given under the auspices of the Latin School Alumni Association and the gift which they have been enabled to make the school from the proceeds of this concert. An account of the entertainment, together with the complete programme, may be found under "Alumni Notes" on page seventeen; therefore we will speak here only concerning the financial success of the undertaking. The primary object of the alumni concerned was to pay the debt incurred by publication of their catalogue, all surplus to be used for buying decorations for the school. The graduates paid for the catalogue at once and handed twenty-five dollars to Mr. Bradbury. But this twenty-five dollars is only an earnest of what is to come, for all money received from the sale of catalogues is to be added to it. There is no easier way for the scholars to aid the graduates, and by means of the graduates, their school, than by purchasing at least one copy of the catalogue. The pamphlet is very neatly gotten out, and, in addition to the catalogue proper, from 1841 to 1901, inclusive, contains a history of the school written by Mr. Bradbury. Anvone

may obtain a copy by sending twenty-five cents to George A. Goodridge, 12 Scott street. The editor of this paper will gladly show anyone interested a sample copy.



COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Review:

I desire to eall your attention, and the attention of each and every member of the Latin School, to the question of cheering. I have attended every league game, with the exception of the one with Hopkinson, in which the Latin School team has participated; and I do not consider that the standard of our cheering has been what it should be.

Everyone acknowledges that "Good cheering does a great deal to encourage at letes." This holds true whether in time of defeat or in the exciting moments of victory. All those who attended the game with Newton (the first league game of the season) will probably remember how finely Newton cheered. They will remember that when they cheered, it counted for something. When the Latin School rushed the ball down to Newton's fiveyard line, and it looked as if a touchdown would be secured, Newton cheered and encouraged her team. Brookline, too, cheered finely during her game with us.

Now how is this cheering secured? Only by practice. I understand, on the best of authority, that at Newton their cheers had been practiced on several different occasions before our game. This is also done by other schools near by.

The Latin School cheered her best during the game with High School, owing to the fact that at that game there was a much larger attendance than at any previous one. There is, however, no reason why a great deal of noise should not be made, even when only a few are in attendance. However, the cheering at the High School game was not what it should

have been. For example, the second cheer on the third page of the new cheer card beginning, "Hibbledi, Pibbledi," etc., was not used at all. Why? Because it was claimed that it was too hard. Yet there is not an easier cheer on the entire card after it is once learned. "Too hard" is a poor excuse. Then the third cheer on the same page beginning "Boom-chic-boom"; every time that it was given it ended in a mix-up. Last year we had a cheer similar to this one. Owing to the separation between the two schools it became necessary to alter the cheers. Yet few knew of this; hence the result. While I will admit that it does seem as if everyone should have been able to have read a chear from a card, yet I claim that if the cheers had been practiced before the game no such confusion would have resulted.

Again, we need a regular leader of the cheering, with one or two assistants. At every game this year there was great difficulty in securing some one to lead the cheering. At the game with Training School there was practically no cheering, owing to the failure to secure a leader.

Now how are we to remedy these evils? Allow me to offer two suggestions.

First, in the spring, before the base-ball season opens, let the athletic committee call a meeting of all those who intend to be present at the games, in order to practice cheering. I think that if the matter was properly laid before Mr. Bradbury he would allow us the use of the gymnasium for such a purpose.

Second, have a leader appointed from the senior class either by the atheletic committee or by the meeting, and two others to assist him, whose duties shall be to attend all the league games, get all of the Latin School people together in a mass, and have full charge of the cheering.

Then, and only then, I believe the cheering of the Latin School will be up to the standard,

set by the schools around about us. Let some action be taken so that Cambridge shall be eclipsed by no one.

A. INGHAM BICKNELL.



To the Editor of the REVIEW:

Since so much has been said both in favor of and also against drama of the class of 1902. C. L. S., let one of the members of the class venture to make known a few points with respect to the management of the same. Many people have questioned the writer concerning this matter and, that all may know more or less about it, this article is written.

In the first place, many compliments have been given to the actors. There is no doubt but that, with one or two exceptions, the best persons were secured for the drama. Many say some of the acting was the best they ever saw by amateurs, and the actors are to be congratulated on the success of the drama.

The management, on the other hand, could have been greatly improved. Nobody who knows much about the matter doubts this fact. People in general are speaking of the slack way in which the drama was managed. Many are disgusted with some of the weak points connected with the management.

A person, as a manager of anything, should keep a strict account of all the money that passes through his hands. It is commonly reported that our manager did not do this, but kept, or tried to keep, all the expenses and receipts in his head. Of course nobody, with so many things on his mind, could possibly keep all accounts clearly in mind for a week or two. The natural result, as in this case, is that many complain that the report of the expenses and receipts is incorrect. There is

no desire to hurt anyone's feelings, but another time a manager with ability and some knowledge of business ought to have charge of the drama.

Another strange and inexcusable fault to be found is that one of the secret societies had reserved seats. No reserved seats were advertised. Therefore we judge that the management considered the fifty cents of the members of the so-called T. H. L. to be worth more than the fifty cents of any other person attending the drama. Before these front-row seats, eight in all, were occupied by the persons for whom they were reserved, some peeple went up front and, seeing them unoccupied, proceeded to occupy them. The head usher at once informed the people, who had just seated themselves, that they must not sit there, for those seats were reserved. seems to me to be a great wrong which, although it cannot now be remedied, ought not to occur again. In fact, some people came in late and had to be content with back seats, others came in late and were escorted to good seats in the front row.

In closing, let me say, that if these few points, unimportant as they may seem to some in the class, are not avoided in the management of next year's drama, the members in charge will, by no means, receive the good will and interest of the people and the united support of the class. And these three things, the good will and interest of the people and the united support of the class, are needed in order to make a complete success of a drama. It is to be hoped that hereafter we shall have all things in our class so managed as to be of credit not only to our class, but also to the school.

THEODORE H. WILSON, 1902.



The Crimson and the Blue.

The coaches held up their hands to silence the crowd for they couldn't hear themselves talk, and retired into opposite corners of the spacious hall to give their last instructions to the girls. Then the whistles blew for the players to take their positions, two substitutes from each side were appointed as linesmen, and everything was ready for the start.

"I wonder if you use the Intercollegiate Rules," said the Radcliffe coach to the other, "perhaps we had better talk it over a little; it is not quite time to begin."

"Why, of course. I never thought of that. Here's a seat or two right behind us."

"Oh! I thought we were going to begin right away," said Brunny to her Yale neighbor disconsolately, "I've lost all my enthusiasm."

"Never mind, they will soon be through. I think our rules are about the same. Do you like guarding?"

"You'll find out that I do before I'm through with you," said Brunny, recovering all her lost spirit, "I'm a perfect Tartar."

"Well, what's the matter, you look positively forbidding, Brunny," said Miss Weston, also a guard, "do try to appear sweet-tempered at least." The Yale homes laughed, and their captain, the principal goal-thrower, began to practice from the foul-line.

"Just see those six girls almost embracing each other in the centre," exclaimed Reddy, "one would think that they belonged to the Alpha Alpha Society. How did they get acquainted so quickly?"

"Perhaps they are not as bashful as you are," said Bruny, mischievously; "you know that's one of your few faults."

"Stick that stray hair-pin in and stop talk-

ing, she is is going to blow the whistle," was the answer, and the girls straightened up and got into position as the whistle sounded, and the Radeliffe coach walked quickly up to the jumping-centres.

"How have you arranged about coaching?" shrieked Linny from under the basket.

"Oh, I am to coach you the first and third quarters and Miss Sedgewood (the other coach) the other two quarters."

A shrill blow from the whistle and the ball was high in the air with the jumping centres after it, while the spectators, who had been asked to refrain from applause during the game, looked on with intense interest. Yale's jumping centre batted the ball right into the front centre's hands and it worked its way quick as a flash into the goal-thrower's hand, and into the basket. The Yale girls were jubilant and Radcliffe was simply thunder-struck. Whispers such as "Aren't they rough?" and "Didyou see the awful fouls they made?" were heard on all sides, but the girls realized that they had to contend against excellent team-play and expressions of determination settled upon their faces. Yale, however, after a severe struggle, won the next goal, and then Linny got mad, and when that happened things flew.

"Miss Jennings, will you please ask our guards down there if they had just as soon guard as fool around in that infantile fashion? Have they entirely lost their senses?" This from Linny in tones which would have reached the guards had they been in the next building.

"How do you feel after that, Westy?" asked her chum.

"Oh, I feel as if my spinal trouble was coming on again, but do work—you are not doing a thing."

"Ditto," answered Brunny promptly, and just then she made a dive for the ball (which had just gone by Miss Weston), caught it, and sent it whirling back to her goal, and Linny calmly put it in. Westy looked envious and crest-fallen, while Brunny was triumphant. The ball was going on its way again, when suddenly everybody began to laugh and one elderly lady dropped her glasses over the balcony in her deep interest. Two girls with hair dishevelled and in the most excruciating positions, one on each side of the foul-line, were trying their best at once to retain their hold on the ball and to keep themselves from falling. The coach blew the whistle and came up laughing.

"Her hands are on top so I must have got it first," said the pale-faced girl innocently.

"Oh, you must excuse me," said the Yale girl, trying to be polite, "but anybody could see that I got it long before you did, didn't I girls?"

"Of course," said Yale.

"She did nothing of the sort," whispered their indignant opponents, and the coach said smilingly. "I'll throw it up between you."

"Time," sang out the four substitutes in concert; the Yale spectators cheered themselves hearse, the songs started up, and the teams, retiring to their respective corners, wrapped chemselves in their golf-capes, lay flat on the floor, and talked over the first quarter.

"Girls, we must work harder; you didn't seem to be half awake; what's the matter with you?" said Linny, trying to speak indignantly.

"Oh it's no use, you can't look dignified and speak effectively when you are in that position, so don't try it," said the pale-faced girl. "I'm sure I did my best to keep that ball and that's all the good it did."

"But don't you think their girls were awfully rough, Linny?" asked the girl who always looked nice. "Not half so rough as I intend to be before the game is over," answered Brunny; "do you think I'm going to lose my automobile?"

"Dear me! I shouldn't think you would care for one now," said the captain disdainfully, "they have been common for years."

"That's what I told you when you said that you adored a diamond engagement ring, and you informed me that an expensive diamond could never be common," was the retort.

"Oh, I'm so thirsty," moaned Miss Weston

"It serves you right for talking so much," responded her chum.

"Well, girls, don't get discouraged," said Miss Jennings, cheerfully, "you are playing very well indeed; you were a little dazed at first, that is all."

Meanwhile the Yale girls were flattering each other and trying hard not to appear too elated.

"They are all too nice-looking to be good players, anyway," said the guard with the freckles, who had been most energetic so far. The "would-be pretty girls" streked their back hair rather indignantly and they all proceeded to look around for hair-pins to hold their hair up through the next siege, while from the balconies fond mammas looked down upon mangled pompadour combs, sidecombs, and bracelets, scattered about the floor.

By that time the five minutes were up and Miss Sedgewood blew the whistle for the second quarter. Yale succeeded in scoring one goal, but Linny scored one, too; and what's more, two from the foul line, so the sides were even and the girls retreated to their corners again, nearly wild with excitement.

"If there is anything I hate it's a tie," broke out Brunny vehemently, kicking the ball along the floor.

"Linny, you played beautifully this time;

I don't see how you did it," said the palefaced girl enthusiastically.

"It's fortunate for you that someone plays beautifully," retorted Linny, and the girls sank back into the shelter of their golf-capes.

The third quarter was extremely exciting. All the girls seemed to realize that they must be getting their hard work in. Radcliffe worked as it had never worked before. Nothing could be heard save the stamp of the girls' feet as they landed from catching a ball, and thewhirr of the ball as it passed like lightning from one side to the other. Never had both sides been so evenly matched. Would no one get a goal? Yes, at last Yale's home-guard was taken at a disadvantage, and Linny scored a goal. The girls almost shricked with excitement, and the quarter ended with a score of 4-3 in favor of Radcliffe. The cheering was deafening, and the crowd outside took it up.

"Now, girls, for the last siege," said Linny breathlessly, "shall we ever get through it? I do hope there are plenty of hospitals about; I know I shall never be in a proper condition to go home."

"And to think that we are ahead of them," exclaimed Reddy enthusiastically, twirling around on one foot; "it's just too grand for words. Come, Westy, let's have a schottische just to celebrate."

"Girls, you must keep perfectly quiet," said Miss Jennings. "You will need every bit of your strength for the next tug-of-war. Don't lose what you have gained. Brunny, you are guarding extra well; I hope it will continue."

"Does your Yale friend ask you now how you like guarding, Brunny?"

"No, in our quiet moments she told me that I must be an affectionate little thing, so clinging, don't you know."

"Oh you little terror," exclaimed one of the girls, you will deserve your reward all right." In the opposite corner of the hall Miss Sedgewood was exhorting her girls to be of good courage. They, however, were quite disconsolate.

"Weren't there several fouls that Miss Jennings didn't count? I don't think she's a bit fair," pouted a Yale blond, assisted by a chorus of yeses.

"Now you mustn't think that just because they are ahead, we can't both look at things just alike. There's the whistle!"

"Brunny, do your worst," whispered Miss Western as they took their places; "we have simply got to win." It seemed, however, as if Yale had simply got to win. Were those mere girls who were working in such a superhuman fashion, every nerve on the alert, every muscle at its strongest tension? They got one goal and then another, and then another, and then-Radcliffe rose to the occasion. Could anything have surpassed the leap of her jumping centre as she sent the ball flying through the air to the back centre, from whom by the forward home it went straight to the basket? Could anything have surpassed the neatness and dispatch with which Linny put it in? But that was only the first of it. Three times it occurred in swift succession; the time was up, the game was won, and victory was theirs! The Radcliffe contingent in the audience fairly howled in their excitement. Bouquets of flowers tied with crimson ribbons rained down upon the exhausted girls, who were singing, dancing, embracing one another, and crying: "Oh, you just saved the game," "Didn't you do beautifully ?" and "Won't the girls at home be wild with envy?" The coaches were remarking what a clean game it had been and corgratulating each other on the fact that no one had been hurt.

Miss Jennings went up to the Yale team and said that she *must* compliment them on their team plays, which were the most effective she had ever seen. The girls were delightfully cordial, and said that they had enjoyed the game thoroughly and would work hard to score their success the next year.

Just as she was leaving, the Yale captain came up and said pleasantly, "We should like very much to show the girls over our rooms and have them take afternoon tea with us. Do you suppose you could arrange it? Please do," she said persuasively. "We should enjoy it so much, shouldn't we, girls?" The girls assented earnestly, and the coach said that she would see about it.

"What do you think, girls," she said to her team just as they were leaving the 'gym,' "the Yale girls have invited you to visit their rooms and take afternoon tea with them, isn't that returning good for evil?"

"Why, how lovely of them," said Brunny ecstatically, "I'm so thirsty!"

Choruses of "Aren't they kind?" and "Isn't it too sweet of them?" and "Oh, if we only could," greeted her ears; so she concluded to let them go.

Brunny ran up to a mournful looking "sub" and said sweetly, "Do you know I tried my best to break a bone, or faint, or something like that, so as to give you a chance to play, but somehow couldn't manage it. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Brunny, do keep quiet and get ready as fast as you can; we shall have to hurry! Oh! you are all ready, aren't you? What a quick little minx you are? Well then, kindly spend your leisure moments in getting that dress-suit case of yours off my hat; I may decide to wear it home."

"Oh, excuse me," said Brunny, waltzing round, and running into a Yale girl who drew back laughing, "I wouldn't offend you for the world. Here's a button-hook on one of the ostrich feathers."

"Thanks; I've just been looking everywhere for it. Now are we all ready? and the captain led the way out of the locker-rooms, followed by both the crimson and the blue.

"Just hear the cheering outside," whispered Miss Western; "the news is probably all over the place by this time."

"We can get to the other buildings without being seen by anyone at all through a side entrance," said a Yale girl to Reddy. You can have your dress-suit cases sent to the hotel from here, so you won't have those to tire you. Where are you, at the Reed!"

"Yes, I'm thankful it's so near."

The girls went over the library and the auditorium, which were in the same building, and then visited the two dormitories, and were quite enthusiastic.

"I think the rooms are too sweet for anything, and I should like it all if it wasn't for that horrid shade of blue everywhere," whispered Reddy to a Yale blond who, in her excitement, she thought was Linny. The girl was justly indignant, but Reddy never found out her mistake, so ignorance was bliss.

A little later they were all scattered through the rooms, taking tea in the cosiest manner in the world and chattering like magpies.

"I wonder what makes Brunny so quiet," said Miss Jennings, smiling over at the young lady in question, who looked thoughtful, but who was in reality eyeing a bottle of olives under the sofá.

"She's wondering what color she had best have her auto-coat, though everybody knows she will have red; she thinks it's so becoming," said Reddy.

"The only trouble is I couldn't ask you to go driving with me if I got that color," said Brunny musingly. "It wouldn't go well with your hair," and Reddy laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, we must be getting back to the hotel if we expect to get any dinner," said Miss Jennings, "but I suppose it will be hard to get you girls away, you are having such a good time."

"How I wish you could all stay over," said the Yale captain; "we are going to give an operetta next week and we always have no end of fun."

"It's very, very kind of you I'm sure," said

Brunny seriously, "but we can't possibly—midyears."

That one word roused the girls in a minute and soon they were all at the entrance bidding each other good-by.

"We'll see all of you again next year," chimed the crimson. E. R. J., 1901.

Our Hero.

It is a fine thing to be the hero of a novel, especially if you know it.

Our Hero had laid aside his armor and as he looked out upon the starry night, he turned over in his mind the events of the day. Certainly they had been numerous; it had taken five chapters to narrate them, but they were the last five chapters of the book, so now he was to have a short rest.

At four that morning—his regular time of rising in order to get in a full day's workhe had been awakened by the sharp snap of steel. He had started up and found to his unutterable astonishment that a large beartrap, skilfully concealed in the mat upon which it was his custom to place his foot when arising, had been set off by the motions of an unsuspecting mouse. With a hurried prayer of thanks for his delivery from this fiendish snare he arose and hastily threw open the casement. A faint glimmer of dawn was just lighting up the peaks of the castle towers. Suddenly the sound of retreating hoofs struck his ear and his face assumed a stern expression as through his clenched teeth he hissed, "The Villain from the Dell."

Dressing was the work of but a moment and in thirty-three seconds more he had saddled his impatient steed. He was about to mount when he heard the soft rustle of skirts upon the castle stairs. He paused to listen and as he did so his heart gave a thrill within him and he fervently kissed the saddle-post; for had not her hand rested upon it that memorable night? Was not his Heroine approaching? Under the circumstances, was it not entirely fitting for our Hero to be mildly insane? The rustle was coming nearer, one more second and he would behold the fairest of all mortals. Ah! here she was; his heart leaped only to sink to the depths of despair:—it was the cook coming down to start the fire.

Our Hero said nothing, but dug his spurs viciously into the poor animal he had quickly mounted, and in three seconds he was a spot on the distant road. As he shot through the stone archway, he heard a faint cry, and turning in his saddle he saw, to his dismay, his fair one prostrate upon the pavement with the faithful cook pouring water from a bucket pallid face.

He had no time for reflection; his business was before him. After three hours of hard riding, he noticed that his faithful charger was feeling faint and remembered with horror that the poor beast had eaten nothing for eight and forty hours. Careless of the fact that he himself was hungry, he dismounted and from the roadside plucked a bunch of fresh spring flowers which he administered to his horse. After this meal the animal appeared much refreshed and the wonted luster shone in his fiery eye; like his master, he was

keen for adventure. Our Hero now remounted and was again fast in pursuit of the Villain. He had covered twenty leagues and three rods when suddenly a voice broke the stillness.

"Ha, Ha! I guess I have you this time."
Our Hero pulled up. It was the Villain.

Our Hero was surprised, but in his breast there was no place for fear. The Villain's heart sank as he noticed that not a bear-trap was to be seen anywhere upon the person of the Hero; his plan had miscarried; all was lost. But he was not a man to sell his life cheaply, so he prepared to fight until the last drop of blood in his body should have congealed.

Our Hero saw determination written upon every line of his antagonist's face, but he also remembered that he was the Hero and this was the Villain and that the fight could end but one way. He took out a cigarette and lit it. Then a sudden feeling of compassion for this poor mortal, who was really a good man at heart and only a Villain because the pen of an all-powerful author so willed it, swept over his frame and with an impulsive motion he thrust forward his box of cigarettes. At first a look of wily distrust crept into the face of the Villain, but, looking up into the open countenance of our Hero, he could not doubt his sincerity, and a tear glistened upon his tawny cheek as he took one of the proffered cigarettes. Then he looked confused and hung his head—he had no match. Pride forbade his mentioning the fact to his benefactor-indeed he was no beggar.

By this time they were riding back, side by side; still, the Villain had no light; still, in pride, he forbore to mention the fact. Our hero, thinking of the fair one at home and of the joy that awaited him upon his return—for surely the book must be drawing to a close—had smoked his cigarette until there was but a small portion left. The Villain, with

hungry eyes, had been watching the process the while, and just as our Hero was on the point of casting aside the useless remnant cried,

"Stay, Sire! Spare me that stump!"

The Hero arrested his arm in mild surprise and turned his gaze upon his companion. He perceived the hungry eye which was watching the dying glow in the end which our Hero had all but thrown away, and for the first time noticed that the Villain was without a light. His eyes in turn filled with tears as he realized the dogged endurance of the man. After quickly supplying his companion's want he clasped him by the hand.

"Truly thou art no villain, man. Henceforth thou shalt be my friend. I have a sister at the castle who will be right glad to wed thee when I tell her of thy gallant forbearance."

"Thou hast a generous and a noble heart," returned the other, and from that time the Villain and our Hero were the best of friends.

Meanwhile little birds had flown to the castle—for how else could the author get the news there?—and told of the approach of the Villain and our Hero riding side by side. After the first surprise of this startling intelligence had subsided, all was bustle in the castle to prepare a fitting reception for those who were about to arrive, and a fitting scene for the close of the story. After a hasty consultation it was decided that the end must take place in the banquet hall. So when our travelers arrived towards evening, they were received with the wildest enthusiasm.

While the Villain was washing his face and hands—a sure sign that he had reformed—our Hero took his sister aside and after relating his adventures, told her that she was to marry the Villain. So when that personage came down, he was received with such a charmingly coy glance, that he fell in love

at first sight and commenced a very happy wooing, which ended to his and the lady's satisfaction. Meanwhile what has become of our Hero? Ah! he has found his fair one out in the garden, seated upon a rustic bench overhung by a rose bush, upon which the roses seem pale in comparison with our Heroine's blush as she catches sight of our Hero approaching.

Now, dear reader, it is time for us to leave them, for what happened in the garden no one knows, but when our Hero appeared at the feast with his lady upon his arm, he wore in his button-hole a rose from the bush under which the two had sat, and in his hand, nibbling at a small piece of cheese, sat the mouse which had saved the life of our Hero early that morning, wearing a small red ribbon about his neck.

Our Hero heaved a sigh as he turned away from the window and prepared for a good night's rest. Tomorrow was to be the last day of the story; the chapter was headed "In Conclusion"; he would be married and start in on his peaceful life, which would be "happy ever after." One thing he looked forward to with the greatest anticipation,—he would be able to get three square meals a day, and these at the proper time. A Hero when in the performance of his duty is lucky if he gets any meals at all, and those he does get are generally hurried.

E. L. S., 1901.

"ICH BIN DEIN."

In tempus old a hero lived Qui loved puellas deux, Il ne pouvait pas quite to say Laquelle he loved le mieux.

Dit-il lui-même un beau matin, "Non possum both avoir; Sed si address Amanda Ann, Then Kate and I have war."

Amanda habet argent coin, Sed Kate has aureas curls; Et both sunt very agathae, Et quite formosae girls.

Enfin the youthful Anthropos, Philom the duo maids; Resolved proponere ad Kate, Devant cet evening's shades. Procedens then to Kate's domo, Il trouve Amanda there; Kai quite forgot his last resolves. Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis, Between puellas twain; Coepit to tell his love à Kate, Dans une poetique strain.

Mais glancing ever and anon At fair Amanda's eyes; Illae non possunt dicere, Pro which he ment his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow, With cheeks as rouge as wine; And offering, each, a milk white hand, Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."—Ex.



SENIOR DRAMA-LATIN SCHOOL.

The senior drama and dance of the Latin School, given January 25th at the Newtowne Club, was both financially and socially a great success. No greater proof that the people present all had a good time is needed than the fact that the floor was crowded up to the last minute of the dance, which did not end until half-past twelve.

The criticism which we print below, although published under an assumed name, is the work of one of the best known amateur actors and critics in Cambridge. We know that everyone will thank him for his opinion, which, needless to say, is that of an unprejudiced and extremely competent judge.

The whole cast was:

Frederick Salmon ... Irving N. Linnell Paul Turbot ... Gustav E. Carstein Herbert Grayling ... Harold M. Jones Dr. Pollock ... S. Raphael Masstrangialo Signor Pescatore ... Harold W. Bennett Crab ... Ralph II. Croswell Mrs. Salmon ... Miss Eva R. Jackson Maud ... Miss Florence G. Jones Rosa ... Miss Lillian M. Barbour Minna ... Miss Madeleine Wood

We must not neglect to thank Miss Daggett and Miss Sears for the delightful music which they rendered between the acts. The orchestra was Niles'.

Here is the criticism:

The farcial comedy, "No. 728," was played by members of the senior class, C. L. S., at the Newtowne Club hall on January 25th, 1901. The performance was one of commendable smoothness and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience present. It was evident that the parts had been faithfully studied and the actors carefully coached. The Frederick Salmon of I. N. Linnell was intelligent and vigorous, and the old man's varying emotions were depicted with skill. H.

M. Jones as Herbert Grayling was somewhat uneven. He lacked animation at times, and frequently his voice was so low that it was inaudible in the back of the hall. G. E. Carstein did the little that fell to his lot as Paul Turbot creditably and was droll in the tableau with which the second act closes. S. R. Masstrangialo, in the part of Dr. Pollock, showed that he had a good idea of that sleek swindler's personality and his pompous reiteration of "We shall change all that" was quite amusing. H. W. Bennett had an admirable conception of the rôle of Signor Pescatore and had mastered the dialect in which that vivacious individual is supposed to express himself—no light task. If he showed a tendency to exaggeration—to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" a shade too much—it was erring in the right direction. At all events, his efforts caught the fancy of the spectators, who applauded lustily whenever he appeared. Of the ladies, Miss Jackson, as Mrs: Salmon, was easily first. She was natural and graceful and her lines were "well spoken, with good accent and good discretion." Misses Jones and Barbour, as the younger ladies, were pleasing, the latter's acting in what may be called "the window scene" being bright and dainty. The minor parts were acceptable. One or two errors of pronunciation were Are the pupils of the Latin School taught to pronounce "quagmire," for example, as if its second syllable rhymed with 'fear'?

M. T. HEAD.

The management, under Mr. Chapin and Mr. Ammidon, was unusually well conducted. The catering—contrary to the general order of catering at class dramas—was excellent and everything was carried through exactly as planned. The drama netted ninety-two dollars.

DRAMA AND DANCE, C. L. S., 1902.

The first of the series of class dramas was presented by the class of 1902, Cambridge Latin School, January 18, 1901, at the Newtowne Club. As far as I can remember, the audience was the largest I have ever seen at a class drama, a circumstance which proves that the class of 1902 has lost none of its well known energy and determination, and which reflects much credit upon the management. The drama was "Our Regiment," a piece which has often been presented by amateur clubs. The programme read as follows:

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Dobbinson (a retired merchant)...

Edward H. Baker, Jr.

Mr. Ellaby (his friend)...Timothy F. Burns
Captain Fetherson (8th Lancers).....

James N. Hood
Guy Warrener (8th Lancers)......

George H. Brainard
Rev. John Talbot (curate at Mudborough)......Carlton N. Fish
Batters (Dobbinson's servant).....

Girard H. Child
Mrs. Dobbinson.....Alice L. Waugh
Olive (her daughter)....Margaret Arnold
Enid Thurston (Mr. Dobbinson's niece
and ward).....Grace W. Wilson
Maud Ellaby (Ellaby's niece)......

Amey B. Eaton

Scene—Mudborough-on-Slush.

Act. 1. Drawing-room at Mr. Dobbinson's.

Act. 2. Morning-room at Mr. Ellaby's.

Act. 3. Mr. Dobbinson's Grounds.

With respect to the acting itself, although the house gave very liberal applause to all, I am inclined to think that the success was due to the fine acting of a few individuals, rather than to the work of the cast as a whole. Although none of the acting was poor, still that of some was much better than that of others. As a whole, the parts of the men were better than those of the ladies.

Foremost among those deserving praise stands George H. Brainard, who took the part of Guy Warrener, a very dandifyed lieutenant of the 8th lancers. It is difficul: to imagine a character better suited to Mr. Brainard's natural voice and manner than was that of the young English officer, determined to acquire a fortune and able to give in exchange nothing but himself—as Mr. Brainard played it, quite enough to surrender for any sum of money. Edward H. Baker, Jr. (Mr. Dobbinson), impersonated his character so well that he was a close second in his bid for popular approval, and he surely deserved to be; for he brought out all that was in his part. He could do no Mr. Dobbinson, however well acted, must, by will of the playwright, be inferior to Mr. Warrener if he be well taken. Mr. Burns depicted the good-hearted but somewhat irascible military fiend with considerable skill and finish. Mr. Fish, as Rev. John Talbot, feigned the embarrassment and confusion required in his part very neatly. Mr. Hood -Capt. Fetherston-looked his part well, but did not, I think, quite reach the standard set by the others. Mr. Child made a good servant, except that his "Hinglish" was rather overdone.

Among the ladies Miss Alice Waugh (Mrs. Dobbinson) unquestionably deserves first place. The superior manner in which she ordered Mr. Dobbinson about never failed to provoke a laugh. It is a pity her make-up was not a little better. The three other young ladies, Miss Arnold, Miss Wilson and Miss Eaton, all acted fairly well. To speak the truth, their parts did not give them half a chance. Possibly of these three, Miss Wilson deserves special mention.

HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next number of the Review will appear Thursday, March 14. All contributions must be handed in by March 1. All departments—class notes included—must be in by February 28.



Boys of 1902, both High and Latin School, -Wake up! Come out and try for the position of business manager of the Review next year. The position will be given to the man who does the best work for the Review up to June. The training would benefit any one of you. Remember that the decision will be made on merit, and do the best work you can. All who wish to try must apply immediately to Linnell, '01, Latin School.

IRVING N. LINNELL, B.M.



The contest for the literary prizes offered by the Review closes, as stated last month, March 1. If you desire a position on the editors' staff you can do more toward getting it by making an earnest attempt to write a good story than in any other way. Moreover, the first prize of five dollars is worth trying for. Every scholar in the fifth class of the Latin School or the fourth class of the High School should write for the two dollar prize to be awarded in his class. For particulars concerning these prizes see column of "Announcements" in the January Review.



The class of 1902, English High School, will give the last of the series of four class dramas on February 21 at the Newtowne Club. Tickets are fifty cents.



The contest of the class track teams for the cup will be held in the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association on Saturday, March second, at two o'clock.

ALUMNI NOTES.

January 15, 1901, a concert was given by the Alumni Association, under the management of Mr. Benshimol. The object primarily was to get money to decorate the Latin School; incidentally, to pay debt incurred by the association in issuing their catalogue. Although the payment of this debt was only incidentally an instrument, it is an important factor: the catalogue will be helpful in organizing the alumni for future collection for this purpose.

Both graduates and undergraduates took great interest in this concert, and although them a large number of tickets were sold. Certainly all who attended it felt amply repaid, for the concert was a great success. The programme was as follows:

Harvard's Day.....Smith
Fair Harvard,
Glee Club.

Mr. Charles Williams.

Mosquito Parade......Whitney Banjo Club.

Mr. Charles Williams, reader, was received with a greal deal of enthusiasm, and was several times forced to respond to the hearty applause. Mr. Charles Locke, soloist, sang Bartlett's "Come to me, Sweetheart" most beautifully. All the clubs were much enjoyed and the mandolin and glee clubs together were most effective.

The concert was a success financially as well as musically, since the alumni have been able to pay the catalogue debt besides making a very considerable present to the school.

E. R., '01.

Ernest R. Cram, '92, has gone with Prof. Pickering from Harvard College Observatory to Mandeville, Jamaica, to take advantage of the clearer atmosphere of the tropics to get photographs of the moon.

The engagement is announced of Anna Mabel Vaughan, '93, to James L. Pugh.

On June 28, 1900, Frank C. Chamberlin. '89, married Gertrude D. Sprague, E. H. S.

Dr. Willis B. Holmes, '92, who taught at the Institute of Technology last year, is now teaching chemistry at Chicago University.

An article is to appear in the American Naturalist on "Plants used by the Indians east of the Mississippi," written by Lucia S. Chamberlin, '92.

The engagement is announced of Helen Fuller, '94, to Howland Dudley, '91.

Fanny Rogers, '93, is in the office of the Institute of Technology.

Arthur D. Wyman, C. L. S. '97, Harvard '01, has been provisionally entitled to degree with distinction and to commencement parts this coming June.

Robert D. Wrenn, C. L. S. '91, has been elected a member of the New York stock exchange.



BASKET BALL (HIGH SCHOOL).

The teams are now getting in some earnest work in preparation for their match game, which will probably take place the first of March. 1901 has been very fortunate in securing for coach Miss Herrick, a teacher in Dr. Sargent's gymnasium. In spite of good coaching and earnest work on the part of the girls out, it is impossible to make a championship team with so few taking interest. If more girls would try for the team, then each girl on the team would have to work hard to keep her place. This is not alone true of 1901, but of most of the other teams in the High School. It seems almost impossible to get more than seven or eight girls out, and sometimes not as many. If by any chance nine girls should come out on the same day, the hour must be spent in one-sided practice, unless they are fortunate enough to find some other team willing to practice with them, and this is not always nice as the other team would receive the benefit of the coaching.

At the beginning of last year more interest was taken in basket-ball, or rather, more girls took interest in it, as the few who do come out this year, show no lack of enthusiasm, and two teams were often formed in one class to practice against each other. This year it is difficult to get enough for one team. Now it does seem as if in classes as large as ours at least fourteen girls could be found who

would show some class spirit and take an interest in the team. With fourteen girls out, we could practice seven on a side; then when a game is to be played the nine best players would be chosen, the rest acting as substitutes. Besides giving the girls better practice, this would spur each one on to do her best in her desire to be one of the chosen nine.

NEWTON HIGH, 8; c. l. s., 7.

On Saturday, January 19, our basket-ball team played their first game at Newton, and were defeated by the score of 8 to 7. Many people, however, think that the score should have been 7 to 6 in favor of Cambridge, as there was a misunderstanding about calling time, and Newton's final goal was made at the very last moment of play.

About fifty Cambridge girls accompanied the team, and witnessed a game which was more like foot-ball than basket-ball. The Newton girls have a very rough style of playing, and the game was won by mere bodily strength, which is contrary to our idea of good basket-ball. No one seemed able to keep on her feet, and line fouls were constant.

The game was peculiar in that Cambridge's score was gained entirely on Newton's fouls. Miss Webb distinguished herself by her fine free throws. Nearly all the Cambridge girls played well individually, but there appeared to be a lack of team-work. Several players

were slightly injured during the game, but were able to continue playing after a short rest.

The line-up:

Cambridge. Newton.

Homes.

Miss Murray...... Miss Adams
Miss Sears, Miss Rae...... Miss Dill
Guards.

Field goals, Miss Walworth, 2.

Goals from fouls, Miss Webb, 7; Miss Mears 4.

BASKET-BALL-'02 vs. '02.

Tuesday, January 29th, a very close match game was played between '02 and '03, C. L. S. In the first half one free goal was made by Miss S. Webb, '03, and a field goal by Miss H. Johnson, '03; nothing was gained by '02. In the second half Miss Russell made a field goal for '02, but nothing else was gained for either side.

Total score, 3 to 2 in favor of '03.

E. R., '01.

Accepted schedule for basket-ball championship games (subject to change):

Monday, Feb. 18. Monday, Feb. 25. 1901-1902. 1901-1904. 1903-1904. 1902-1905. Wednesday, Feb. 20. Wednesday, Feb. 27. 1903-1905. 1902-1903. 1902-1904. Friday, March 1. 1901-1903. Thursday, Feb. 21. 1901-1905. 1904—1905.

GETTING TO THE POINT.

FIRST ATTEMPT.

"Miss Lello, I've bought the nicest little cottage,

The snuggest nook, just big enough for two;

But ere I fit it up, I'd like to ask you
If you—if you—

I mean, if you would paper pink or blue?"

SECOND ATTEMPT.

I really think I'm getting rather ancient—
Was twenty-eight upon the first of May—
So I've resolved, that is, if you will help me,
To find—to find—
Something to keep my hair from turning

THIRD ATTEMPT.

What would you say if I—if I should tell you,

That there is no one half so dear to me.

In all the wide, wide world, or e'en in heaven,

As is—As is—

In these cold days, a cosy cup of tea.

LAST ATTEMPT.

About this oak and vine affair, I'm thinking I'd really like the oak—no vine—to act, Provided some sweet girl, or you for instance, Would act—would act—.

She,—"The vine?"
He,—"That's it."
She,—"I'd try."
He,—"In fact?"
She,—"In fact."
M. B. D., '02.



"This is on you," said the rain cloud, as he caught sight of the man without an umbrella.

"Rubber," said the man, as he drew on his waterproof and went on his way rejoicing.

"I see the iron workers are going out. It's funny they always go on a strike when work is plentiful."

"I suppose it is all due to that old adage, 'Strike while the iron is hot.'"

It doesn't naturally follow, because a man lives in an attic that he is rheumatic, any more than if he has a false set o' teeth that he has a falsetto voice.

Willie—What do they make talking machines of, Pa?

Papa—The first one was made of a rib, my son.

"Father," said Johnny, "are all beams made of wood?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then what kind of wood is the sun-beam made of?"

"Oh, some kind of light wood, I suppose," he said, never looking up from his work.

Teacher—The sentence, "My father had money" is in the past tense. Now what tense would it be if you said, "My father has money?"

Little Mary—Oh, that would be pretence.

Customs Inspector—This can't be your photo. It is of a very lean man.

Passenger—Yes; but foreign travel has fattened me up. I almost doubled my weight while abroad.

Customs Inspector—Then I shall have to charge you for foreign grown meat."

" Λ great deal depends on one's figure when it comes to a matter of success in the drama," said the actress.

"Yes," remarked Senator Sorghum, "and in politics I've often noticed that a great deal often depends on your figure, too."

"And where," said the orator, "where did trusts originate?"

"In Rhode Island," remarked the man in the audience. "Did we not always have trust in Providence?"

"I think that hospital doctor would make a very good ward politician," said the man who always has a new one to spring.

"Why so," said his friend.

"Because he has always seemed to me to be a good ward healer," said the man, with the chuckle of a fiend.

"That man has come to be a regular bookworm," said Smith.

"I should rather, from his interest in geometry, call him an angle worm," rejoined Brown.

Lady (to French guide)—What do you think of my French?

Guide (courteously)—It is vonderful, madame. In all my life I neffer before have heard anysing like it.

"Was Colonel Bluegrass pleased with the brandied peaches which we sent him while he was convalescing?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Brown. He said he was not ill enough to eat them, but that he thoroughly appreciated the spirit in which they were sent." THE WAY TO STUDY.

Just scratch your head, And pull your hair

And roll your eyes in a glassy stare, And tumble off to bed.

They were at the base-ball game and the umpire had just called foul. "I don't see any feathers," she whispered. "No dear," he replied. "This is a picked nine."

Teasing Friend—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

Tommy (indignantly)—It don't cry so very much; and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I fancy vou'd feel like crying yourself!

> Of all sad words Of tongue or pen, The saddest are these-I've flunked again.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman.

"Yes, there's a god eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

We sat alone, while round about The darkness settled o'er us, Till prudent Mother moon came out And satellite before us.

Herr Scheel tells of a conscientious cornet player in one of his orchestras who gave an unexpected rendering of a well-known passage.

"Let's have that over again," requested Scheel, surprised at hearing a note which was not in the score.

Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Because it's nothing without its tail.

The note was sounded again and again.

"What are you playing?" he asked at last.

"I am blaying what am on ze paper," said the cornet player. "I blay vat is before me."

"Let me have a look." The part was handed to the conductor. "Why, you idiot," he roared, "can't you see that this is a dead fly ?"

"I don't care," was the answer, "he was there, and I blayed him."

A minister having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentleman his candid opinion of it; he replied that "'Twas good, but it had spoiled a goose worth two of it."

Pusher—Gusher is not very happy in his choice of adjectives.

Usher-Why so?

Pusher-Miss Gumms fished for a compliment by asking what he thought of her slip-

Usher—And what did he say? Pusher—He said they were immense.

Canvasser—Do you wish to subscribe anything to the aid of the Society for the Suppression of Crime?

Man of the House-Do you make anything out of this yourself?

Canvasser—Certainly. The society pays me a commission on all I collect.

Man of the House—Then it is better for you that I should not subscribe anything.

Canvasser-Why so?

Man of the House-Why, if I should subscribe and crime should be suppressed, you would be out of a job.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

December 23, the meeting was called to order at 8.15. Owing to the absence of the appointed speakers, the society went into a committee of the whole, with Mr. Hosmer in the chair, and a hash debate occupied the rest of the evening. Meeting adjourned at 9.10.

January 11, the meeting was called to order at 8.05. The debate of the evening was the first class debate between 1903 and 1904 over the subject: "Resolved, That the Nicaragua canal should be built and operated by the United States." Class 1904, affirmative, Mr. Pierce, '04, Mr. Parker, '04; class 1903, negative, Miss Clark, '03. The jury, consisting of Mr. Stephens, 99, Mr. Priest, '02, and Mr. Gove, '01, awarded the debate to the affirmative. Meeting adjourned at 9.15.

Special meeting, January 16. The purpose of this meeting was to decide whether 1901 or 1902 should debate 1904 next. After some discussion a vote was taken, which resulted in favor of 1902 debating 1904 at the next regular meeting. Meeting adjourned at 2.05.

Special meeting, January 21. The purpose of this meeting was to decide whether the 1902 vs. 1904 debate should be postponed a week. After a few arguments on both sides a vote was taken, with the result in favor of the postponement of the debate one week.

LATIN SCHOOL.

January 4th, 1900.

On January 4th occurred the third in the series of class debates, the contesting parties being the classes of 1903 and 1904. The subject was: "Resolved, That the United States government should complete the Nicaraguan Canal," and the speakers, Messrs. Rivinius, O'Mahoney, and Burton, 1904, and Messrs. Bailey, Thompson and Taft, 1903. The lower class took a broader view of the subject, and combined with effective delivery, they man-

aged to defeat the third class quite easily. The judges of this debate were Miss Sullivan and Messrs. Ammidon and Bennett. The president, at this meeting, was empowered to appoint a committee to arrange for the joint debate with the High School.

January 11th, 1901.

The president appointed the following to serve as a committee to arrange for the High School debate: Messrs. White, O'Mahoney and Taft. This meeting saw the last of the class debates, 1904 vs. 1901. 1904 had defeated 1905. 1903 had defeated 1902 and 1904 at the previous meeting had lowered the colors of 1903; so now 1904 was entitled to meet the seniors for the championship. The debated question was: "Resolved, That the one term of seven years." Those to represent 1904 were Messrs. Potter, Rogers and O'Mahoney, and those from 1901 were Messrs. Hubbard, Ammidon and Bennett. The debate was excellent, and although they had been given but a week in which to prepare their speeches, the speakers showed a great familiarity with the subject and gave the judges a hard task to decide the winner. The speech of O'Mahoney stood out among the others as being an exceptionally well written debate, and he scored the other speakers heavily more than once. The judges, Messrs. Garfield, Detlefsen and Taft, after a long discussion, awarded the debate to 1901 by a vote of 2 to 1.

February 1.

The election of officers for the second half year took place on February 1st and resulted as follows: President, P. R. Ammidon, 1901; vice president, Amos White, 1902; secretary, C. W. Burton, 1904; treasurer, E. L. Thompson. The members of the rhetorical committee are, besides the vice president, Messrs. Detlefsen, Wyman, Taft, 1903; Rogers, 1904, and Ellsbree, 1905.

My Start at Housekeeping.

Jack and I had been married in June, and after a glorious summer in England, were speeding along towards New York, longing to feel our feet once more on terra firma and realizing as we never had before that there is no place like home.

We were to stay for a few days with friends in New York and then make a bee-line for Boston and take up our abode in a pretty little suburban home of mother's choosing. It was to be a furnished flat, not too far from the cars; there must be a sunny window for plants, plenty of passers-by to watch, at least one electric button to push and green paper on the dining room, and upon our arrival we must be greeted by a dog, two cats and a cook.

These were my imperative desires, and mother had written that she had found just the thing and had engaged it upon the spot. So we could enjoy fully our short stay in New York without being haunted with visions of the nightmare of house-hunting to follow.

We had arrived and were waiting at the hotel for our friends to meet us when someone brought a telegram to Jack which demanded that he be in Boston that very night. I was rather put out at having my plans overturned in so peremptory a manner, but Jack said it couldn't be helped, and I consoled myself without much difficulty with the thought of seeing mother and our little home all the sooner—and besides our New York friends were Jack's relatives. There was no time to lose and before we knew it telegrams had been sent to all concerned and we were rattling on towards home.

Jack had to leave me in Boston in order to keep his appointment, so we decided that I had better go to mother's for the night and we would go together to our own cosy nest next day. All the way out in the car I was picturing to myself the surprise I was to give them at home, and I read my last letter no less than three times, imagining the details of our little apartment and faneying myself taking possession.

First, I would be greeted by the cook and I must summon all my dignity to impress her at once with my authority so that she would never suspect that my sole accomplishment in the domestic line was making foam sauce. I did not intend being managed by my maid, as many of my young friends were. After a few general remarks, I would say, "Rosa"— I had decided that her name would be Rosa and fancied her a shy, rosy-cheeked little thing of about my own size—" Rosa, we will have spring lamb and green peas for dinner tonight and you might stir up a simple pudding for dessert. Come to me about the sauce and I will show you about it, for Mr. Midon must have his pudding sauce to suit him."

This speech I considered the essence of diplomacy, for stirring up a pudding sounded both off-hand and technical, and it not only gave importance to Jack by hinting that he was particular about his food, but also gave me full scope for my culinary powers at the send-off. I would begin by teaching her one concoction and she would look upon me in awe believing, doubtless, that I knew as much about all cookery as I did about pudding sauce, and I really was proficient in that art.

I was still confronting an imaginary domestic as I went up the street and it was not until I had rung the bell three times that I noticed the closed up appearance of the house.

I rang again furiously but the sound only echoed through the house and no one appeared

in answer to my summons. I rattled the door-knob and shook the window shutters, but all were firmly fastened and would not give way an inch for all my pulling. Evidently no one was at home, and it was already dark. Where could they be? Oh dear, dear, dear, it was too discouraging! To have come home from Europe, after four months' absence, expecting to take everyone by surprise and be met with open arms and tears of gladness—to have looked forward to this—and then return to be confronted only by staring walls and closely barred doors. It was too much!

After about five minutes of hysterics I felt better and set about deciding what it was best for me to do. I had the address of my little apartment in my satchel and I decided to try my luck at begging shelter at my own door.

I waited fifteen minutes for a car, rode for a half an hour over the roughest track it has ever been my experience to encounter, finally alighted at the foot of Parker Road and, after a short walk, stood in front of the "Albermarle," footsore and weary, and far from realizing the thrill of delight which I had expected to experience with my first glance at the residence of Mr. John Midon, Jr. Nevertheless, the consciousness that I was mistress-elect of a portion of this rather imposing structure made me hold my head a peg higher as I rang the janitor's bell.

But alas! when six feet of janitor confronted my poor little four feet ten inches and demanded with the air of a feudal lord what I desired, and as I realized how poor my credentials were, I fairly quaked in my boots.

"The ground floor apartment," I began timidly.

"Been let a week, mum," he replied with respectful scorn.

"Yes, I know," I hastened to add, "Mrs. Temple—"

"Oh I see, mum," he broke in with less respect, but also less scorn. "The madam

told me the cook would be coming tonight, but I thought she said she wouldn't get here 'till after eight."

I gave a little gasp but said nothing, for it occurred to me that as the maid was expected and the mistress was not I might save myself some trouble by assuming the rôle of domestic for the present.

So I allowed myself to be piloted to the kitchen door and entered with a sigh of relief. It was pitchdark now and I hastened to turn on as many lights as I could reach. I took off my outside garments and sat down in the parlor to get my bearings.

All was in perfect order and I could discover mother's tasteful arrangement in everything. She must have known she was going away or she would not have had everything done so far ahead. But where could she be? She hadn't mentioned leaving home in her last letter. I couldn't make it out in the least and the more I puzzled the more tangled I became.

I was enraptured with my home and it would have been fun to explore it for the first time with Jack. Everything was as I had suggested, green wall paper and all. Besides, there were many pretty things which I suspected were not included in the list of furnishings of a hired apartment. If so, it was truly wonderful that the landlord had guessed my individual taste so exactly. I supposed the dog and cats would arrive with the cook.

By the time I had taken in all these details I began to wish the aforesaid cook would arrive. It was rather poky being alone in such a spacious apartment and I did not relish the thought of spending the night alone—a stranger in a strange land.

Jack's business was to keep him in town so late that he had planned to put up at an hotel for the night and come out early the next morning. I couldn't go out to telephone

him, for once outside the door of the Albermarle and I was as much lost as if I had been in the Arabian desert. Consequently my only hope was in my maid, and I would have given a good deal to be sure of her arrival, for I should feel fairly secure with an Irish girl and three pets for one night.

As all this was passing through my mind I began to feel very nervous and kept as still as I could, glancing timidly over my shoulder now and then to be sure no one was stealing up behind me. But the stiller I kept the more intolerable became the deep silence. I sat like a statue, while my very breathing seemed to echo and re-echo through the empty rooms. At last with a desperate effort I got up and went to the piano, thinking to break the spell with a little music.

I placed my trembling fingers on the keys and with bold resolve struck the chord sharply—bang! I jumped as if I had been shot, nearly falling off the stool, and then remained perfectly rigid with hands outstretched, half believing that I had sounded the crack of doom.

Before the last echo had died away I heard a noise like a moan which seemed to issue from the china closet, between the kitchen and dining room. It was as if I had awakened the evil spirit of the houses. I listened, cold with terror. The moan was followed by a scuffle and what seemed to me like a warning. Oh! Oh! What could it be! Burglars probably whom I had startled by my playing. Surely they would shoot me on the spot. Oh what a fate—to die here wretched and alone, with Jack and mother far away and never suspecting my cruel plight. It was too horrible. Hark! That shuffling noise again! They were coming for me. A footstep. I was sure.

I sprang up and crawled in under the sofa in vain hope that they would pass me by. Silence for a moment and then the sound of a key in the lock. A door opened and shut and all was still again. I ventured to peek out.

Just in front of the fireplace, hedged about by boxes and bundles of all descriptions, stood a tall, stout girl with cheeks like danger signals and exceedingly large hands. She would have inspired confidence in a mouse had she chosen to champion him, or she would have annihilated even the six-foot janitor had she undertaken to defy him.

I felt brave in a minute and actually forgot the scuffling for an instant so thankful was I that I was no longer alone. I could have hugged her on the spot and—alas for my dignity—that is exactly what I did do.

Naturally she was a little surprised and, shaking herself free, stood off a bit as if to have a good look at me.

"F'what-"

"Oh I see you don't understand," I hastened to explain, and really she looked as if she didn't quite.

When I had finished my tale of woe she burst out laughing—a little unsympathetic, I thought, considering what I had been through.

"Oh ma'am! Oh ma'am! them burgler—Oh! Oh! Oh! Excuse me from laughing mum, but I really can't help it. Oh dear, dear!"

She stood shaking all over with laughter, while I looked on indignant and rather bewildered.

"Come with me, mum, and you'll see," and she started off with great strides. I followed, feeling surprisingly brave now behind her broad back. She made straight for the door of the china closet, and throwing it wide open, stood one side to enjoy the effect of her revelation upon me.

In one corner was a small basket, from the cover of which peeped out two of the prettiest little kitten heads you ever saw looking appealingly up at me, while in the opposite corner a Boston terrier was pulling impatiently at his chain. Evidently the noise had disturbed the little prisoners, who had responded with spits and growls, filling me with terror.

"I sint a man here with 'em this afternoon," she explained, "while I was busy cuddling my formidable burglars in a most affectionate manner. And the poor beasties have been shut up here ever since. Bless there swate hearts. Hark, mum! Shure there's the door bell," and off she started.

"Oh no—no, Rosa, you mustn't leave me here alone," I cried, running after her and eatching hold of her skirt, rather impeding her progress.

"Don't open it very wide at first," I stammered, taking refuge behind her and peeking cautiously out between her elbow and substantial waist.

She opened the door rather wider than I approved and a hand from the outside thrust it clear open, revealing a most welcome vision to my eyes. There on the top step stood mother and Jack, while peeping over their shoulders close behind were my brother and sister. Quick as a flash I sprang from my hiding place, and deserting the rock to which I had clung, rushed into mother's arms.

After I had been duly handed about and kissed it began to dawn upon me that I had been caught in rather a humiliating position. My cheeks grew red and I began to feel pretty sheepish. With an effort I drew myself up to my utmost quarter of an inch and summoned my practiced speech to the aid of my dignity.

"Rosa," I began in a superior voice.

"Bridget, if you please, mum, excuse me now."

"Bridget," I repeated a little discomfited, but bound to persevere. "We will have spring lamb and green peas for dinner." "Bless your heart, mum, but there ain't nothing in the house but a bit of smoked herring I brought in my bag, mum, I being particularly fond of it and not expecting of ye, mum," she added apologetically. Then smiling, "Besides, I'm been that busy since I came I hiven't nade a speck of a foire, mum; surroy, mum."

"I was too dismayed to venture further and weakly let her depart from the room, while the others burst forth into the laugh which they had been concealing in their sleeves from the beginning of my speech. My bothering dignity had already given me trouble enough so I joined feebly in the laugh against myself. Nevertheless I changed the subject as soon as I could by demanding an explanation of this chapter of mysteries. And, after all, it was simple enough.

Knowing our plans to stay for a few days in New York, mother had conceived the idea of giving me a little surprise by being there with my brother and sister. Accordingly she made arrangements with our friends and on the day of our expected arrival was on hand to greet us at their home. What was her dismay therefore when instead of surprising and welcoming a daughter, she was greeted by the telegram telling of our hurried departure for home. So anticipating my plight to some degree she started post-haste for Boston. There she went straight to Jack's office, where as luck would have it she found him, strangely enough as it happened, for he had not intended going there at all, but after concluding his business had stepped in for a moment before going to the hotel.

To gether, then, they all began scouring the town for me, and found me at last, as you know, under my own vine and fig tree and literally under the protecting wing of stalwart Bridget Maginnis.

M. W., '01.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

We owe an apology to Miss Mabel Winter, '00, who last month was designated as a member of the class of '89, instead of 1900.

Miss Alice Bates entertained a number of her friends at her home, on Broadway, February 1. The feature of the evening was the cob-webs. Everyone had an exceedingly pleasant time.

The H. A. S. H. had its first social meeting January 25. It is thought by outsiders that everything did not go right that evening. This, however, was not due to efforts of the trask.

We are very sorry not to see Miss Mahady back in her accustomed place, but we hope to see her soon.

Miss Duvey has resigned from the social committee.

Basket-ball practice is beginning in earnest now. Championship games will soon be played. We wish more girls would come out and try for a place on the team.

A concert was held in Miss Sawyer's dressing room one recess by a few members of 1901. Miss Winegar favored us with several solos on the mandolin, and Miss Cameron rendered that ever-popular song, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," very artistically. Miss Duvey kindly kept all obnoxious patrons outside. In spite of the fact that a great many applied for admission, the audience was very select.

It won't be such a long walk to North Cambridge as to Mt. Auburn.

"Did that bug really come in a sandwich. Crawford?"

"Did you get any of the olives?"

We see that Gove has turned expressman. 1901 is turning out some fine poets lately. Gove and Chase are considered the best.

Since the Hash has been formed a number of rival (?) societies have sprung up, namely, the Trash, Mash, Cash, and Smash.

He said: "Themostocles"; which did he mean, Desmosthenes or Themistocles?

1902.

The class social for January was held at the home of Mr. Irving A. Priest, 50 Magazine street. A large number were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent in games and other amusements. Miss Colby and Mr. Luce were the recipients of the prizes.

What is going to be done about that hockey banner this year? '02 would look better than anything else on it.

Upon February twenty-first the class will give its first drama and dance at Newtowne Club hall. Every member of this class should be present and do as much as possible to make the affair a success.

Still another secret society has made its appearance in the class. It is a very unique little affair and is called the V. L.

A meeting of the T. U. B. was held Saturday, January 19, at the home of Miss Aboe Place; a most enjoyable evening was spent by all the girls. The uninvited visitors caused great merriment. They were very welcome after all.

Miss Edna Wales has left school; she will be greatly missed among her schoolmates.

The basket-ball dance was a great success, a great part of which is due to Miss Halliday, manager of the team.

If there are any members in the class who would like to come out and try for the basket-ball team, they may do so after passing their names to Miss Colby (captain).

1903.

January 28th our class held its third social. This social proved to be the best that we have held. The evening was spent in playing games. A guessing game was the feature of the evening. Miss McIntire was the only teacher present.

Mr. Leighton, a member of our class last year, has just recovered from diphtheria.

Mr. Heater spent the Christmas holidays in New York.

There is one thing that 1903 can brag about, and that is that they have some fine singers.

Miss Leighton spent the Christmas holidays in Lowell.

Lost, strayed, or stolen:—Miss Goerwitz's cards.

Miss Wiswell spent her Christmas vacation in New York.

Miss Leonard was sick with the grippe and was absent from school for a number of days.

There are a number of boys in our class that play basket-ball. Why not form a team and be the first class to have such a team in this school. The boys of the Boston High Schools have their teams.

Crawford is missed very much by the pupils of Mr. Sargent's room.

Mr. Davies has left school.

Mr. Ellis, on January 23, went to Crystal lake skating with two other friends and, not taking proper care, skated on to a dangerous place where the ice broke, letting him into the water. After some very hard work, he was rescued as good as ever, except that he caught a bad cold from it and was confined to the house.

Stuart has left school. He will be greatly missed.

Miss Sawyer has been absent on account of illness. We all missed her very much.

Stop Bessie! A splinter! A splinter!

Ask no questions about "Yum-Yum." It is a secret society in the true sense of the word.

1904.

What did you get in your mid-year exams!
The camp bell ("Campbell") was silent.

How is the ice raft?

The boys didn't know.

Parker has become a poet as well as an artist.

Hey! let me take your hockey, will you?

Miss Massey has been absent on account of sickness.

We won the debate from 1903. The speakers were Parker and Pierce.

Have you eaten any of Mr. Ru sel's chocolate fudge?

One of the boys is much inclined to use large words.

He is gifted with a fine voice and a wish to sing.

If they seat us according to rank, there will be a fight over the lowest seat.

And Susie is unable to get her class-pin back.

Miss McGregor has returned.

"How would you like to be the bell boy?" will be the next song written.

Have you seen the newly invented gas lighter?

Who died and bequeathed the money for the appropriation of paper for the school?

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

A small class-social was held at the home of Mr. Foster early in the month. Whist was the game of the evening, and Miss Moller and Mr. Tyng were fortunate enough to receive the prizes. Although there were only four boys present, everybody seemed to have a good time.

The remaining officers of the Digamma have been elected, and are as follows: Vice president, Miss Rideout; secretary, Miss Goodwillie; treasurer, Miss Oliver.

Lost: Three Geometries. Finder will please return to Mr. B. and receive suitable reward.

In the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, we are told that party spirit is detrimental both to the strength and morals of a nation. We all ought to be able to appreciate this fact just at this time of year.

1901 has taken the palm in the class debates.

1902.

It is encouraging to see that renewed interest in basket-ball has been taken by some of the girls. Keep it up, girls, till after the championship games.

The latest fad seems to be writing Greek after school. Is there any special inspiration at that hour?

"Avez-vous vu Marianne?" Translation: "Have you seen Mary Ann?"

The boys defeated 1901 in hockey, by a score of 9 to 0. Can the girls do as well in basket-ball?

We shall all be glad to see Miss Albee back again.

Miss Waugh entertained all those who took part in the drama, at her home, on Tuesday night, the 22d of January.

Miss Mittlebach has been dangerously ill, but she is now recovering slowly.

It is hoped that everyone taking chemistry appreciates one at least of the properties of chorine.

1903.

You are doing bravely, girls! Keep on, for we must have the basket-ball banner.

The death of Miss Marston, formerly '03, was a great shock to the class.

There was a meeting of the class a few weeks ago, and the following officers were elected: President, Lawrence Amee; vice president, Miss Bennett; treasurer, Irving Bailey; secretary, Miss Foxcroft.

Although our class hockey-team was defeated by 1904, we made it much more interesting than they had expected.

Quite a number in our class have been out with the grip during the month.

Where is the social committee? We have had only two socials this year.

1904.

A very successful class social was held January 12, 1901, at the home of Mrs. E. H. Mellen, under the auspices of Miss Hopkins of this class. Mr. Bradbury and two other teachers were present.

Burton, '04, has been elected secretary of the debating society.

How loyally the girls of this class respond to an appeal for the basket-ball team! Something must be done for it, and that soon. Did you like the examinations? Um-m-m.

Translation: "Merci, merci." "Mercy, mercy."

We hope certain girls enjoyed the *studying* during the two hours after the examination.

Three cheers for Captain Taylor of the hockey team.

Our class did well in the inter-class debate.

1905.

How do you like the pins?

Some 1905 girls have formed a secret society called the T. T. T.

Our basket-ball team has been chosen. The girls on it are: Miss Raymond (captain). Miss Marble, Miss Lothrop, Miss Kemper, Miss Peterson, Miss Eaton, Miss Cross, Miss Adams and Miss Kinsman. The manager is Miss Cross.

How did you like the "mids"?

There are scholars in the French division.

1905 has played several practice games of basket-ball against 1904, 1903 and 1902. We beat 1904, but were defeated by 1902 and 1903.

ATHLETICS.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

On Wednesday, January 23, the first hockey game of the interscholastic league series of 1901 was played on Spy pond, between the sevens of Somerville High and Cambridge High Schools, and during two halves of fierce playing neither team was able to score. Owing to the lateness of the hour the usual third period was not played. For Cambridge the defence showed up very strongly, but great improvement must be made among the forwards if our team expects to do any scoring this season. MacSweeny, at cover-point, played the best game for Cambridge, while for Somerville Funke showed up to the best advantage.

Two days later Cambridge was defeated by Newton High at Crystal lake, Newton, by a score of four to nothing. The excellent passing and team work of the Newton team, together with the utter absence of any team work on our seven, is responsible for the defeat. Upham put up his usual fine game as a forward, while Southward, at goal, did well on the defence.

Winfield T. Dunn and George W. Grebenstein are respectively manager and captain of the High School track team. Manager Dunn has made arrangements for a series of class games, to be held at the Y. M. C. A. building on February 22d, 1901. It is expected that enough money will be realized from these

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games, and from certain other schemes, to do away with the athletic committee's objection to a High School track team.

LATIN SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Through lack of ice the Latin School hockey team has been able to play but one scheduled game. On Friday, January 25, Cambridge Latin defeated Somerville High and Latin by the score of 2 to 1. Both of our goals were made by Holland. Cambridge's line-up was as follows: Forwards, Sheehan,

Roper, Holland and Cunningham; coverpoint, Hastings; point, Crocker; goal, Sumner.

Following are the results of the C. L. S. class hockey games played on Wednesday. January 30: 1902, 9; 1901, 0; 1904, 4; 1903, 1.

At the time of writing there are but three men out for the track team: Garfield, the captain; Bailey and Murray.

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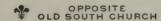


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"Susie-ue." Sung by aMrion Manola. Price, 50 cents.

"Our Flag of Victory March," for pianoforte, by Franz von Blon. Price, 50 cents.

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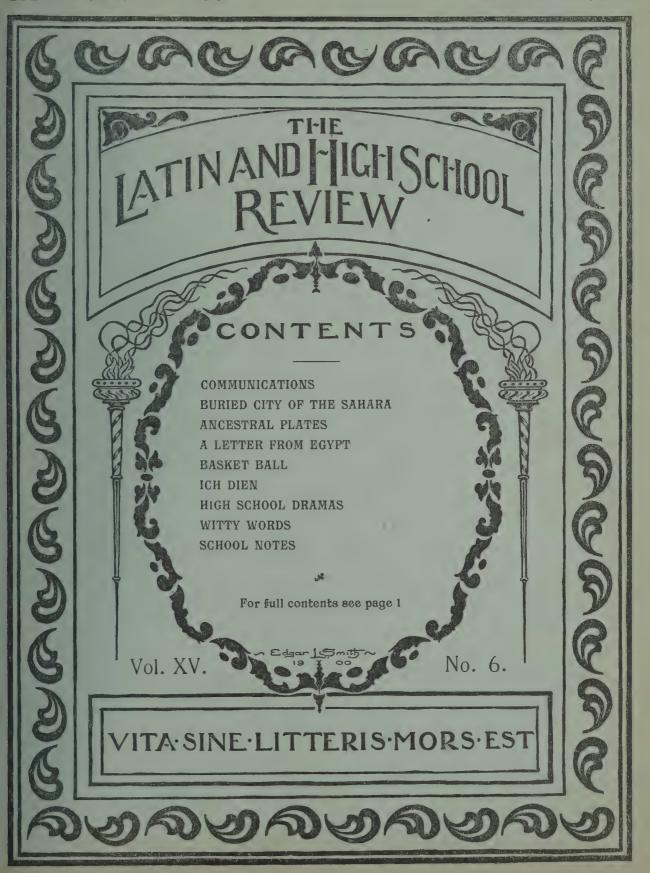
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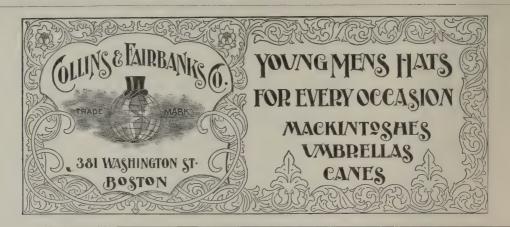
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LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. VI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1901.

THE MONTH.

One of the members of Mr. Chapman's class in counterpoint at the English High School has displayed quite unusual talent in a hymn which she composed, and which was sung by a quartette on Monday, March fourth. The words were taken from Tennyson:

"O land of lands, to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And, at thy need, shall die for thee."

The hymn, which was greatly appreciated by the whole school, is doubly worthy of note, both on account of its own undoubted merit and because of its significance as the production of a pupil in the first class devoted to the study of technical composition, which has been established in any public school in the United States. Cambridge has always been a pioneer wherever education is concerned, and it is indeed a pleasure to know that this last educational venture has already proved a success. Other schools will probably soon follow suit, but however common the study may become hereafter, other cities should always remember that the study of music as a science in public schools, was originated in the Cambridge English High School. Possibly this may seem to be making a great deal out of very little to those who scoff at music lore, but they should remember that Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart are names that can scarce be over-shadowed by any others. The study of music means as much to some as that of language or mathematics to others, and there are no reasons why our natural musicians should have to go to private schools for instruction in the mere technique of their subject. We may all live to see the musician or composer, as well as the literary man or man of business, receive the instruction which he has a right to expect from the city or town in which he lives.



We feel called upon to say a few words concerning the scarcity of stories and poems from the High School. We understand that scholars in the High School feel that their work is slighted. As a matter of fact, we should be only too glad to print suitable stories if any were handed in to us. We cannot publish stories which we do not receive. The percentage of poor stories in the High School is no greater than in the Latin, only there seems to be less inclination to try again. It is not just for the pupils in the High School to refuse to write and then blame the editor.

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

However, the brightest story of the whole year came from the High School, and the only really bright rhyme, too. The trouble is not that the scholars cannot write, but rather, that they will not. There is nothing we should be better pleased to do than to print some truly first class stories and poems written by High School scholars. If they would attempt to shake off this apathy, we feel sure they could accomplish much more. For the five dollar prize there were seven stories submitted from the Latin School and two from the High. The prize was awarded in the most impartial manner by an outside critic. In the Latin School seven stories were offered by members of the fifth class in competition for the Latin School two dollar prize. There was just one story submitted for the High School two dollar prize! This last competition will be kept open one month longer. Surely more will compete when they see how matters stand.



The announcement that all the class editorships are thrown open to competition for the next two months does not mean that the editor is dissatisfied with the work, which, in this line, has been particularly good in the High School, but merely that the time for the anunal competition is at hand. For the present, everyone is requested to hand in notes and write for the REVIEW, whether he is on the staff or not. Of course we are always glad to receive contributions, but just now they will be taken into especial consideration. The Review desires to have its staff composed of the best suited men in the school, and if any boy or girl does better work than the editor for his class he will become editor instead.



The E. H. S. alumni intend to hold a dance April 12, at Odd Fellows' hall, North Cambridge. Speeches will be made by representative men. Tickets, 50 cents.

NOTICE.

The members of the Golden Branch Society invite all boys in the three upper classes of the Latin School to apply for membership in their organization.

The purpose of the club is to aid those in our midst who are ill, less fortunate, or are in circumstances less favorable than we.

There are no dues.

This is not a private club, and everything is open.

The society has already done much good work, and it desires, through the admission of new members, to extend the limit of its work. The members hope that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to help their classmates who may be in trouble.

All who desire to apply for membership, please hand in their names to

J. Fred Murray, Secretary, Golden Branch Society.



COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the REVIEW:

Such matters as the communication in the last Review, concerning the class drama of 1902, C. L. S., I deem a wholly class affair. But in justification of the management this must be answered by a few facts.

When the report of the drama committee was read at the class meeting an objection was raised against accepting it, and a committee was appointed by the class to investigate the management of the drama.

This committee has stated that they found nothing whatever amiss with the reports and accounts of the managers. The class was entirely satisfied, and voted, I believe, unanimously, to accept these reports.

The matter of reserving seats for the T. II. L. was brought up and fully discussed in this same class meeting. The class voted that the manager was *right* in her order. Further, the

class did not seem to think it "ought not to occur again." If the gentleman attends the performance of other class dramas, he will find that the reservation of seats is no unusual occurrence.

The whole matter was fully discussed by the class, and I would state that the class of 1902 have upheld their manager in everything. From comments heard on all sides the prospect for the next year looks as if the drama committee and managers in 1902 would "receive the good-will and interest of the people and the united support of the class."

Winifred II. Rogers, 1902.



Editor of the REVIEW:

Taking advantage of your last month's offer concerning the publication of communications, I wish to make a few suggestions concerning the management of this paper, which I think might prove a fruitful topic for discussion in your columns.

The management of the Review, as all in the schools should know, is essentially a one man system. That is, the editor makes the appointments, has full and complete supervision over the contents of the paper, determines its attitude in respect to questions of interest to the schools, and appoints his successor. The so-called associate editors are associates only in name since they never meet together to consider the welfare of the paper. It is but just to the present editor, however, to say that this system was not inaugurated by him, but is merely the continuation of a plan began some years ago. Of course the editor-in-chief will be guided in some degree by public opinion in the course which he pursues, but, nevertheless, I consider that he has too much power. For it is by far too dangerous to entrust an incapable or unscrupulous man with such complete control, while an able and well-intentioned fellow should be able to accomplish just as much if

less absolute. Furthermore, if one fellow has complete control the paper is likely to partake of one set of ideas and to become narrow and restricted in its policy.

On these arguments, then, I base my plea that the Review should be under a board management instead of being conducted be one fellow. The best way, I think, would be to have the paper carried on by a board of six, who should have monthly meetings, this alone a manifest improvement on the present system. These associates, as soon as chosen by a method which I shall detail later, should elect a president, who, with the title of editorin-chief, should have charge of getting out the paper. Each associate should have some special department, as at present. The editor, too, should have his department, the acceptance and rejection of stories. As is customary, the editor should write the editorials, but in the case of an editorial which concerns some new and important step the matter should be laid before the staff, before the policy of the paper on that point is determined. The editor and his associates should each keep a record of the work done by every member of the school for their own particular departments. Thus it will be easy at the monthly meetings of the board to decide on the two in each class who are doing the best work and to appoint them as class editors.

To choose this board, every June the existing staff should present the names of ten persons from the two highest classes of each school, of whom six, not more than four from any one school, should be elected by the assembled class and associate editors as associates for the next year. In this way the Review will be in the hands, not of the whole school, not of one fellow, but in the hands of those who work for it.

I think, too, there is room for improvement in regard to the disposal of the profits of the paper. It is supposed to be conducted

for the school, so one would naturally think that the profits should go for their benefit. But the editor and business manager should gain some remuneration for their labor. So, as a fair division, let the business manager take one-fourth of the profits in addition to the commissions he receives for the ads. he obtains. Let the editor, who has a sufficiently hard task in putting together the paper, also take one-fourth. And let the remaining half be devoted wholly and solely to the schools. At least \$25.00 should be devoted every year to prizes for stories and articles. It is difficult to conceive how much honest effort in a literary way a judicious division of this money would bring forth. Considering this \$25.00 as taken from the whole bulk of the profits, there would be a rough estimate, after the business manager and editor have taken their respective shares, not under \$40.00 remaining. A disposal of this which would be of real value and which would make the RE-VIEW a positive blessing to the two schools, would be to give it as a prize for the best declamation rendered by any member of either school. However, in whatever way it is distributed, enough good may be done with this money to compensate the editor and business manager for any loss which they may sustain.

In conclusion, let me say that if sufficient agitation is made on this subject I do not see how the present editor can refuse, and I do not believe that he will refuse to lend his aid toward putting some such scheme as this in operation, beginning at the close of this school year.

Phillip Russell Ammidon, Class of 1901, Latin School.

We are perfectly willing to have this matter thoroughly discussed; in fact, there has been so much personal and ungentlemanly argument from outside sources that we are glad to have the matter come up in the RE-VIEW, where it belongs, in a just and reasonable light. Mr. Ammidon unquestionably believes what he says, and his opinion is worthy of consideration. In justice to ourselves, we state that his resignation was neither asked for nor desired. There is no personal enmity in the matter, and we understand that he resigns merely because he feels that, as an outsider, he will be more consistently able to advocate a change in the next volume of the Review. As he says, we can refuse nothing which the great body of the scholars desires. However, we expect to win them to uphold the present system by means of a short history of the Review under the different forms of management, which we shall publish next month. Such a system as proposed was once in force, but it failed giving place to the present one. The danger of an incompetent man coming into office is less if the editor appoints his successor than under the proposed scheme. The editor, in appointing, since he is responsible to both school and alumni, and since he desires to see his work flourish and increase, will be very careful. Moreover, as you know, elections are often less fair than appointments. The profits are most variable. Every year, the Review gives some decoration to each school and the teams have all the space they can use for trade advertisements. Although, at present, the editor and business manager share the profit, they also share the risk. They are personally responsible for the debts if the paper should fail—as it did not very many years ago.



THE BURIED CITY OF THE SAHARA.

(FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

The caravan wound its way over the desert trail. Suddenly Wilson, of the Explorers' Club, London, who was in the lead, cried out: "Look over there to the right. Is that not a man's body?"

We rode quickly over and looked. It was the body of a man of some thirty-five years of age, who had evidently been dead about two days. As he lay extended at full length on the desert we could see in his left hand a note-book; in his right a pencil. His last thought had been to tell the world of his discoveries. I now lay the contents of that note-book, as I read it in the heart of the Great Sahara, before my readers. In doing so I have nothing to add or subtract. No evidence has been found of the truth of the narrative, but there is none of its falsity. So without further preface I lay the book before my readers:

In writing this account of my strange adventures in the Sahara Desert I do it without hope of anything but death within a few hours; so, animated solely by a desire to tell the world of my experiences, as I hope for salvation, I speak the holy truth.

Sixty days ago I set out alone from London for the purpose of testing some theories of mine concerning the great Sahara Desert. As I had traversed it twice before, had a fair map of the oasis with which it is dotted, and was on friendly terms with several of the Bedouin tribes, I felt little fear in setting out on my solitary road.

After remaining a short time in Algiers, getting together my equipment, I rode steadily southward for fifteen days, until I came to a spot, one day's journey from which I knew was an oasis. But just as I was con-

gratulating myself on my good fortune I saw approaching at a distance the one thing of which I stood in mortal terror—a sand storm. It approached with such fearful speed that I barely had time to throw myself flat upony face before it was upon me, while for my camel there was no protection whatsoever. After the first fury of the simoon was over an I I had recovered sufficiently from the hot, dry, suffocating air, I arose, only to find that my camel had been choked to death in the passage of the storm.

But a worse misfortune even than the loss of the camel was the total obliteration of the trail. By this my chance of reaching the oasis on which I had counted was made very small, for even with a compass it is next to impossible to make one's way over that desert waste with any degree of exactitude.

But a true explorer is at all times prepared to accept whatever fortune may send him. So, after reflecting for a few minutes on my best course, I took such food and drink as I was carrying on the camel, and, with a brave heart began walking toward the south. In that direction I knew was the oasis, where, if a kindly fate would only lead me, I might procure a fresh supply of provisions. That whole day, stopping very seldom for rest, I walked steadily southward. From my water-bottle I drank sparingly, but yet when I sank down on the ground for rest that night I found little left.

The next morning at dawn I was on my feet again. I drank the whole remaining amount of water fully determined that if I was doomed to die I would die like a man, and not hoard up and eke out the last drop of water to gain a few miserable moments of life.

After eating as much food as I needed I threw the rest away, well aware that thirst would come upon me before hunger.

It was now necessary to decide in what direction to proceed. Since I had walked steadily the whole preceding day, I felt certain that I had come almost far enough south and that the oasis must be nearly due east or west. Surrounding me on every side was one expanse of arid, trackless desert. The yellow sand, rapidly heating under the rays of the now rising sun, greeted my eyes which ever way I turned. Completely at a loss, I put my trust in fortune and started toward the east.

I had been marching drearily along for sometime when my ever-watchful eyes caught sight of a cleft in the sand, some distance to the right. Abandoning my course I turned toward it, for I judged any irregularity in the dead sea of that boundless waste well worth seeing. Approaching nearer I saw that this seeming cleft was caused by two parallel slabs of stone and a few inches of each protruded above the ground. Between these two slabs and shielded by them in some degree from the drifting sand was a square piece of stone with some Arabic letters written on it. Lifting this with some difficulty, imagine my surpise when I found that it concealed a steep flight of stairs, all made of very smoothly polished, spotless marble.

Without an instant's hesitation I descended these stairs. Surely it was the hand of God which had led me there. After going down some thirty stairs I stopped and looked around me. Facing me in what direction I knew not, for the sun does not shine in these places under the earth, was a long, very level avenue, paved with white marble, and dimly lighted by lamps hanging from the ceiling. On both sides of this avenue were high walls of rough, hewn stone. Drawing the yataghan which I always carry in the desert, I advanced boldly, yet somewhat cautiously. Soon I came to

a cross-road where, looking in either direction, I saw passages like the one I stood on. But to avoid confusion in retracing my steps I kept straight ahead.

Hitherto I had only looked in front of me. Now, as these vast, empty, richly finished tunnels began to astonish me, I looked more closely at either side. I saw that bounding the avenue were long slabs of marble, but that between these and the walls of hewn stone was a considerable space. Stepping on one of these slabs I perceived that lying at irregular intervals were square pieces of stone like the one which I had lifted on the desert above. Raising one of these, I saw underneath it another flight of marble stairs leading still farther underground. Shuddering, I replaced the stone, for I had no wish to journey deeper into the bowels of the earth.

Fully aroused now, I was determined to press on and thoroughly explore this strange place. I started to walk straight down the long avenue, but had proceeded only a short distance when I heard someone approaching along one of the cross-ways. Very slowly the foot-falls came nearer and nearer, until they were right on me. Holding my yataghan in readiness I backed away a little from the corner, when around it came a very old man. Oh, the joy that went through me at seeing another human being down under the earth. He was all bent over with age and had a long, white beard reaching down to his waist. He had a very high, broad forehead, over which fell waving, white locks. His complexion was sallow, like that of one who has been for sometime deprived of the light of heaven. As he walked with his head bent over he had come very near me before he observed me. When he did, he looked up with a start, viewing me with eyes devoid alike of color and expression.

"Allah!" he cried. "Who are you? How come you here in this kingdom under the ground?"

"Sir," I answered in Arabic, the language in which he addressed me, "I beg you, who ever you are, in the name of the prophet, to aid me. I was lost in the desert when I saw a slab of stone and under it a marble staircase. Descending this, I have come here."

"You are, then," he said, "a European?"

"An Englishman, a friend of the Sheik Ahol Damon of the Arzunah Bedouins in Algeria," I answered.

"Follow me," said the old man. "I know the sheik well, and in his name will give you food and drink."

I followed him down the long avenue; it seemed to me an interminable distance, until we came to a place where the way divided into two forks. The one to the right was on the same level. The one to the left seemed to slope downward. He led me along the one to the left in perfect silence, until at length we came to a building, the first one which I had seen since I left Algeria. Up the steps of this the old man led me, through a door into a large room. This was luxuriously furnished in Eastern fashion with divans, cushions, carpets and hangings of rich texture, and cabinets inlaid with mother of pearl.

Now, after seating me on a divan, the old man, for the first time since our conversation at meeting, addressed me:

"You are, I suppose, wondering into what nature of place you have come. I will tell you. These long avenues and passages which you see are not deserted. Down under them are houses like the one which we are in. They are occupied at present by a tribe of Arabs from the south of the Sahara, who spend one month out of every year here in religious observances. They are Mohammedans, but they intermingle with their worship of the prophet devotion to a strange god, Eeshah, the saviour of their country in years far past. Eeshah, after saving their country from hordes of blacks from the Eastern Soudan, led the tribe

with him north into the desert, where they built a city. But when he died the tribe returned to their own country and the splendid city was abandoned. Successive sand-storms buried it until it was only in recent years that the tribe brought with them a host of black slaves, excavated the city, and roofed it over under the sand. Twelve days remain of the devotions of the tribe, who are now in the dwellings under the main avenue. Then they will return home to the Southern Sahara. They will assist you on your journey."

Accepting, without reservation, this seemingly straightforward account, I abode with the old man whose name, he told me, was Asbal Ulan, for ten days. Asbal told me how it happened that he was with the tribe, but not taking part in their observances, owing to being a captive from another tribe. He was with me almost continually save that at a certain time every day (or night) he went away alone down one of the long avenues which led from his house.

On the tenth day, wearied with idleness, I followed the old man on his journey, unobserved. He went down a long passageway, not broad, straight and level, like the others, but very narrow, curving constantly, and leading downward at a steep incline. The walls were dripping with moisture, so that I judged that we were far underground.

After I had followed him sometime Ashal Ulan stopped in his journey near a round, broad pit, and began to say something in a language unknown to me, speaking, it seemed, into the very centre of the pit. Overcome with curiosity I had approached very near to the old man when suddenly, accustomed as I am to danger of every description, I stopped, frozen with horror. Approaching Ashal Ulan from one side was a long, wriggling serpent of a peculiarly venemous species which I had never seen, except in very marshy spots in the Soudan. The serpent came nearer and nearer

and seemed about to dart, when I sprang at it. I succeeded in catching it by the neck so that it could not possibly bite me, and struggled to hurl it into the pit, which I now perceived to be a seething mass of its own kind. Asbal Ulan heard the struggle, and with surprising agility aided me so effectually, that we succeeded in getting it under control. I was about to stamp upon it and crush it under my foot when Asbal restrained me.

"No, no!" he cried. "You must not. It's life is sacred to the tribe."

Then he picked up the writhing creature with utter recklessness and cast it into the shiny embraces of its fellows. Then we turned and went back to the house. Upon reaching it Asbal Ulan, for the first time since the struggle, broke silence.

"Englishman, friend of the Bedouins, you have been the means of saving my life from the fangs of the venomous serpent. In recompense, hear me. What I told you about the devotions of the tribe were true. Each man of them is now praying in his home at the foot of the stairs which lead down from the great avenue. But what I have not told you I will now tell you. When, within two days, the tribe finish their observances, your life will be sacrifice in propitiation of the god. For it is written, 'Whatever strangers find their way into the sacred city of the god Eeshah, during the period of devotion of the tribe of the Mahmoi, shall be without the pale of hospitality and shall be cast into the Pit of the Serpents'. But as you saved my life I shall now give you a chance for yours. But think not to escape, for it is also written, 'No stranger shall again look upon the face of mortal man after entering the City of the God Eeshah.' Follow me."

Together we proceeded down the long and tortuous path which leads to the Pit of the Serpents, past the pit, and finally up a steep incline to a flight of stairs which led us to the open air after we had raised a block of stone similar to the one which I had lifted before entering the city. Once I was outside Asbal Ulan without another word let down the stone and descended the steps back again into the City of the God.

I was left alone, on foot, in the great desert, with night approaching, without fo d or drink. Truly had the old man spoken, "No stranger shall look again upon the face of mortal man, after entering the City of the God Eeshah."

The last stage of my wanderings can be of but little interest. They were without hope, with increasing exhaustion. I have barely had the strength to set down this short chronicle of my adventures, hoping that it may be found and put to some use.

But as I lie on the burning, baking, yellow sand of the boundless desert, awaiting the death which is sure to come, I yet have a lingering regret that it is not permitted me to lead an expedition which shall have the charge of unfolding the mystery of the Buried City of the God Eeshah.

P. R. A., 1901.

THE SENIOR GIRLS.

They come from many a home about,
With bright and smiling faces,
They greet us almost every morn
In their accustomed places.

They chatter, chatter, as they go,
In little sharps and trebles,
They bubble in the dressing rooms,
They babble in their revels.

They chatter, chatter, as they go,
And cease their talking never,
For bells may ring and teachers warn,
But they talk on forever.

When out again they issue forth,
Their chatter never ceases,
Though bells may ring and teachers warn,
Their talking still increases.

M. L. B., 1901.

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

ANCESTRAL PLATES.

(TWO DOLLAR PRIZE.)

Four summers ago I spent my vacation at my grandmother's farm, hunting up relies that had once belonged to the family. The farmers of the neighborhood were very jolly and consequently made fun of my things. One of them told me that if I would go to his house he would show me some plates which he called valuable, and as he had no use for them I could have them. This, of course, aroused my curiosity, and so I determined to go and see them very soon.

One sultry afternoon in the latter part of July I decided to take a walk with my cousin and come home by the way of the farmer's. My cousin was a jolly girl, a few years older than I. We started out in high spirits, with pickles and cookies to keep us from starving, for the country air was so bracing that we were always wanting something to eat, and were afraid to trust ourselves, even for a few hours, without food. We walked along for some time, neither of us speaking. All of a sudden I heard a loud shriek, and looking at my companion found she had stepped on a snake. Of all the disagreeable things in the world a snake is the most disagreeable, so no wonder she shrieked and jumped into the air. On seeing the snake I ran as fast as I could into the woods. I did not get far before I bumped my head against a wasp's nest. In order to escape the wasps, I ran in another direction and soon reached the road, where my cousin joined me in the race of "Run or get stung." We soon found ourselves near a little family burial place. We walked in through an old gate and looked about us. Here and there were small beds of flowers and a few broken grave stones. Evidently the place had not been used for some time. Some of the epitaphs were very funny, others very sad. The one that was the most amusing to me was:—

"Here lies my poor wife, much lamented;
She is happy
And I am contented."

As we advanced further and further on our journey our way became more enchanting. I have never seen a more beautiful spot anywhere in my life. On one side of the road were huge rocks covered with lichens, with shrubs and ferns growing at their bases, while wild rose bushes clambered up the sides, scattering rose petals on the rocks every time the wind blew. The trees were mostly white birch. One large and beautiful tree was growing out of a huge rock, its roots spreading on all sides.

Passing a little schoolhouse, we wended our way along the beautiful and peaceful road until after twenty minutes of walking we arrived at the house of the farmer. We found him sitting under a large tree smoking a pipe. Six small, bare-foot, freckled-faced children stood near him, but as soon as they saw us they ran away out of sight, but not out of hearing. The farmer greeted us with "Haloo, gals! Glad ter see ye! Won't ye step in an have a cheer?" We went into an unused parlor and for a while talked about the weather. At last I found courage to say, "Well, Mr. Chick, you know you promised me some plates if I came after them, and here I am; so I suppose you will give them to me now." "To be sure, ye can have 'em, Sally," he said, turning to his wife. "Jes go inter the kitchen and bring me thet package that is in the old brick oven." She soon returned with a large paper bundle and handed it to him. After removing some of the outside wrappings he gave it to me, saying, "I hope they'll be useful. Some folks have 'em hung on the parlor wall, but I never cared to see 'em about. Perhaps ye would like these to put on yer wall at home." I unwrapped the bundle, but instead of china plates what do you suppose I found?—five coffin plates. I almost tumbled over in surprise. In a minute I was all right again, and thanked him for them, telling him they were what I had been hunting for and that I had been unable to find any until now.

This was a polite lie, and I guess he knew it. I had never in my life seen or heard of a coffin plate before, and now I had five, which told the histories of my great, great, greatgrand parents and three of their children. I did not mean to let them go now, for I knew a genealogical crank in the family who would be glad of them. The inscriptions were similar to each other and read as follows:—

Lorey Jane Peters.
Born Dec. 1st, 1700.
Died Nov. 30th, 1800.
Age 99 years, 11 mos., 29 days.

She never studied Latin, it is evident, or she would have died earlier.

It was with great difficulty that I tore myself away from the quaint, old-fashioned objects, but my cousin reminded me that the sun was getting low so we started for home.

Our homeward walk was quite as pleasant as the way we came. On either side of the road were large clumps of wild rose and raspberry bushes. Suddenly we heard the far-off note of a horn. This was a familiar sound to us, as it came from my grandmother's farm and announced supper. By running we were able to arrive in time. At the table my cousin told about the coffin plates. Everybody laughed at me and made fun of my new possessions until I was quite ashamed of myself and my old-fashioned things. But nevertheless during the summer I collected two mahogany tables, several old chairs, an old flintlock gun, the revolutionary sword of an ancester, and a snuff box. My coffin plates are of great value to my genealogical relative.

G. S., '05.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

In place of the regular Alumni Notes, we print a letter written by Waldo Kendall, C. L. S. '95, to his family, from whom we have received permission to publish. The letter will explain itself:

Between Deuderah and Luxor. February 13, 1901.

This trip up the Nile is proving all that I dreamed it to be, and more. One's senses are constantly thrilled by the beauties which burst on one's view every moment: groves of palms; grass, clover, and desert sand; mountain and low-lying bank; animal and bird; man, woman and child; lights and shadows by sunrise and sunset; air and water. How

can I give you any adequate idea of all these, separately and together? Such palms as are called wonderful at home for beauty, symmetry and size, are as nothing here where there are hundreds growing together remarkable for both these qualities. The grass and clover are nowhere as green and abundant as here. The desert sand and mountains are red as they stretch out in the distance. The mountains are not high, but stretch for miles at about the same level. Today we saw the edge of the Lybian desert. The sand looks like waves in the distance from the shadows.

All along the banks there is life; a solitary camel and its turbaned rider; a braying

donkey with its front feet tied so closely together to keep it from straying, that it has to hop along. It gives an appearance of playfulness. The little goats and lambs are awfully funny. They are such undignified little creatures, preferring to jump up in the air and turn around than to do it calmly on the ground. Some of the donkeys are really tiny. These are not the kind we ride, but are used in the fields for carrying home loads of grass far bigger than themselves. We met a whole herd of them this morning, trotting meek!v along. A baby donkey looks like a big puffball. You would fall in love with one, I know. Then there are baby camels and their mothers, buffalo, cows and calves, skulking dogs looking like foxes. For birds there are huge buzzards and vultures, clumsy giants among the birds; herons, standing up to breasts in water; snipe, which make just two mouthfuls for dinner; crows, not all black like ours, but only on the head, wings, part of the back and tail. All the rest is dark grey.

All these we see, and more every minute. They never grow monotonous, for the setting and grouping is always so picturesque that onc's eye is pleased. More interesting, however, even than these, are the people. They are merry rascals, on the whole, with a jolly laugh and gleaming teeth. How they do try to wheedle you to get "good backshish." "Good (pronounced good) donkey-boy, good donkey, berry good gentleman." Notice the "Me donkey name order of precedence. 'Whiskey and Soda'." "My berry goood donkey, Yaas. He name Telephone Yaas." "What is your name?" Me berry goood donkey-boy. Me name Mohammed Ali. Nice gentleman give plenty backshish." That is the way it goes every time. "Telephone" is a favorite name, as it expresses the great speed of the beast.

In many respects the people are just like children. They laugh and they cry as easily as a child. They have no sense of order, and crowd and push to get you to take their donkey or buy their necklaces or pipes. So the people have to use their canes pretty often. It is a strange sight to see a full-grown man running along after his donkey, with the tears rolling down his cheeks after he has been hit, but a sight we see every day. The children are very cute and often very dirty. This morning we met the strangest ones yet, little chaps almost naked.

We have been seeing all sorts of tombs, each cut in the solid rock with the walls decorated with Egyptian gods and goddesses and hieroglyphics. This morning we went to the superb temple of Deuderah. It was strangely fascinating and beautiful, and unlike anything I have seen before. On the outside wall was a large figure of Cleopatra, of which Arthur made what ought to be a fine photograph. Tonight we arrive at Luxor, where some of the finest temples in the whole world are.

We are running slowly now as the river is very shallow and there is danger of sandbanks. Yesterday morning we ran upon three. The boat draws only two feet six, so you may judge how shallow the river is in many places. The water is very muddy, but it is this mud which makes the Nile valley the most fertile in the world when the river settles, after the inundations.

Editor's Note.—Next month we shall again publish the regular department of Alumni Notes. As it is a very difficult, almost an impossible task, for an undergraduate editor to pick up the most interesting matters concerning the alumni and alumnæ of both schools, we would be greatly aided and the department would be much improved, if the secretaries of the class alumni associations would oblige us by writing us once a month

We would be glad to receive information not only from secretaries—they cannot know everything—but from any graduate.

Latin School Basket-Ball.

1902. 1904. 1 field goal by Miss Hubbard	1 field goal by Miss Hubbard 2 free goals by Miss Hubbard 2 fouls
Same as before. Miss Kinsman plays guard, in place of Miss Johnson. First third: 4 field goals by Miss Beard	1902 vs. 1903. First third: 1902. field goal by Miss Hubbard field goals by Miss Johnson free goal by Miss Hubbard fouls
1901 vs. 1904. 1901. As before. 1904. First third: 2 field goals by Miss Beard. 0 goals 1 free goal by Miss Salmon. 2 fouls 1 foul	1901. 1 field goal by Miss Beard 2 free goals by Miss Salmon

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The April number of the Review will appear on the eleventh. All contributions and regular departments must be in by March 29, the last day before the spring vacation. Owing to the vacation, the editor cannot undertake to publish anything whatsoever received after that date.



The Latin School base-ball schedule is: May 9, Hopkinson at Charles River Park.

May 14, Boston Latin at Charles River

May 17, Newton High at Newton A. A. May 21, R. M. T. S. at Charles River Park. May 24, Brookline—place undecided.

May 30, C. E. H. S. at Charles River Park. These dates—except May 17—are all subject to change. However, they will probably remain as here stated.



The Latin School is to enter the following men in the B. A. A. interscholastic meet at Mechanics' hall, March 16: Harlow, Carstein and Masstrangialo--40-yd. dash; Garfieldmile run; Triggs-1,000-yd. run.



All the class editorships are now thrown open for the annual competition. For full statement and explanation, see the editorial on this subject.



The five dollar prize has been awarded to P. R. Ammidon, 1901. The two dollar prize in the Latin School has been given to Miss Georgia Sterns, 1905. The money will be paid immediately on application to Mr. Linnell, C. L. S. 1901. The contest for the two dollar prize offered in the fourth class of the English High School will continue one month longer.

Holland has been appointed captain of next year's Latin School hockey team.



Nearly every morning for eight long weeks Will Davis had covered the two-mile stretch between his house in Hillside and that of Dr. Lester. He had taken a short time each afternoon for rest, but not long enough to join the boating and bicycling parties starting out on their long jaunts, or the picnicers, who weekly made trips to Mt. Laurel or Winnifred Pond. Will knew that if he let up on his studying a condition in Latin would hang over him for the whole of the coming year, and therefore resisting temptation with a mighty effort, he kept steadily on. He enjoyed the tramp across the fields to his work in the early morning, with the dew on the grass and the scent of clover in the air, but the return in the hot sun two hours later was hardly as enjoyable.

Now the summer's work was over and this was Will's last morning of grinding, and a week's vacation was to be his before school opened again. Dr. Lester, who held the professorship of Latin in the Hillside Academy, had been a life-long friend of his parents and the doctor had watched with pleasure Will's perseverance through the long summer. As the young man held out his hand to receive the paper which was to free him from his condition, the doctor said, "You have shown a spirit of allegiance to duty, my boy, which if you carry it into your future work, will always

lead to success." Will had made many good resolutions during his solitary walks, and now he determined that neither Doctor Lester nor his parents should be disappointed in him.

He picked a bunch of gentians and golden rod, and as he passed the river bank added some cardinal flowers to the collection. he approached the house of Bertha Jackson he saw that young lady standing in her doorway. She was in Will's class and had been a competitor with him for class honors and his aider and abettor in all school fun as well. Her pleasant veranda always offered itself as a rendezvous for the young people and was the one place where all plans and projects for good times were matured. Bertha was liked by all, but she had felt a rising admiration for Will Davis this summer, as she had seen him day after day refuse the most alluring invitations to boat-rides and walks and good times generally, for she knew his fondness for athletics and appreciated the sacrifices he had made.

As the young fellow came up the walk with his bouquet of wild flowers Bertha cried, "Good luck, Will! I am so glad for you that you can have a little fun for a while now." Will answered by presenting her the flowers with a profound bow.

Their conversation was then of the coming school tournament, with which the Campus

of the Hillside Academy was to be dedicated that afternoon. Tennis had been chosen the game for the day's sport and only the boys were to take part. "It's not fair that we are left out," said Bertha, "but it's the work of that Phi Chi Club. They expect to sweep all before them." "Now, Will," said the girl, after they had talked over the approaching tilt, "if you win the prize I will present you with another on my birthday, which comes off tomorrow." Will thanked her. He thought hard that moment. "I will do my best, Bertha, for thee ich dien. I will go home and practice a little or I shall be too rusty." S> they parted, each with high anticipations for the afternoon's work.

A more glorious day for the opening field sports of the school's Tennis Association could not have been desired. Everything looked fresh and tidy around the court. The grass was newly cut and trimmed for the occasion and the court itself was in the finest condition from its wetting down and its new supply of tape, which the boys had arranged the day before.

The tournament was to begin at two o'clock and it was now quite late in the morning. Some of the boys were bringing settees to the edge of the court for the spectators to occupy, while others were putting the last touches to the posts and net.

"Say, 'Walt', did you know Billy Davis was going to enter," shouted Charlie Marvin. "No, is he?" exclaimed Walter Randall in a surprised tone. "He is no earthly use, and I can't see why he enters; it only takes time away from the better players," continued Randall.

"Well you haven't seen him play lately," chimed in Merwin Dorr, who always took Davis' side of any question. "You fellows are all sore on him because he doesn't care to go with your crowd and don't approve of all your doings. I say Billy has as much right in this

tournament as anyone of you, and as for playing—well you'll see."

"Whew! cool down there Dorr, old boy," came a voice from the farther end of the court, "Davis will get beaten first round anyway, so what's the difference; even Miss Jackson won't look at him after that."

Miss Jackson was the greatest favorite at Hillside. Davis and Dorr agreed with the others on that point, and it seemed to be the only thing in common between the two rival factions. Davis had taken Miss Jackson to all the school events of the previous year and the Phi Chi boys were really jealous.

One by one the boys left the court for dinner and to get dressed for the afternoon's events.

The time was fast approaching two o'clock. The girls dressed in white and blue, the school's colors, gave a gay and pretty appearance to the side-lines. The teachers were there also, and to judge by the peals of hearty laughter there was already plenty of fun and merriment. The time had arrived. The umpire took his stand and read the rules and contestants. Among those entered were William Davis, '01, and Dorr, '01, Independents, Walter Randall, '01, and C. Marvin, '01, Phi Chi Club. It was whispered along the side-lines that the Phi Chi would corner all the prizes, at least this was their intent. They had good players and very popular ones, and the crowd seemed to be in sympathy with them.

The first preliminary round was called for boys' singles. "Marvin, '01, against M. Dorr, '01," shouted the umpire. Marvin stepped out from the crowd amid cheers and clapping. He was a fine-looking young man, with his tanned arms and bronzed complexion. No wonder the girls cheered. Dorr appeared rather flushed from running, for he had just escaped being late. They "threw up" for the choice of courts. Marvin took the service and

the court went to Dorr. "The set has begun," shouted the umpire.

Dorr lost the first game, the next, won the next, lost two straight, won one, lost two. Marvin won the set 6—2. The next set was played, Dorr losing to Marvin's superior serving. Dorr looked rather gloomy as he took his place on the side-lines, yet he hoped Davis would win and thus redeem the "independents" playing. The umpire announced the decision of the first series. The next was between William Davis, '01, and Walter Randall, '01. Davis' eyes wandered over to the side-lines; he saw the smile of a face in the midst of the fresh, girlish loveliness. knew what it meant. With renewed determination he braced himself to try and win out, although against the strongest player in the school.

The set began, Davis taking the serve and Randall the court. Davis' service was rattling. Randall looked puzzled as one by one he returned them to the net. Davis won two straight games. Randall also won two. The grand stand was now cheering for Randall. One voice, above the others, which Davis thought was a girlish one, sounded his name. Davis won two again, then another. Randall won one more, then the next. Score, 5-4 for Davis. Could Randall win the set? Randall was serving. "15-40," he shouted, as he raised his racket for a clever serve. It cleared the net. It struck the back line, but Davis returned it from a low bound. Randall tried a net play, but Davis scooped it with a long side stroke. It went down the side-line with terrific force, Randall after it, but it was too late. Davis won the set 6—4. By this time they were both very short of breath. The next set was begun. Davis revived. He won the first game, but the set was interrupted by an urchin running off with a wild ball. The little intermission did Davis good. The games now alternated. He got the lead of two games.

How the two boys worked, one for a reputation, the other to retain one. Davis won. The series also was his. Down in the midst of the boys could be seen Dorr's beaming face trying to console himself with Davis' victory.

* * * * * *

It was getting late in the afternoon. The excitement had been great, but now it was up to fever heat. The umpire announced the final round for boys' singles. Marvin, '01, versus Davis, '01. Marvin took the service, while Davis took the court. What a noise arose. Baker was noticeably nervous.

Wobble-di—gobble-di—Hurrah-ru, Thrippity, thrappity,—white and blue, Hibble-di-Pibble-di-sis-boom-bah, Marvin from Hillside—ra, ra, rah.

From such cheering it couldn't be wondered at. What if he lost? The club's reputation was at stake. What would they think of him if he let Davis, their bitter rival, defeat him? All of these things ran through Marvin's brain as they tossed for courts.

Davis served and Marvin took the shady court. Davis snatched the first three games. Then Marvin took three. The games alternated till Davis won the first set 9—7. Marvin was completely tired out. Davis played accordingly. His stronger constitution and endurance won him the set and the series. The stand gave weak applause, but Davis was too used up to mind it. He was thinking of his great victory over his old rivals and not a little of Bertha Jackson. Meanwhile Merwin Dorr was speaking with Randall. "It's hard luck, old man, but you see you were completely mistaken this morning."

"I deserve it all and more too, 'Dorsy'," returned Randall, and then he and Dorr shook hands for the first time.

Davis was called over and given the prize by his teacher, who shook his hand vigorously. He was soon surrounded by his school friends, all offering congratulations. It seemed the best moment of his life. The girls were now cheering—for whom? Yes, it was Davis. He didn't wait for the finish, but started for home with Merwin Dorr. They didn't notice a young lady leave the seats till they heard a voice say, "Won't you come over to supper tomorrow night to meet a few friends, as it is my birthday, and I should like Merwin, too." The voice was Bertha Jackson's, and the boys gladly accepted the invitation.

Davis slept rather late next day. As he sat at his breakfast his mother handed him a note which had just arrived by post. It ran:

The Phi Chi would like the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, the 15th, from 8 until 10 o'clock.

WALTER RANDALL, Pres.

Davis accepted this also. His short week would have some pleasure in it after all.

That evening Will Davis and Merwin Dorr

joined the company assembled at the beautiful home of Bertha Jackson. No one had known of the additional prize offered by Bertha to the successful player; so, great was the surprise of the thirty seated guests, when, after the good things were disposed of, a silver loving cup was brought forward and placed at Will Davis' plate. The only inscription on it was "Ich Dien" (I serve), and those two words told him how his summer's efforts, as well as those in the campus, had been appreciated by the sweetest girl at Hillside.

The following Tuesday Davis attended the Phi Chi meeting. He was made the man of the hour, and invited to join the club. He, however, politely declined. It was not without an effort, for he was fighting inclination with a strong will; but he did not give in. The prospect of the many good times and schoolboy larks tempted him—but no; he refused.

F. W. R.

HIGH SCHOOL DRAMAS.

1901

The senior class of the High School presented its second drama, a two-act farce, entitled "Early Vows," at Newtowne hall Friday, February 8, 1901. The cast was as follows:

Captain Winthrop..... Harold C. Upham Ned Wilder..... Arthur D. Hosmer Sampson.... Edward A. Barrier Miss Henrietta Curtice. Alice E. MacKusick Miriam Curtice... Catherine C. Cameron Susan.... Cecelia H. Adams

To us it seems that not only does the acting of a play cut a figure in its success, but that the selection is no less important. It is to be regretted that more judgment was not used in picking out a drama. It is not so much the lack of plot which is to be condemned, for the play had a very strong one, but we do condemn a slight superabundance of what is known as "spooning."

The piece moved along very smoothly and successfully. The first act was hardly as interesting as the second, due perhaps to the character of the acts themselves; the first act was mainly explanatory, while the second developed the explanations into a most amusing confusion of identities, which was finally straightened out in the usual happy style.

We hesitate to pick out from the cast any two candidates for honors, because all the characters were well portrayed. But all things considered, Mr. Hosmer, by his superb lack of self-consciousness and intelligent interpretation of his part, deserves the first mention. Scarcely inferior to him was Miss Cameron in her part of Henrietta Curtice's niece. That she responded so well to the demands of so many conflicting emotions, should be no small source of credit for her. Mr. Upham, in the leading part, was very attractive. Pressing very closely on Miss Cameron's heels, came Miss MacKusick. Her part being that of an elderly lady, she could not have the advantage of being natural and unaffected, but was compelled to suppress her own personality and

adopt a difficult character. We are giving her but insufficient praise in saying that she was easily the best of the character parts. Miss Adams and Mr. Barrier, as servants, were very good; but Mr. Barrier, although conceiving his part well, had the misfortune to overdo it slightly. The verdict of everyone present was that the drama was a very pronounced success.

Mr. Arthur Gove and Mr. Harold Upham were the business managers.

J. T. G., 01.

CLASS OF 1902.

On February twenty-first the junior class gave its drama, "An Engaging Position," at Newtowne hall. With the presentation of this drama, there was closed the most prosperous season of school dramas for a number of years. All the classes made much more money this year than the average classes of previous years, but to the drama itself—the cast was as follows:

Theodore De Winks....Sylvanus W. Wilder James Moncastle.....Irving A. Priest Thomas Bulmer Clyton-Todd.....

Alice Tremwell Arthur D. Batchelder
Alice Tremwell Dora M. Smith
Marion Ladner Alice M. Boyce
Hazel Golde Frances E. Carr

Leaving out the Latin School dramas, which always reach a rather higher standard than is expected of school amateurs, the play of 1902 was the best in plot and opportunity of allowing good acting of any we have seen for a number of years. However, truth compels us to state that for one reason or another the play was not presented as well as it might have been. In spite of that, it was quite satisfactory.

Mr. Batchelder, whose wonderful supply of "ideas" was the life of the piece, easily carried off first honors. His acting was very natural, and in the part which he had he could scarcely have done better. Mr. Priest had an

easy part and carried it off in an acceptable manner. Mr. Wilder had the leading part of the piece, and it must be confessed that he did not extract from his part all that there was in it. This was due perhaps more to an unfortunate nervousness on his part, rather than to any lack of ability.

Very little choice can be made from the female parts of the play, as they were all equally well taken. Miss Boyce perhaps deserves mention for her rendering of the sample case which she had learned at law school. It was very taking, and Mr. Batchelder seconded her very ably in it.

The management of the drama was in the hands of Mr. Irving A. Priest and was very excellent with but one exception, which is mentioned with the hope that it will not be committed next year. It is the way in which the dance orders were distributed. No orders were to be obtained at the box office, which is the usual place for them. Instead, the orders were in the hands of several young ladies. The result was that many young men, not knowing these young ladies, even by sight, were forced to go without orders until long after the first dance had started. In most cases, even then, it was through the agency of some friend that they were supplied.

J. T. G., '01.



LATIN SCHOOL.

February 15th, 1901.

Owing to unsatisfactory report of the rhetorical committee, it was moved and carried that the time for choosing a subject for the competitive debate be extended to the following Tuesday. The society then proceeded to the debate of the evening: "Resolved, That the powers would be justified in partitioning China." Affirmative, Messrs. Mowll, '04, Crowley, '03, and White, 02; negative, Murphy and Ketchum, '04, and Childs, '02. The debate was awarded to the negative by the judges, Messrs. Thompson, 1900, Good, 1900, and Murry, 1902. The attendance was poor.

March 1st, 1901.

The committee on joint debates reported that it had met the committee from Newton High, and that the debate would probably take place in Cambridge during the first two weeks in April.

The evening was devoted to a competitive debate to choose speakers for the debate with Newton. The subject was: "Resolved, That a seat should be granted to any senator, appointed by the governor of a state, when the legislature adjourned, without filling the vacancy." The following spoke: O'Mahoney, affirmative: Good, negative; Childs, negative; Bennett, negative, and Ammidon, affirmative.

The judges, Mr. Thayer, '95, Mr. Burns, '02, and Mr. Wyman, '03, reported that Messrs. Good, Bennett and Ammidon had been chosen, with O'Mahoney as alternate.

During the evening some members of the High School Debating Society announced that they would not challenge the Latin School to a joint debate this year. This subject was tabled until next meeting.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Report of meeting held February 4, 1901: The meeting was called to order at 8.15. The event of the evening was a class debate between 1902 and 1904. The subject was: "Resolved, That the partition of China is justifiable." Affirmative, Hursh, '02, Priest, '02, Elder, '02; negative, Pierce, '04, Parker, '04, Miss Graves, '04.

The jury awarded the debate to 1902, which had manifestly the better of the argument. The report for the past term, beginning October, 1900, was read.

The regular meeting of February 15, being the second meeting of February, was monopolized by the election of officers. The election resulted in favor of Mr. Blake, '01, president; vice president, Mr. Elder, '02; treasurer, Mr. Priest, '02; secretary, Miss MacKusick, '01. The meeting adjourned early.



"I am here, gentlemen," explained the picknocket to his companions, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things."

"And I," chimed in the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for my-self."

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment."

Mother—Johnny, have you been in swimming?

Johnny-No, I haven't.

. Mother—Was the water cold?

Johnny-You bet it was.

Father (wishing to impress the lesson)—Now, my son! tell me why I punished you.

Son—That's it! you've pounded the life out of me, and now you don't know what you've done it for!

Senior—Can you tell me why our college is such a learned place?

Freshman—Certainly; the Freshmen always bring a little learning, and the Seniors never take any away, hence it accumulates.

He thought he thought great thoughts and thought

No other thought a thought, If others ever thought he thought, They thought he thought he thought. Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land----

will appear thus in the new readers, unless a halt is called on science:

Infinitesimal particles of saline, humective fluidity,

Minute corpuscles of non-adhering organic matter,

Conjointly cause to exist the immeasurable expanse of aqueous sections,

And their splendid superficial area of dry solidity.

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called on Dolly the other night," remarked Johnnie, enthusiastically, to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine a-sitting there alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face assuming the colour of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm——"

"John!" screamed his mother, frantically.

"Why," whined the now badly-frightened boy, "I was——"

"You boy," roared his father, "get out!"

And Johnny "got," crying, as he went: "I was only going to say that he had his army elothes on and Dolly knows he had, too!"

"It's strange how a fellow gets attached to a thing," mused the convict as the sheriff attached the ball and chain. THE PHILOSOPHICAL DONKEY.

Way off in the fields of velvety green A lopsided donkey a-gazing was seen, All day on alternate legs he stood;

('hewing up grass for his physical good; When the sun went down deserting the day For his spiritual good did donkey say—
"Let us bray."

Sunday School Teacher—Johnny, do you make the Good Book a lamp unto your feet?

Johnny-No, sir; you would not have me make light of sacred things, would you?

The two mad bulls had blundered into a narrow alley-way. Before them were several policemen; behind them a surging mob.

"Which way shall we go?" inquired one.

"It's pretty hard to decide," replied the other. "Let's toss a copper."

Accordingly they tossed one and got a head, the others turning tail.

"Well, my bringing up amounts to some thing," said the Dinner to the Bill, as it was taken from the cherub waiter.

Visitor—Ah, that is an old master, surely. Mrs. New Rich (apologetically)—Y-e-s, but the frame's new.

"I think I catch your drift," remarked the man, as a snow-slide from the roof of a neighboring house buried him under its impetus.

"Miss Peech," the social item says,
"Will winter in St. Paul";
Now if she springs in Idaho,
I wonder where she'll fall.

She—I think Mary has lost her heart. He—Well, the finder will receive a handsome reward.

"First you must frame a constitution and bylaws," advised the matron, who had, been asked how to start a Young Ladies' Progressive Shakespeare Club.

"Oh, yes," chirped the committee. "We have a nice frame for the constitution, but where shall we buy laws?"

He—I'm going to take a day off next week to celebrate my birthday.

She—Why when I celebrated mine last month I took a year off.

Brown—I don't mind a fifty-year-old maiden claiming she's only thirty.

Smith-Nor do I.

Brown—For if time has told on her she is only getting even by wiping out an old score.

There once was a native from Mars, Who rode a great deal on the cars.

The whole train, one night Was telescoped, quite,

And the passengers thought they saw stars.

Mrs. Bilkins (sweetly)—Do have another piece of cake, Cousin Henry?

Cousin Henry—Well, er-er, I've had two pieces already, but since it's so good, I guess I will.

Little Johnny (excitedly)—Ma's won! Ma's won! She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself before we got through eating.

When Noah built his mammoth ark of Gopher wood and pitch,

And loaded it with crocodiles and elephants and sich,

The neighbors thought him crazy—they didn't know its worth,

For forty days thereafter 'twas the only show on earth.

"Are there many barks on the ocean now?" asked the new reporter.

"Only those of the ocean greyhound," replied the marine reporter, with a sad, sweet smile.

Said the Shirt Waist Man (shivering with cold)—I thought mercury and alcohol never mixed.

His Friend—Well, they don't, do they?

Shirt Waist Man—I don't know for sure, but it looks to me as if the thermometer had taken a drop too much.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

February 13 Miss Duvey gave a sleigh ride and hearts' party to fourteen of her classmates at her home on Leonard avenue. The sleigh ride occupied the first of the evening, the company being well entertained by the declamations and songs. Refreshments were served and a heart party followed, Miss Winegar receiving the prize for capturing the most hearts.

Oh, Blake, I really think you've got the fe-e-ver!

This Blake is also an artist.

Lost, strayed or stolen—two quarts icecream minus four plates.

Chase thinks it hard luck to be disturbed in the small hours of the morning, even by the harmonious voices of two of the class officers.

Are you going to study all those books, Master Gove?

Institute English: "His mother died when quite young and was placed in a countinghouse when he was hardly eleven years old."

A member of the senior class made the astounding assertion on an examination paper that "some astronomers believe the earth to be inhabited." Up to the time of publication we have not been able to discover whether that pupil agrees with those astronomers or not.

The "Trash" held its first social meeting at the home of its president Saturday evening, February 16th. Several plans were adopted which are bound to make this society one of the most influential secret societies in the High School.

"Our exams., like medicine, are easy enough to give, but dreadfully uneasy to take."

There were quite a few went over to the Church of the Advent. All who went had a good time. Some of those scenes were so enjoyable (?) for "Miriam," but they afforded a lot of pleasure to Hosmer—even putting him to sleep.

On February 11th the "Fearful Fire," and some of the boys of the class had "heaps of fun" at the home of Miss Winegar. Singing, dancing and the gracious hospitality of our hostess were some of the charms, but the one came from New York.

1902.

The manager of the drama, Mr. Priest, and the drama committee, deserve great praise for the successful manner in which our drama was conducted.

Greater interest should be taken in the Debating Society by the members of this class. The society should have the support of all.

Cripples resulting from basket-ball seem to be quite in evidence lately.

How about that inter-class debate, '01?

Why should the girls give up fudge during Lent? This sudden goodness seems strange.

Do our secret society members tremble when they hear the sweeping denunciations against them?

Miss Goerwitz gave "Ein deutsches Nachmittags Kaffeekränzchen" to the pupils of her German class a short time ago. Many were present and all spent a pleasant afternoon.

The T. U. B. spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Edna F. Wales on March 1. Our long-looked-for visitors were very welcome.

The T. U. B. gave a telephone and Turkish party at the home of Miss Hughes, Friday evening, February 15. Great was the excitement and sport. May talked altogether too long over the wires, and Alice extended her conversation till she had to be shut off.

And whose Valentine was Miss Mallory?

Miss Carr has been out of school on account of sickness.

The members of the T. U. B. are very careful of their eyes!

1903.

Miss Skelton has been quite ill. We are glad to see her well and strong again.

Isn't Robbins a plucky fellow?

An Old Maid's Society is starting in 1903. We have now five members.

Some of the girls in the Sloyd class went with Miss Choate to visit the Sloyd School in Boston. We thought we were very poor carpenters after we left the place.

She left him standing, holding a glass of water.

Lost, straved, or stolen—a basket-ball.

We wish to congratulate 1902 on their most successful drama and dance, and we hope to have next year as great a success as they.

Mr. Alexander P. Milne has been taking a special course in penmanship at the Bryant and Stratton School.

We are very glad to see Lowell back in his old place, after a six weeks' illness.

The latest is "perhaps."

Mr. Johnson has joined our class. He comes from the Pittsfield High School.

Miss Barnes has taken the first hour French class which Miss Goerwitz has been teaching. In the class indoor meet, held February 22 at the Y. M. C. A., Grabenstien won three first and a second, and Dunn won one first and three seconds for our class. This shows that our class has the best track athletes.

Grabenstien and Taylor of our class played on the basket-ball team which beat a picked team from our school.

1904.

Lost, strayed, or stolen—a dog. Finder will please put out-doors.

Members of the Debating Society from this class were sorry to see their classmates, who had not paid their dues, lose their memship. After all, these classmates only followed the example set them by the higher classes.

We were glad to see Whitmore back in school.

The "dope" division has appeared since the exams.

One of our algebra classes agrees that three times five equals forty-five.

The front seats have all become occupied.

Reynolds was very hungry.

We are informed that Mary Ann was once queen of England.

Church is a stamp merchant. Stamps are bought, sold, and exchanged.

Room 6 has given \$3.90 to the Galveston school fund.

Doesn't writing Latin make your nerves shaky?

And he wouldn't open the box.

Misses Kiver and Lothrop have returned.

We like light on some subjects, but we can't illuminate x's.

Mr. C. F. Newman has left school to enter Bryant and Stratton's.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

The basket-ball team wishes to extend its hearty thanks to Mrs. Robinson, who brought them a very enjoyable collation after one of the games. Almost every member of the team secured a share of it.

The members of the Pi Sigma gave the class a most delightful social on the evening of March first. Almost every member of the class was present, and all considered it the most successful social of the year.

1901 will look well on the basket-ball banner.

The girls of the basket-ball team are very gateful to the boys in the class for the boxes of delicious candy which they presented them after the last basket-ball game.

The latest organization in the class is the Kit-Kat Club, a society devoted exclusively to literary pursuits.

A class meeting was held on Friday, February 8, to elect officers for the second half-year and to hear the report of the management of the drama.

Mr. Chapin's report was most satisfactory, and the class must certainly be congratulated on the selection of its business managers.

The following officers were elected:—

President, Mr. Linnell; vice president, Miss Robinson; secretary, Miss Moller; treasurer, Mr. Durrell; social committee, Miss Salmon, Miss Boyer, Mr. Farrington.

Hubbard, James, Locke and Tyng are candidates for the crew.

Miss Garton has returned to school after a long absence, and we are very glad to welcome her back. 1902.

Aren't the Harvard papers in Algebra encouraging?

The members of the T. H. L. entertained their friends at the home of Miss Hubbard on Thursday evening, February 21.

Wonderful! 1903 beat us in basket-ball. What a surprise it must have given them.

It is to be hoped that the girls will realize next year that the championship cannot be won, when only six or seven girls come out for practice. Let this be a lesson.

According to one of the members of the history class, the sacred geese of Juno "crackled." No wonder the men woke up.

On all sides is heard the mournful cry, "Think of the candy we've lost."

We are all glad to have Miss Albee back, after her long illness.

Latin translation: "Free towns were informed by me, concerning Catiline's Sally.

1903.

The chemistry course has been somewhat changed this year. The class has started Theoretic chemistry.

We wish to thank the girls on the basketball team for their hard, faithful work.

There is no doubt but that the second division in Greek knows what a parody is.

The class (?) held a social at the home of Miss Wright a short time ago. There were thirteen girls and three boys present. Enough said!

It will never do to boast of our hockey team, for although it has done it's best, the best of the other classes was better than our best. 1904.

Flag of '04
We'll win such a score,
That you'll float more proudly
Than ever before.
Help us to be brave,
Thy fair ones to save,
We cheer thee as flag was ne'er cheered before.
Emblem of vict'ry,
Hope for each girl,
Long may thy purple folds gaily unfurl,
While thro' the gym,
Loud rings our hymn,
1904 Latin School, win evermore.

Oh that Latin exam! Three hours was barely enough.

It is time for another social.

If only all of our teams were equal to the hockey-team there would be some chance, alas!

The mid-years are over. Are you glad?

Translation: "Des coups de corne." "Some ears of corn."

The basket-ball team started the pretty custom of wearing hair-ribbons of royal purple, the class color.

It is noticeable how much we say about the basket-ball championship. Never mind, girls, wait until next year, then we will have Miss Harrington.

Who shall say we haven't some genuises in our class—poets, etc.?

1905.

What did you get on your mids?

The hockey team did better than the football team.

How do you like "Lady of the Lake"?

The second social of the year was recently held at the home of Mr. Bennett. A very enjoyable evening was spent playing guessing games. The teachers present were Misses Hardy, Monroe, Reynolds and Arnold.

Don't get discouraged in basket-ball, 1905, for—

"Other classes may deem their teams the best,
And praise them in the very loudest manner.

But the team of the class of 1905,

Is the team that in one year will win the banner."

Miss Severance is now on the basket ball team in place of Miss Eaton.

How did you like the mid-years? Wasn't the Algebra a "soak"?

Boys, let's have a good base-ball team.

Nobody stayed after school for two weeks last month. We hope the girls will take possession again.

Who won the prizes?

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ATHLETICS.

HIGH SCHOOL.

On Franklin Field, Saturday, February 9, was played the first hockey game between the teams of the High and Latin Schools, and it resulted in a score of one to nothing in favor of the High School seven.

The two teams were very evenly matched and during the two periods of twenty minutes each neither side was able to score. Very little advantage could be claimed by either team. An extra period of ten minutes was played, and at almost the last moment of play Upham shot a goal, which won the game for High School and resulted in a vigorous protest by Latin School, who claimed that it was no goal. The goal was made from a difficult angle and was extremely close, but the closeness was chiefly the result of the fact that shoes were used for goal posts instead of the real articles. Had real goal posts been used there can be no doubt but what it would have been a goal.

Line-up:

C. L. S.	С. н. s.
Taft, g	g., Southward
Crocker, p	p., Chase
Hastings, c. p	c. p., McSweeney
Cunningham, f	
Holland, f	f., Upham
Smith (Burns), f.,	f., Crawford
Baker (Shean), f	

Score, C. H. S., 1; C. L. S., 0. Goal, by Upham.

Time, two 20-minute periods and one 10-minute period.

Umpires, E. H. S., Sheridan; C. L. S., Garfield; referee, Westcott, C. M. T. S.

Some days after, C. M. T. S. beat High School by a score of 8—0, having very little trouble in shooting goals as Southward was not playing, leaving the goal tending to an inexperienced player.

The basket-ball team composed of members of the C. Y. M. C. A., three of whom are pupils at the High School, played the Somerville High School basket-ball team in Prospect hall, this city, winning by a score of twentyfive to five. The Y. M. C. A. team went under the name of Cambridge High School basketball team, and the proceeds to the High School track team. There seems to be great doubts as to the wisdom in allowing that team, or any team so made up and organized, to play under the name of our school. It gives to the school a bad name, and a deservedly bad one, too, and why those in charge of athletics at the High School countenanced the thing is a great The athletics committee did not give them authority to use the name, and so they certainly had no right to it.

The High School class track games were held at the Y. M. C. A. building on Washington's birthday. From the showing made there, one can see that the athletic committee did well in refusing to give money to track athletics.

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LATIN SCHOOL.

The regular line-up of the hockey team has been as follows:---

Forwards—Smith, Holland, Cunningham, Sheehan.

Cover-point—Hastings.

Point—Crocker.

Goal--Taft.

Baker and Burns played in part of the High School game as forwards.

The results of the games were as follows:— January 25, C. L. S., 2; Somerville, 1. Both of our goals were made by Holland.

February 9, C. H. S., 1; C. L. S., 0. February 11, Newton, 4; C. L. S., 0.

February 12, C. L. S., 1; B. E. H. S., 0. Smith scored the goal.

February 14, R. M. T. S., 1; C. L. S., 0.

This last game was so hotly contested that neither side was able to score in the alloted time. In the extra period, Clark, of Training School, scored the winning goal.

1902 has the championship in class hockey and 1904 comes second, while the ranking of the other three classes remains unsettled as the game between 1901 and 1905 has not been played.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The class indoor meet was held in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, Saturday afternoon, March 1. By the system of scoring—five points for every first place, three for every second, and one for every third—1905 scored 24 points; 1902, 10; 1904, 8; 1901, 7; 1903, 5.

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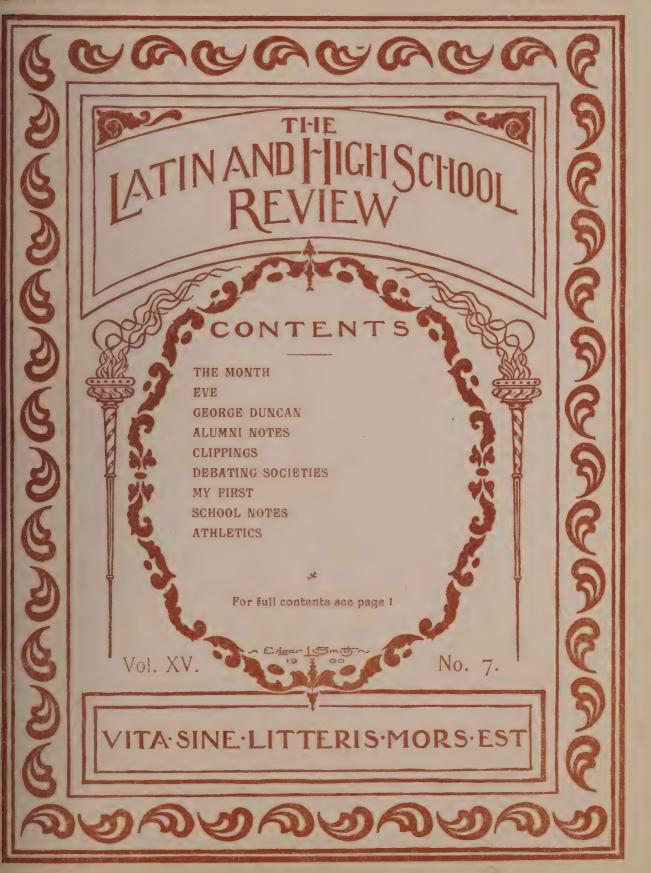
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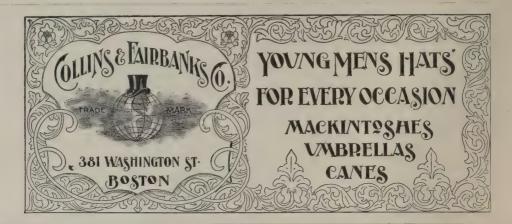
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CAMBRIDGE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT, APRIL, 1901

COURTESY OF PHOTO ERA.

THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. VII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1901.

THE MONTH.

If it is not too presuming we should like to remonstrate in the name of the scholars, at the manner in which the "no-school signal" is given at present. Probably, not being themselves directly affected by the ringing of these bells, those in authority have never had an opportunity to discover how much confusion there is at present and how many mistakes are constantly reported. This subject has been called to mind afresh owing to the numerous misunderstandings which took place one very stormy morning in March.

We awoke, on that morning of which we speak, to find the wind blowing a gale and the rain descending in a veritable sheet. As soon as we had made these observations, we began to listen for the bell. At exactly halfpast seven—the time set for the bells to ring as a signal to the scholars of the high schools --we distinctly heard five strokes twice repeated. At first we were inclined to smile and say, "Oh! that's only Somerville!" However, the policeman, whom we questioned, assured us that those were the Cambridge bells, and being convinced at last, we were only too happy to take a day's vacation. Needless to say, the bells and whistle were only in Somerville; but we were far from being the only

persons deceived. We mean, honestly deceived, not deceived merely because we wished to be. It seems to us that when even the policemen are mystified and when, as we know to be the case, a prominent official at the City Hall told his children positively that the signal meant that there would be no school for them and that they might stay at home, something ought to be done. It must be remembered that, in some parts of Cambridge, the Somerville whistles and bells are, if anything, almost louder than our own, especially if the wind is northerly or easterly. Any teacher if asked what was the most common excuse given by her pupils when absent in very stormy weather, would probably reply, "They thought the bells rang." We know that many take advantage and "think that the bells rang" when they know better, but there is much sincere confusion. Last year we determined to trust the signal no longer, but to go to school rain or shine. Consequently, on two very stormy mornings we ploughed our way down to Trowbridge street, all to no purpose. This is not fair to the scholar, yet it is the only safe course at present. This winter has been notably mild and the confusion naturally much less than usual. However, winters are not all lambs.

Why could not the difficulty be settled by

ringing the Cambridge bells five minutes carlier or five minutes later than those of Somerville? If this plan is not satisfactory why could not the bells give a different number of strokes—say, six-six? We should then positively know, beyond cavil or question, what we were to do. It seems to be the policy of Cambridge to yield less readily than Somerville to the inclemency of the weather, still, when the bells do ring we should know it; and when they do not ring, we should know that, too.



Last month on account of a lack of space which we were unable to foresee, we were obliged to omit the account of the basket-ball game between 1904 and 1905, both C. L. S. The line-up was the same as in the other games, except that, for 1904, Miss Alley played guard in place of Miss Huling. For 1904, Miss Humans scored four field goals and one free goal. For 1905, Miss Raymond scored one field goal and two free goals; Miss Marble also secured one field goal. The score was nine to six in favor of 1904.



The bas-relief frieze of the Parthenon, with which the Latin School hall is decorated, has at length been entirely put up. The effect is very beautiful. The scholars owe their thanks not only to those who have so generously contributed the sum of money needed to purchase such expensive casts, but also to Mr. Bradbury, to whom belongs the honor both for the wise choice of subject and for the successful manner in which he has had the casts imported from London and put in place.



We feel that we should not omit to say a few words concerning that all-absorbing subject—the closing of the Latin School gymnasium. What we state here we have on perfectly good authority. This action on the part of the school committee was possibly precipitated by the game which some girls from the Latin School played with the Somerville High School basket-ball team without permission of the teachers, and although our editor from the High School, who writes their basket-ball notes, seems to think differently, probably by the game which, under somewhat similar conditions, some girls from the High School played with a team from the Posse gymnasium. The committee wisely decided that it was time for some definite head to be appointed who should control and supervise basket-ball and other athletics. The usefulness of a gymnasium without a gymnast in control, is decidedly questionable. There was only one way to bring the matter to a head to force the issue, and that was obviously to close the gymnasium. The action was taken with the belief that it would be most advantageous and beneficial in the end. No greater proof is needed of this than the fact that Mr. Stone, one of our own alumni, and a great supporter of athletics, proposed the measure. He realizes that the gymnasium cannot remain closed forever and that now, when it opens again, it will be fitted with the necessary apparatus and supervised by a competent instructor. Thus will good come out of evil. We shall probably lose the use of a bare room for a few months, but we shall gain a gymnasium—a true gymnasium-for many years to come. Mr. Stone is doing his best for us. Let us then not grumble, but wait patiently for the great point which he will surely win in the The basket-ball girls should not feel badly in the meantime: their action merely served as the last straw—a straw which is to work much good by settling one of the most puzzling questions which has arisen in connection with the new school. It is quite possible that such action would have been taken even if the unlucky games had never been played.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Review:

As a member of the High School, I wish to answer one of the editorials of last month's Review, in respect to the prevailing opinion of the school paper and its management, among the pupils of this school.

"We understand that the scholars in the High School feel that their work is slighted."

This is wrong, I admit—but when you consider that almost every one who works for the paper in this school feels that he is working for a paper of which another school has comparatively complete control, you can perhaps understand that he is going to be ready, every time his work is not accepted, to lay it to one cause, namely—the Latin School runs this paper, and its workers have the preference.

I know it is altogether unfair for the High School pupils "to refuse to write and then blame the editor."

What can be done to "shake off this apathy and thus accomplish much more?"

Why not go to the very root of the matter to correct this evil?

As the schools know, the Review is managed by an editor-in-chief, his first assistant and a staff of eight associate editors, with, of course, the business-manager and his staff.

During the summer vacation the associate editors are appointed, usually, and are detailed to their different departments. Do they meet the two higher officers and together make the plans and map out the work for the coming year? No. Are they made to feel that they all have an equal responsibility and are working, unitedly, for a common goal, i.e., the success of the school paper? No.

Allow me to offer a criticism from one whose school paper is a joint one, between two schools, as ours.

"What! Do you mean to say that you do

not really know the Latin School members of your staff, even the one who is on the same department with you? If that is the case, if you do not work together, I do not wonder that there is an indifferent, ununited feeling in the work for the paper between the two schools."

I think that Mr. Ammidon has come very near, if not wholly, solving the problem. I think that if his plan, in the main, were carried out, that there would be a renewal, yes, a thorough awakening in the High School, that would result in it being the Latin and High School Review.

I think some of the details of the plan, however, would be too radical a change for the paper to bear all at once.

There is certainly some good material in 1902 and 1903, and possibly 1904 of the High School and I, with everyone else, would like to see it brought out. I do not think it can or will be brought out under the present system of management.

In closing, I am not attempting to criticise the present editor of the paper in any way, but the system of management that was given over to him.

Mr. Ammidon closed his communication with, "If sufficient agitation is made on this subject, I do not see how the present editor can refuse, and I do not believe that he will refuse to lend his aid toward putting some such scheme as this in operation, beginning at the close of this school year."

The members of the High School are waiting, with newly awakened interest, the outcome of this appeal.

Will not you, editors and members of the Latin School, after careful consideration, enter into this discussion?

CATHERINE C. CAMERON, Class 1901, C. E. H. S.

We desire to make but very little comment on Miss Cameron's communication. With her usual good sense, she has found one of the most serious flaws of the present management—every management has its own, by the way—one which we have often pondered upon, namely, the small amount of intercourse between the under-editors of the two schools. Everyone must recognize that this social evil hardly comes within our power. At present, until the bitterness over the separation in athletics dies down, we much doubt whether anyone could force editors of the two schools into true companionship. Instead, each school has a sympathetic leader to work under. We were about to boast that finally we had succeeded in awakening interest in the High School, for we are promised at least a dozen stories from the lowest class. ever, to do Miss Cameron justice, she sees that Mr. Ammidon is overdoing it and does not youch for all he says.



In accordance with the promise which we gave our readers last month, we print the fellowing brief discussion of the Review under different managements. Anyone who desires more information than space permits us to give, can get it by applying to the editor, who will allow him to examine the volumes preserved in the library. The editor is prepared to answer all inquiries.

At the very beginning the Review was owned and controlled by a stock company. The scholars of the Latin School held two massmeetings and this was the form of management chosen. Stock was issued at twenty-five cents per share. The editors were all chosen by the directors of this company—editor-inchief included. The officers were: (1) Board of directors, consisting of the president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and two or three directors; (2) board of editors, consisting of the editor, two associates and six "assistant editors"; (3) advertising

agents and, later on, a business manager. That this form of government was unwieldy no one will doubt, especially as it had to be abandoned for this reason. Under this regime the REVIEW existed as 'a small enterprise, containing only from twelve to sixteen pages, until one man arose of such undoubted ability that he secured both the office of president of the directors and that of editor-in-chief. With the two offices his power was practically unlimited, and, by means of his great authority, shaking off much of the red tape, although obliged to retain many of the forms, he made the Review, more than ever before, the work of one able, determined man. Taking the reins into his own hands, he increased the number of pages from sixteen to thirty-two, and made the Latin School Review the LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW. This was the effect produced by Fred Bonney, the first great single editorial head of the Review. This is the first proof, in our own history, of the advantage derived from having one main head. All that the Review now is we owe to that one man, who dared to make the RE-VIEW his own cherished project. Still the old forms continued in force because people actually held stock in the company. As anyone who examines the past volumes will see, the next steps of importance in the general improvement of the paper were made when, once again, a single man became both president and editor. Here is our proof deliberately repeated. This man was Raymond Estabrook. Although the board of directors still existed and still had the power to elect—observe that the choice lay with the owners and not with the associates—for some time the editors, beginning again with Bonney, had practically designated their successors. Estabrook did so openly, without any attempt to conceal his action in a mass of red tape. Estabrook chose two most excellent men, Murdock, now manager of the Harvard Crimson, and

Alexander Blackburn. Murdock was both business manager and president; Blackburn was editor-in-chief. Under these two men who, although the board still held a little power, were practically absolute heads, the paper continued to flourish. Everyone knows that Murdock appointed Winslow, and Blackburn, Clark. The board of directors at length recognized what a farce it had become, and it quietly dropped out of existence in January, 1898. The editor announced the change by declaring that all offices would now be awarded on the competitive system. He states the unfairness of elections very tersely by saving, "Up to this time the choice has

rarely been decided by merit!" We feel sure that even those who object to the present management will admit one thing—that a man has to work to get on the Review and that, if he works with his might, he is pretty sure to win a position. It was not so when elections were in order. Clark and Winslow were recognized as supreme heads, with right to appoint successors whom they chose, as those of the present management are now being chosen, by the competitive system. Thus, the reader sees that the present management, with two heads, is the result of the process of natural elimination and survival of the fittest. The question is, shall we begin over again?

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Since compliments to the Review reflect not only on the staff but on the whole school, we take the liberty of mentioning two letters which we have received. Both letters were written by principals of large high schools, in each case the purpose being to discover the cause of the Review's superiority. It is surely a sincere compliment when a man desires to copy. The first was addressed to Mr. Bradbury, and handed over to us by him; the second, written to us personally, we quote in full. The author is principal of one of the largest schools in the state. Honor forbids the use of names.

January 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR:

Among all the exchanges received by the editor of the P-—-, our school paper, I have long regarded the C. L. and H. S. Review as far superior to all I have examined. In every issue, and on every page, there is evidence of method, taste, ability and faithful work,—all of which is very commendable, in-

deed; and I heartily congratulate you upon the high standard you have set and so well maintained.

I write you these lines, however, to ask if you will be so kind as to write me an outline of your method or system of administration as editor-in-chief of the C. L. AND H. S. Review, that is, your assignments of duty to your associates, the times of regular meetings of the staff, the distribution of responsibility for the character of accepted contributions, the basis of election to the staff, and the relation of the teachers to your paper.

Thanking you, etc.,

This paper, run on the board system, is evidently not an entire success. Supposing that the Review is run on the same basis, he writes to find where the difference lies, for he sees there must be a difference. And there is, indeed! These things do not tend to show that a change in management is either necessary or safe.

EVE.

A FAMILY LEGEND.

The place was one of the hill-towns of Western Massachusetts; the year, 1756; and the season, mid-summer. The sun was just setting ruddily over the distant Berkshires, and its rays mingling with the natural blue haze of the hills, formed a wondrous purple mantle which wrapped them from summit to foundation. Everywhere the landscape was symbolic of peace; the lowing of cattle, the merry voices of children and the babbling of the Beaver River, child of the mountain and the forest, came to the ears like tender music; and over all lay the sunset calm. Only above the whole the setting sun was casting a crimson glow, like blood, as if foretelling the war that, bursting over the homes which dotted the valley, was soon to steal away their bravest and best.

Of these homes the oldest was that of John Cogswell, who came into the wilderness with his young bride and built a home in the then unbroken forest. Two children had been born a son, whom they called Adam, and a daughter, Eve. These were now grown up, and Eve was about to leave the old Paradise to make a new one for a young man named Henry Graves. But alas! the war-fever was at its height, and both Eve's brother and her betrothed were about to leave her for distant battle scenes.

It was the last day that the young soldiers would be at home, and that was now drawing to a close. It was time to do the evening "chores." The pasture was some distance down the Pittsfield turnpike, and the three young people started out together to bring in the cattle. At first they walked along, side by side, talking and jesting, although with heavy hearts; but soon silence came over them. Finally Eve, looking up into the calm, grave

face of her lover, said, "Can't you stay at home, Henry?"

He looked down into her beseeching blue eyes, and he longed to yield to her entreaties, but he said, "No, dear, I cannot. You would be the first to despise me if I did."

"Oh, it is so hard," she said, "to have you and Adam both leave me. Can't you stay and help father, Adam? I am sure he needs you more than the colony, for you are all he has, and one more among all the colony's troops makes so little difference."

She turned to Adam for an answer, but he was not to be seen. When the lovers had begun their conversation he had slipped unnoticed into the bushes and disappeared. "What would ever become of me if you or Adam, or both of you, should be killed?" she pleaded, sitting down on a stump by the road-side and crying as though her heart would break.

Then Henry Graves, who, though he was as loath to go as she to have him, thought only of her, and tried to comfort her. At first he did not speak, but bent over and caressed her fair hair. "Do not be so alarmed," he urged, "neither Adam nor I shall be killed, and we shall both return in a few months, and meet in your father's orchard, as we used to do."

She looked up at her comforter, smiling through her tears, and said, "Will you promise me one thing, Henry? It is only a little thing, but it will mean so much to me."

He looked down at her, smiling, too. Then he said, "I will promise you anything that I can honorably perform." At that she hung her head and fixed her eyes on the ground. "You will think me foolish," she said, "but I want you to put your hand in mine and promise that you will return to me, alive or

dead. It will be a comfort to me to think that you will return, for I know that not even Death itself will be cruel enough to keep us apart."

He stooped and took her hand, and said solemnly, "I promise." Then she rose quickly to her feet with a bright smile. "Let us go now for the cows," was all she said.

The next day the young men were gone. After their departure, the days rolled quietly on, and became months, until finally two years and more had passed since the soldier-boys went away. Once or twice, through neighbors returning from the front, they heard of them; of their bravery at Louisburg, and of the gallant stand they made under the brave Lyman at the battle of Lake George.

It was winter now, two years and a half since Adam Cogswell and Henry Graves left for the war. John Cogswell, the father of Adam and Eve, had failed rapidly since his son had gone away, and many more duties than she had been accustomed to had fallen on his daughter. But she was strong and able to bear them.

One evening in mid-December, when the sun, sinking a saffron-colored globe in the west, had left its promise of storm behind it, Eve went out as usual to milk the cows. Her way to the barn led through the large orchard which her father had planted around his dwelling. She stepped outside, but had been gone scarcely long enough to reach the barn when she came flying back to the house, her face and lips colorless. She ran straight to her father, and throwing her arms around his neck hid her face on his shoulder.

"What is it, daughter?" he gently asked her. The room, ruddy and cheerful with its roaring fire, was for a moment or two silent except for her sobs and the ticking of the old clock in the corner. At length she tried to speak, but she was sobbing and trembling so that for a time she could not utter a syllable; then as she became a little more calm she told her story, but in a hurried, excited manner, as though she was afraid of losing control of her voice again.

"Father, Henry Graves' ghost is out there . in the orchard. When I went out I saw it looming tall and white and still over among the trees. I thought it was some stick or something covered with snow at first, but it came toward me as I went on until it stood right in my path. Even then I thought nothing of it, for I could see right through it; I thought it was some trick of the moonlight through the clouds. But as I went on toward the barn it went, too, walking backward, and always just one step before me. I followed it into the barn and there, in the lantern light, it turned and looked at me. Then Henry stretched his hand toward me, and in the most awful voice you ever heard, 'Eve, I have kept my promise. Death has not been cruel enough to keep us apart.'

"O father! father! what shall I do?" She had told her story quickly, in a wild, dry voice that frightened her father more than the words themselves. He now held the trembling girl in his arms, trying to calm her, and for a moment there was again silence in the kitchen save for her sobs; soon these also ceased and she became more self-possessed. Then he said, "Daughter, what promise did he mean?" At this, Eve told her other story.

As he listened, stern old Puritan that he was, he became more and more stern, but he did not speak until she had finished; then he declared, "You did very wrong to tamper in such a way with the great purposes of Providence, but since you have made him take such a promise, you must go out and speak with him. Go now, and hear all that he has to say to you." Eve was a dutiful daughter, and though she was still trembling, she went

out to the barn, and was gone a long time. When she returned she was pale and subdued. No one ever knew what passed between her and the shade of her lover, but from that time her health began to fail. At first she went quietly about her duties, but the joy seemed to be gone from them. Soon, however, these exertions became too much for her; finally she was compelled to take to her bed, and in two months she was dead.

They laid her in the little burying-ground in her native place. Adam came home just before the funeral, and brought the tidings that on the very night when she saw the ghost of Henry Graves, he had been killed by a French bullet on the lofty Plains of Abraham.

The existence of the family of the Cogswells is now called to mind only by a fine old orchard, in which a pile of stones marks the location of the old homestead; by a worn slate headstone inscribed in hardly decipherable letters, "Eve, daughter of John Cogswell"; and the above legend preserved in one of our oldest Massachusetts families.

W. O. H., 1901.

GEORGE DUNCAN.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.

It was about five years ago that George Duncan first appeared on the streets of Blair. He was not a handsome man—he was far too large, ungraceful and bear-like to convey the least suggestion of symmetry or beauty—but, nevertheless, there was assuredly some indefinable quality of attractiveness about him. Perhaps the charm lay in a pair of fine blue eyes, deep and honest as the heavens themselves, which seemed to look the whole world bravely in the face, voluntarily giving a silent pledge to each passer-by that, if he should ever lack assistance in a dire extremity, each muscle in Duncan's huge body, fully six feet four inches in height, would be strained to the utmost in his behalf. His other features, large, prominent and somewhat roughly hewn though there were, all contributed to produce this favorable impression. His very size seemed to declare an independent fairness and magnanimity since the man today, just as the citizen of ancient Greece, naturally looks for greater spirits in greater men. His broad forchead, his straight Grecian nose, his large, firm mouth, his great square jaws all bespoke determination and honesty—above all, honesty. Had that venerable cynic Diogenes met such a man he must have hidden his famous lantern beneath his robe and stolen away in confusion.

For an instant Duncan paused to enquire the way to the Briggs Iron Works. At the sound of his ringing base voice—a voice in every way befitting the man—the gentleman to whom George addressed himself, stopped, deliberately surveying the young man a moment before he answered. "Yes," he replied, "go straight ahead till you get there. If Mr. Briggs doesn't want you, come and talk to me. My name is A. J. Noble." The manner in which he made this last announcement was undeniably arrogant, yet, at the same time, friendly. Duncan, lifting his hat, continued on his way.

The town of Blair which, at the time we write of, contained about five thousand inhabitants, had sprung into existence with the erection of its two great iron and steel works, those owned by Mr. Briggs and those belonging to Mr. Noble. The main street ran due east and west, connecting these great centres

of business. To be brief, Blair was a typical factory town of the better class, well laid out, well cleansed, well policed, with its multitude of workmen and its little circle of moneyed aristocrats.

As George Duncan, his great arms swinging freely at his sides, strode through the gate of the Briggs works and into the office the few men and boys who chanced to be standing around gazed after him in open admiration. In the office, he asked to see Mr. Briggs personally. He had to wait about a quarter of an hour, but finally the door of the inner office opened, allowing two men to pass out. One of them, a stout but keen-appearing business man of fifty or thereabouts, stepped toward him and methodically received and opened the letter of introduction which George presented. Every now and then as he read, he glanced quickly at the young man. The letter ran as follows:

Boston, May 1, '96.

Dear Briggs:

I write this note to introduce George Duncan of Boston. A graduate of the Institute of Technology and a natural mechanic of much ability, he desires work in some concern such as your own. I can give him the best of references. He is the most honest boy I have ever known: he comes from a good though poor family and has always made his own way, at the same time supporting his widowed mother, who has died but lately. If you are any judge of men you cannot fail to see his uprightness in his face. Hoping that you will be able to grant one more great favor to your old friend—the friend and schoolfellow of Duncan's father—by giving George the work he seeks, I am,

> Your old chum, HENRY WRIGHT.

After scrutinizing George a bit more Mr. Briggs suddenly demanded, "Well, Duncan,

if you are to work for me what do you expect to get and where do you expect to begin!"

"What you give me and where you want me," was the simple answer.

"Then you may report more in detail to the superintendent, whom I shall send here at once," and the busy man hurried off with a satisfied nod. As he passed out of the door he muttered to himself, "If Wright doesn't ask any worse favors than that, I don't care how many he wants. I couldn't have sent him away even if he had brought no letter. Just the man to fill Hawes' place!"

In less than three years George Duncan rose to be the superintendent's right hand man. He acted as paymaster, and a kind of general overseer, but he was most valuable to the company on account of his unusual influence among the mea. From the moment he entered the works Duncan had been popular among the mechanics. They all admired his strength; and his hearty, honest manner won the hearts of the workmen so commonly suspicious of their employers. Also, they respected his coolness and mechanical ability which seemed always to be on hand to prevent any of the disasters so frequent in foundries.

Up to this time the employees had not organized, but at last the men from both works united to form a branch of the national union. Duncan did not oppose the idea for he knew it would be useless for one man to attempt to block a universal tendency, but, instead, realizing that a union might indeed be advantageous rather than disastrous if correctly run, he joined it, much to the delight of the men, intending to exert his influence for fairness and moderation.

The next day he had a private conference with Mr. Briggs. At first he was provoked, even angry, but by the time Duncan had explained his theory that the mutual injury resulting from so mnay labor organizations was due to their being arbitrarily ruled by ambitious and half-educated foreigners, he was satisfied. "What I desire to do," Duncan said, "is to restrain the men and see justice to all parties. I have studied the question and believe this to be the best policy. If this plan is not agreeable to you, I must leave."

"No! No! It's just what I want. An honest man, and that man my own assistant superintendent to control the union!"

The plan worked marvelously. The men made only such reasonable demands as the owners could not well refuse to grant. They saw how successfully the union ran under Duncan's advice and influence, and honored his opinions more than ever. Everyone was satisfied, for it was a cold climate for the walking delegate. One day when Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble were discussing together the latter remarked, "I wonder how much that man of yours has saved us by keeping that union in hand." Mr. Briggs only offered Mr. Noble another cigar and smiled.

CHAPTER II.

As has already been remarked, the aristocratic circle of Blair was most limited. It contained, of course, as central luminaries Mr. Noble and his family, and Mr. Briggs with his family. And then there were a few city people, such as the three leading merchants of the town, who were admitted into the magic ring. Also there were a few head clerks and accountants from the two great offices and several of the experts from the works—educated electricians, for example. These, taken altogether, were the elite one hundred which met once in so often to play the most delightful and satisfying of human games—that of mutual admiration.

Twenty years before the proper beginning

of this story, when Blair was hardly more than an experiment and a body of twenty-five reigned in place of the magnificent hundred, a great event, or rather two great events, transpired which set all this little society in a flutter. A little boy came to bless the Briggs' household and, just one year later to the day, Mr. Noble became the proud father of a merry, crowing, little girl baby. All good society smiled and chattered and nodded, for everything was just as it should be. "Mr. Briggs' lovely boy" furnished gossip for the first year in a very creditable way, but when the little girl was born on the little boy's birthday interest rose to a fever of amiable excitement. There could be no doubt about it; the coincidence was ordained by Providence to foretell their fate. Everyone prophesied, but their was very little satisfaction in this, for they all read the oracle in the same way; "Launcelot Briggs and Helen Noble will marry." Thus the poor children were disposed of before either could object.

Previous to this time, although friendly rivals before the public, at heart Briggs and Noble were bitter competitors. However, they were now seen riding in the same buggy and talking business like the best of friends, with the result that it was agreed that Briggs should fill all orders of one kind and Noble all those of another. Mrs. Briggs with her baby would first visit Mrs. Noble: then Mrs. Noble would return the compliment. In either case the two smiling mothers would sit side by side watching the two babies play together. Such phenomenal harmony existed as is rarely witnessed by mortals.

Launcelot and Helen grew up much as the average children who receive too much attention. Each travelled extensively; each knew a great deal about the earth's surface and pitifully little about its people. Helen, as it chanced, was sent to a first class boarding school at fifteen and, at seventeen, returned

home bright, capable and energetic, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." The first time that Mr. Briggs saw her after this he was obliged to own to himself that she was much too good for Launcelot. Poor Launcelot had gone to college and reduced the science of being lazy to a fine art. When, at the age of twenty-two, he finally returned home to stay, having been wheeled through college in an easy chair by a corps of most accomplished tutors, finding the supply of money still plentiful and the desire to work still small within him, he decided to wait a while before entering on his life's labors. Only one thing could excite him to vigorous action—the sight of the beautiful Helen, who now, at twentyone, was worthy of any man's admiration. He sincerely loved her. Whether she loved him was a riddle; she had carefully turned the conversation every time that he had tried to be sentimental, yet she was engaged to no one else. Some of the hundred shook their heads and cried, "I told vou so" (which was not true), while others still exclaimed, "Wait." One thing was evident to all: Helen intended to make the man who would win her work for the honor.

Mr. Noble gave a great reception in honor of his daughter's birthday, that year, and invited the whole hnudred and even a few special guests. Contrary to his usual custom, George Duncan had accepted the invitation and might be seen mingling among the other guests, the most prominent of them all. Since she had never spoken to him before, and because she was very curious to make the acquaintance of the young man when, her father declared to be the finest fellow in Blair, she managed so that after being introduced he should have no excuse for not dancing with her as she felt perfectly sure that he could dance if he wished. So it happened that when Launcelot glanced over his shoulder in the second waltz he beheld George Duncan and Helen Noble dancing together with evident satisfaction to both parties. Just why he should be more afraid to have Duncan dance with Miss Noble than any other young man he neither reasoned nor cared, but he was at once mortally jealous. His pretty partner, who found herself being dragged about in the most aimless fashion, after numerous collisions declared that it was too hot to da acquiesced and, leading her to a settee, sat down beside her and begged leave to fan her.

But all the time he fanned his eyes were fastened on Duncan and Helen, who were likewise resting. He could see them talking together, unmistakably interested and not just "making talk" as he was trying to with his own partner. When the first chord was struck to announce the next dance, he suddenly remembered that Helen had promised to save it for him, and after hurriedly excusing himself from his partner, who was heartily glad of the change, hurried across to her. He was just in time to hear Helen say, "You must come more often, Mr. Duncan. I have not enjoyed a dance so much for ever so long!"

Helen understood what frame of mind Launcelot was in, for she smiled somewhat defiantly as he approached, but stood up and beat time lightly with her foot as if impatient to start. Launcelot did not take her arm, but instead announced with the determined manner of a man about to do something he knows to be rash, "I do not want to dance. I do not feel like it. Won't you have a glass of frappé and then chat a while?"

She had no intention of chatting just then and parried the attack. "Why? are you tired so quick?"

He flushed but answered doggedly, "Yes!"
There was no answer to this, so she sat down. For a moment they remained silent.
Then, in the midst of all the music and dancing, he said that which he had tried to say

so many times before. She saw that, at last, she could not prevent it, and so she did not try. Her heart beat painfully fast when she perceived how terribly earnest he was, but she merely sat cold and still, looking away from him, for she could not trust herself to meet his eyes.

"Helen!" he burst out abruptly as one who takes a plunge, "you saw how terribly jealous I was. Don't you love me at all? Can't you marry me?"

She never looked toward him, but replied, "No." Then she faced him. "How can I marry a man such as you are—a man who is absolutely lazy and is proud of it? If you were a man it might be right for you to expect something. But you aren't. You have no right to expect any woman to marry you until you do something-until you are more like Mr. Duncan!" She checked herself sharply and she was obliged to bite her lips to keep back the tears of mortification which started to her eyes. She did not mean anything. She really cared for Launcelot—although it was a secret hidden in the deepest recess of her heart—and was only interested in Duncan. How had that name slipped from her lips? She longed to hide her face and cry.

Launcelot rose and, without a word, stalked toward the door. Helen thought that she had just heard him murmur, "Then it is Duncan—then it is Duncan!" In her mind's eye she could picture his white lips moving - -"then it is Duncan!"

Helen danced and chatted nonsense the rest of the evening, explaining to all who asked that Mr. Briggs had been obliged to leave suddenly on account of a sick headache. Heaven only knows how she did this—Heaven which grants gentle women such marvelous endurance.

CHAPTER III.

At nine o'clock the next morning Launcelot Briggs presented himself at his father's office. As he stood on the step, his hand on the doorknob, George Duncan passed by, marching with his accustomed military stride, but apparently lost in mental abstraction. He halted abruptly to demand of a workman passing on the other side of the street, "Say, Bob, where's that man, Raphael Angelo, playing his deviltry today?"

"That new Italian walking-delegate?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! He's over giving his chaff to Noble's men!"

"Thanks!" George replied. As he wheeled around he caught sight of young Briggs, to whom he touched his hat, but Launcelot must have been looking the other way, for he paid no attention to this polite salute. Duncan did not pause to address him, but started off at full swing in the direction of Noble's foundry, walking at full speed as a man who has to transact urgent business which cannot wait. Before he had fairly passed under the great gateway to Noble's works he called out in his deepest bass with a voice which re-echoed against the buildings, "I want to see this new walking delegate from Italy, Signore Angelo! Hello, Angelo! Hello, there! Where is he, boys?" Mr. Noble, who was pacing up and down his office floor rubbing his hands nervously, smiled, lit a fresh cigar, and retired into his inner, private office, where he signed a contract calling for a heavy forfeit if a certain amount of work was not done within two months. He wanted the contract, but since the arrival of Angelo the men had been restless and he had been in a dilemma as to whether or no he had better take the risk involved until the sound of Dunean's voice dispelled his fears.

(To be continued.)



HIGH SCHOOL BASKET-BALL.

The Latin School gymnasium has been closed to the pupils of the Latin and High Schools for the present at least. It is the old story of the majority being made to suffer for the faults of a few. Because the Latin School basket-ball team played too many outside games, the High School loses the opportunity of deciding the class championship and practice for the remainder of the year. There has been no complaint against the High School teams, and vet the use of the gymnasium has been withdrawn from them. It is understood that the school committee intend to keep the gymnasium closed until it shall be fitted up with sufficient apparatus to make it practical to employ an instructor, who shall also supervise basket-ball. The closing of the gymnasium is not intended as punishment, but as the wisest way out of the present difficulties. Nevertheless, the loss is felt just as keenly, and it is not to be wondered at that the High School girls feel they are being rather unjustly treated. During the Latin School class games, High School teams gave up their hours. Latin School has played her class games, besides several other games; the High School games which were to take place this month must be given up, and we haven't even had the satisfaction of playing outside

games. Is there any question, then, as to which school will feel the loss of the gymnasium most? If there is any comfort to be obtained from the fact that we are blameless, make the most of it, girls!

ALICE B. WINEGAR, '01.

Now that the championship basket-ball games are over and the scholars have been deprived of the use of the gymnasium for the rest of the year, the girls will turn their attention to out-door tennis. If the girls of all the classes would give their hearty co-operation and interest it would be a very easy and inexpensive matter to hire some court in Cambridge. There is no reason why there shouldn't be inter-class tennis games as well as inter-class basket-ball games. Tennis is certainly a much more healthy game and one in which it is very easy to sustain an interest. If each class would elect two girls to arrange a court, at once, a tennis tournament could be easily organized.

Very neat and stylish stocks for spring wear are made of folded white satin. A small bow of colored silk about two inches wide is sewed in front and two narrow scollops of the same are turned down over the top. For cotton skirt-waists the stock could be made of folded piqué and the scollops and bows of the same material as the shirt-waists.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next number of the Review will appear Thursday, May ninth, 1901. All copy must be in, at the latest, by Friday, April 26. No class editor must fail to have his notes in by the recess of the appointed date.



J. F. Murray, C. L. S. 1902, is permanent captain of the base-ball team.



This number of the Review may be found on sale at Amee's, in Harvard square, and Beunke's, in Central square.



For the past few months the class editors have been extremely lax about getting their copy in on time. They claim that they forget the date on which it is due. However, they have this column to refer to, and the editor does not feel that he should be obliged to personally remind each one. The competition for class editorships will last at least one month longer. Just at present, then, each editor should be especially careful to do his duty.



The prize story from the lowest class of the English High School will be printed in our May issue. We desired to print it this month, but so many desired to write during the vacation that we yielded the point. We are assured of twelve stories, at the lowest, and probably several more. At length it would seem that one class in the High School has determined to do its whole duty.



Schedule of High School base-ball games: May 3, English High at Cambridge. May 10, Somerville at Somerville. May 14, R. M. T. S. at Cambridge. May 21, Somerville at Cambridge. May 24, English High at Boston. May 28, R. M. T. S. at Cambridge.



The High School is to give a concert April 26 in aid of athletics.



The Cambridge Latin School Club of Radcliffe College gave its annual play on the afternoon of April 6, and the evening of April 8. The play, which was very successful, was "In April, '75. The author is Miss Agnes Morgan, C. L. S. '97.

William J. Regan, 1900, has left Harvard and gone to Lincoln, Nebraska. There, he has temporarily entered business, but he may return to Harvard again next fall.

John Regan, formerly C. L. S. '97, and Harvard, '01, died on Tuesday, March 19, 1901. He had completed the course at Harvard in three years and, this year, was on a leave of absence. He hoped, after having received his degree in June, to enter the Law School next fall. While at the Latin School he was secretary of the Debating Society, and also took a very active interest in athletics.

Murphy, C. L. S. 1900, although only a freshman, is considered to be a promising candidate for the Harvard 'varsity baseball team. Walter Clarkson, whose work is even better than last year, will probably pitch. Remembering that Harris Murdock, C. L. S. '97, former business manager of the Review, is manager of the Harvard 'varsity team, it will be seen that Cambridge boys are to have fully their share of athletic honors at Harvard this spring.

Proctor Carr, C. L. S. 1900, was a most promising candidate for his old position of short-stop on the 'varsity team, thus completing the famous Cambridge Latin School trio, Carr, McGirr and Murphy, but owing to a broken finger he has been obliged to leave the diamond. Since his accident he has been appointed coach to the Freshman team. There is a bare possibility that he will be able to play again later on, but the chances are very small.

Fred Hall, formerly of the Latin School, designed the cover for the anniversary number of the Harvard Lampoon.

Arthur Flannagan, C. L. S. '98, at the recent examinations for admission to West Point, won the position of alternate.

Guy Bancroft, C. L. S. '98, is stroke of the junior crew at Harvard. He has always enjoyed marked success as an oarsman ever since he rowed on the first Latin School and High School crew in 1897. This was the first crew that Cambridge ever put on the river, and it is the only one, so far, which has amounted to much of anything. So much more is the honor due our only oarsman—Guy Bancroft.

Arthur Wyman, C. L. S. '98, has lately come into some prominence as one of the most successful players in the Harvard Whist club.

Mr. Thayer, the Latin School graduate who played chess so well while at Harvard, although he is now in business, still keeps his hand in the game. One hundred competitors originally entered the national correspondence chess tournament: there are three still playing, and one of them is Mr. Thayer.

McGirr and Parker are both trying for eatch on the freshman team.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

She—Our minister is learning to play golf. He—Has he—er—taken any precautions, you know!

She—Yes; he has hired a deaf and dumb caddie.

"THOUGHTS AT SEA."

"The first day called up fears that made me nervous hearted,

The next day called up memories of friends from whom I'd parted.

The third day called up thoughts of land, where one is safely carted,

The fourth day called up everything I'd eaten since I started."

Very recently a small boy in the First Year Class, when on the train on his way to New York, was approached by an elderly gentleman, who asked, "What motive is taking you to New York, my young friend?" "I believe they call it a locomotive, sir," was the haughty reply. The inquisitive stranger was at once silenced.

The dairy maid slowly milked the cow, And wearily paused to mutter:

"I wish, you brute, you'd turn to milk."
But the poor thing turned to butt her.

In an examination the students were required to give the principal parts of "to skate." One of them did it as follows:

Skate, slippere, fallere, bumptum. The professor marked his paper: Fail, failere, flunxi, suspendum.

Intelligent Student (picking up a Cæsar) —Oh, say, Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages), forty ducks in a row (forte dux in aro). Pass us some jam (passus sum jam). The bony legs of Cæsar (Boni leges Cæsar).

Boy (to old man sitting on the ice rubbing his head)—Did you fall down?

Old Man—No, you little fool, I'm sitting down to rest.

"Good morning," said the lobster,
As the fish he gladly hails;
"I feel musical this morning,

"I feel musical this morning, May I practice on your scales?"

Small Boy--Where were you born, ma?

Ma—In New York.

Boy—And where were you born, pa?

Pa--In Boston.

Boy—And where was I born?

Pa—In London.

Boy—Ain't it funny us three people should meet!

Professor (dictating Greek prose composition)—-Slave, where is thy horse?

Startled Senior—It's under my chair, but I'm not using it. Little grains of powder, Little drops of paint, Makes a lady's freekles Look as if they ain't.

Tramp—This pie is just like what me mother used to make.

Mrs. Homespun (readily)—You don't say so!

Tramp-—Yes, ma'am, it was that druv me from home.

"Johnnie," called his mother, sharply, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds something for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some wood."

At the close of the sittings in the house of representatives of one of our western states, the clerk read the following: "I am requested to announce that Doctor McFarland will deliver a lecture this evening in the hall on the 'Education of Idiots.'" Members of the legislature are invited to attend.

What does W. C. T. U. stand for in Kansas? Wreckage, Carnage, Turmoil, Upheaval.

Teacher—You will have to bring me an excuse for your absence from your father.

Willie—Ah! He ain't no good on excuses. Ma catches him every time.

Chemist (ten minutes after covering a dime with nitric acid)—Say, Professor, I don't see any sense in this experiment.

Professor—Of course you don't; the H N O₃ has dissolved it all.

Greek Teacher (to inattentive pupil)—What is Κατά?"

Pupil—A cold in the head.

A man in Sacramento read on a sign, "Oysters in every style for twenty-five cents,"

so he went in and had a raw, fry, stew, pan roast and fancy roast, and when he got through he put down a quarter, saying to the astonished caterer, "That's what your sign says."

A little five-year-old girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with: "And please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added: "And you'd better keep an eve on mamma, too."

Papa—You know, James, how much I disapprove of fighting: still it is very gratifying to know that you have beaten a bigger boy than yourself. Why did you fight him?"

James-'e said I looked like you, Dad.

Lady (excitedly)—Have you filed my application for a divorce yet?

Lawyer—No, madam; but I am at work on the papers now.

Lady—Thank fortune, I am not too late. Destroy all papers and evidence.

Lawyer—A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer ℓ

Lady—No! He was run over and killed by a freight train this morning, and I want to retain you in my suit for damages.

A certain young lady was reprimanded by her mother because her "college cousin" stayed so late. "But mother he left at ten." "Oh, no, he didn't; before he closed the front door I heard him say, 'just one'."

Judge---What sort of a man, now, was it you saw commit the assault?

Constable—Sure, your honor, he was a small, insignificant cratur about your own size, your honor!



LATIN SCHOOL.

March 15th, 1901.

After the regular opening of the meeting Mr. White, for the committee on joint debates, moved that the debate with Newton be dropped, as their (Newton's) representatives had failed to meet with our committee and did not seem very anxious to contend against us anyway. This motion was defeated, but later in the evening it was reconsidered, and when it was found that the High School would accept out challenge, it was voted to drop the Newton debate and have those speakers debate against the High School.

The debate of the evening was: "Resolved, That the United States is justified in sending warships to Venezuela." Affirmative, Ferry, '05, Thompson, '03, and Garfield, '05; negative, Murray, '02, Jones, '05, and Bennett, '05. Messrs. Thompson and Bennett rebutted. The judges awarded the debate to the negative.

March 29th, 1901.

The question of dividing the society into camps was discussed at this meeting, the committee presenting a long report and suggesting changes. The following is part of the report: It is suggested,

1. That the society be divided into two camps. Each camp headed by a captain, who shall be a regular officer of the society and elected at the semi-annual election of officers.

- 2. It shall be the duty of each captain to select three speakers, who shall represent their respective camps on the main debate. The subject to be chosen by the rhetorical committee as formally.
- 3. While the principals are preparing their rebuttals the subject shall pass to the camps.

Some suitable reward, determined by a committee appointed by the president, shall be given at the end of each term to the successful camp.

The secretary shall record the number of points made by each side at each meeting. The record of these points shall determine the successful camp.

This report was finally laid upon the table. The debate of the evening was between the classes of '03 and '04, the former having challenged the latter. The subject was: "Resolved, That it would be for the best interests of the Unied States to have a uniform national income tax on all incomes exceeding \$4,000." The speakers, Messrs. Rogers, O'Mahoney, Rivinius, supporting the affirmative for 1904, and Messrs. Detlefsen, Wyman and Taft, supporting the negative for 1903, were so well informed on the subject that the debate proved decidedly worth hearing. Wyman and O'Mahoney summed up for their respective sides, the rebuttal of the latter being the best which we have heard at the society for some time. The judges, after a short recess, awarded the debate to 1904.

HIGH SCHOOL.

March 1st, 1901.

After the regular routine had been disposed of, the question as to whether we should challenge the Latin School to a joint debate this year or not came up. Immediately a hot debate on the subject was started, and gems of oratory flew thick and fast between Mr. Blake and Mr. Hursh. The society finally decided by a large majority not to challenge the Latin School.

The regular debate of the evening then took place on the subject: "Resolved, That Washington was a greater general than Napoleon." Messrs. Blake and Russell supported the negative. The affirmative speakers were not present, and so Mr. Hursh volunteered to support that side. In a remarkable extemporaneous speech, full of red fire and gestures, he completely routed the negative and won the debate.

March 15th, 1901.

A number of members from the Latin School were present at this meeting and formally challenged us to a joint debate. The challenge ought to have been laid on the table, as the spirit of a vote at the last meeting was distinctly against a joint debate, but a motion to that effect was lost. There was an exceedingly hot discussion on the challenge. Aided, however, by the eloquence of the Latin School men, the challenge was accepted by a majority of one. Messrs. Blake, Elder and Glidden were appointed to compose half of the joint debate committee of the two schools. Mr. Glidden was elected general chairman of this committee.

The debate of the evening was upon the question: "Resolved, That the secession of the southern states was legal." Miss White, '01, spoke for the affirmative. Miss Cameron, '01, then spoke for the negative.

The jury awarded the debate to the negative

MY FIRST.

When I was about fifteen years of age I received my first invitation to a real party. Of course I had been to a few minor affairs before, but this was my first invitation to a real grown-up party, where the boys took the girls in their sleighs and had splendid times. As is usually the case, I felt a little shyness about asking a girl to go with me, and I had about decided to go alone when, by some good fortune I learned that Hattie Jennings, a young lady in my class, was not engaged. I'm sure I don't know now how I did it, but I managed to ask her if she would go with me. She seemed a little embarrassed at first and I was about to withdraw my application, thinking she might have been engaged after all, when she recovered herself and said very

quietly that she would be pleased to go. That was how it came about.

At about half-past six of that eventful evening I was ready, having put on my best clothes and brushed them until there wasn't a speek of dust in sight. But then a difficulty arose; I had forgotten to harness the horse and now that I was all dressed up I knew my clothes would get dirty. Yet there was nothing for it but to go and do the job; so I went, and when I came back my clothes were covered with white horse hair. This occasioned another general brushing off and, as luck would have it, a button came off my coat. To sew this on took another five minutes, and it was after seven when I finally started.

The home of John J. Jennings, my school-mate's father, was a large, low, old-fashioned house which rested on a small hill overlooking the Charles. A spacious lawn stretched away in front and at the end of the concrete walk was a large horse-chestnut tree. A row of lilac brushes ran along about five feet from the walk and extended like a border up to the piazza, making in summer a very pretty boundary to the green lawn.

When I started from home I was feeling as blithe as could be, except when thinking of that button which came off just as I was about to start, but when I stood there under the shadow of the massive branches of the horsechestnut tree my heart began to fail me and I had a mortal dread of crossing that large lawn. I don't know why it was, but somehow or other I didn't want to be seen going to a young lady's house to inquire for her. Once I started bravely out and had gone about ten feet when I heard a sound behind me, so I turned and ran-for my sleigh, where I found old Billy placidly eating the bark off the horse-chestnut tree. Of course this was the noise I had heard, but in my excited condition it totally unnerved me and I declared to myself that I wouldn't cross that lawn again. Yet I had got to get there in some way or other and I thought of that fringe of lilac bushes. Those were the very things I wanted, so I began to grope my way through the thick shrubbery. At last I reached the piazza, after having fallen down half a dozen times and scratching my face and hands. It was like a blessed haven to me.

But my troubles were only half over for, absolutely, I couldn't think of anything to say to whoever should come to the door when I rang the bell. Finally I got up courage enough to step up on the piazza. Did those steps ever creak so before? I don't believe it. I stepped behind one of the large pillars to collect my scattered thoughts. While there I was almost

sure I heard somebody coming up the walk, but it only proved to be my fancy. Then I went forward to ring the bell and those boards creaked as if they would break through. I think they must have heard that bell ring all over the house, though I only just bulled it lightly. Then I heard a bustle of skirts on the stairs and before one could have said Jack Robinson, the door opened and there stood the elder Miss Jennings with a mocking smile on her face and saying, "Well, is there anything I can do for you?"

I took off my hat and nervously fingered the rim. I was unhorsed, for I had no idea that that was what she would say and so I answered nothing. She asked me again, and I finally stammered, "Is—er—Hattie—at home?"

"Why, certainly," she answered; "I suppose you are the boy (how that word cut, for I thought myself a young man now) she has been waiting for. She has been looking for you for the last half hour."

My heart went down into my boots somewhere. Then she had seen my escapades and was probably laughing at me now. Somehow or other I plucked up courage enough to answer to her request to come in, that I was sure the horse had broken loose and that I must go and see to him. Then I turned square about and, jumping down the whole four steps, ran as fast as my legs could carry me to where old Billy was quietly browsing. Here I looked around and saw the elder Miss Jennings standing in the doorway, her hands on her sides, and laughing so that the tears ran down her cheeks. Then she turned around and called, "Hattie, that boy is here and will be going if you don't hurry up."

At hearing these words, I arose to the occasion and hastened up the walk just in time to meet Miss Hattie at the door and say that I had found old Billy all right, except that he had got his reins twisted. It is needless to

say that I was very glad to drive away from that place.

We drove for quite a while in silence and then I began to think of what I could say, for the silence was becoming oppressive. I ventured to remark something about the weather, but it only received a faint 'yes' from her. Then I spoke to old Billy and talked of him in terms of praise. This also did not receive much attention and I was almost in despair when a bright idea struck me. I would talk about the girls' dresses and we would guess what the different young ladies would wear! Now I didn't know any more about girls' dresses than did old Billy, but I ventured on the subject and to my unbounded delight she took a great interest in the conversation at once. But she caught me pretty badly when she said, "And what do you think Jane Perkins will wear, Dick? You have asked me, and I think you ought to tell me vour ideas."

"Oh! I guess she'll wear calico," I answered. At this she laughed, and I was minded to tell her of a story about my Uncle Charles. He went to a party and when he came back his mother asked him what the hostess wore. He answered, "Some kind of calico, I suppose." A few days later he met the young lady on the street and she happened to have on the same dress which his

mother had often seen before. He told her that that was it and it proved to be a fine cashmere. This little anecdote provoked a burst of laughter from my companion and after that we did not find it half as hard to talk to one another. When we arrived at the party we were both in a very jolly frame of mind.

Of the party itself I won't say much, but that I had a very nice time and enjoyed my partner immensely. I will say here that Jane Perkins didn't have on calico, but if you wish to find out what she did wear you will have to ask my companion, Miss Hattie Jennings, for I don't pretend to know much of those things.

Our ride home was delightful. The moon had risen in a cloudless sky and shone with a beautiful silvery light on the snow-covered hills. What could have been prettier for a sleigh-ride with a nice girl for a companion? When we reached her home, to say that I was sorry, would be putting it mildly, and I need not add that I was not afraid this time to walk boldly up the concrete walk.

Miss Hattie has told me lately that it was her first party, too, but of course this is all in strict privacy. That was the reason of her quietness, for I have found out that she can be jolly on occasions. And although I have had many nice sleigh-rides, I shall never forget "my first."

M. T. R., 1904.

OLD AGE.

The gray hairs steal among the raven locks, And then the white among the iron gray. The sign of time and age slow creeping on, The herald of the sunset of life's day. That nature rude in youth or over bold, In middle life too sullen or too gay, Sinks now to quiet and to calm repose Before the time when it must flit away.

There is an honor, a reverence and love, Which willingly to many years we give. For time has taught—and sorrow come and gone—

He, more than we, knows what it is to live! H. W. B., '01.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901

My hair is short, and thin, and gray,
Old age has changed my once good looks.
But still I can't forget the day,

When our poor teacher lost the books.

What giants those Trojan heroes must have been, to be obliged to wear mixing-bowls on their heads. Probably they were Rough Riders.

1901 is going to make a dictionary. Samples of revised spelling: "Hughing his way through the mass." "He reigns in his steeds."

The banner social of the year was given the class by Mr. Hubbard, in celebration of his birthday. About forty were present, including Miss Perrigo, and the evening was delightfully spent, playing progressive games and singing college songs.

The bas-reliefs of the Parthenon frieze, which adorn the walls of our assembly hall, have grown apace this last month, and the set is at last completed. The casts are said to be imported and cost no less than \$800.

The gymnasium is now closed alike to girls and boys, and the last vestige of its usefulness has disappeared.

We will all give heed next time when Mr. Benshimol announces that he may or may not give a certain passage of the Iliad for an examination. Experience is a good teacher, but, alas! a hard master.

1902.

A very enjoyable class social was held at the home of Mr. Bicknell Friday evening, March 22. Several teachers and Mr. Bradbury were present. How many could remember "The Lady of the Lake"?

Louis Sumner was in the tableaux given by the Cantabrigia Club at the Newtowne Club hall.

A meeting of the athletic committee was held recently and it was decided to begin operations on the tennis-court within a few weeks.

We hope that all the classes will take an interest in tennis this year, so that we can have an inter-class tournament for girls as well as boys.

Try our soap! Soap-making is another venture of 1902. We have secured the patronage of the janitor.

How rested one feels at 1.30 P.M., after having taken three Harvard papers.

Wasn't that candy fine? How the boys did enjoy it!

Baker and Bicknell have been appointed managers respectively of the foot-ball and hockey teams for the coming season.

Miss Dallinger has been elected captain of the basket-ball team for next year. Girls, give her your support, and win the candy next time.

1903.

A very successful social was held at the home of Miss Foxeroft Saturday evening, March 30. A Harlequin party furnished entertainment for the greater part of the evening. Later on, Mr. Detlefsen carried off the booby prize for the "Floral Love Story." Mr. Bradbury, Miss Sampson, Miss Bachelder and Miss Chamberlain were the teachers present.

How about the book that was found in the boys' dressing room?

Miss Sampson and Mr. Phinney have kindly consented to give us weekly instead of monthly chemistry examinations.

It is wonderful that the tin-type man has any camera left. All the 1903 girls have visited him.

What were our boys doing singing morning?

What wonderful debaters we have in our class!

1904.

A very pleasant class social was enjoyed by a few of the class on March 8th. Four of the teachers were present.

Mr. Potter seems to be the unluckiest fellow in the class. He has now broken his arm, and only a short time ago he sprained his ankle.

Geometry is over, and we now take up history.

Ovid is another new study.

Three boys from the class are candidates for the 'varsity base-ball team.

A certain bright boy looked up Chaos and Amor on the map. We hope he didn't gottired looking.

'04 came out nobly for the challenged debate.

Do you know anything about Greek History, even if you have covered 2000 years.

Who got the candy? We know who didn'!!

1905.

Everyone is having his or her tin-type taken, and a common saying is this:—

He—Have you had any tin-types taken?

She-Yes, have you?

He—Yes, I have. Will you give me one of yours?

She—Yes, if you will give me one of yours. They then exchange.

Don't you like to drop your pencils, Div. 3, a certain hour?

What's the matter with 5th division, 4th hour?

Secret societies seem to be flourishing.

What's the matter with the "P. M. N. Q's"? They seem to be fast disappearing.

There are two candidates from our class out for the 'varsity base-ball team.

Boys, let's have a good base-ball team. We have good material.

The third social of the year was held at the home of Mr. Currie. It was a cob-web party and all those present enjoyed themselves.

Twelve girls have formed a secret society called the G. O. L. F.

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HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

We all think Upham makes an admirable town-clerk.

Our town meeting was quite a success. Mr. Barnes was very generous when he offered to build a municipal electric light plant for our town, but for various reasons we could not accept his kind offer.

The front row of Miss Crook's 4th hour English division is attracting considerable attention lately. We wonder why?

Miss Winegar entertained a few of her school friends Tuesday evening, March 26th. Among the prominent persons there were the vice president and the treasurer of the Hash. Mr. Chase kindly favored us with a few songs.

It is said that neckties may be used as novel and striking decorations for either gas jets or desks.

Have you had your pictures taken yet? It is about time.

Yellow journalism is quite the fad in the senior class. "The Prevaricator," "the Disturber" and "the Heavenly Twins Special" are the three rival papers. They report all the interesting news of the day and night.

Is "you better hadn't" good English?

We all feel very sorry that Hosmer was obliged to leave. The stock phrase, "He will be greatly missed," hardly does justice to this case.

We will have to import some boys for graduation.

Who is going to sing that bass solo?

1902.

On March twelfth a very pleasant class social was held at the home of Miss Hughes. The entertainment was in the form of a cobweb party, and the tangles of "webs" were most bewildering. Miss Scudder and Miss Cunningham were the guests of the evening.

Miss Carr and Mr. Burns, who have been ill, are with us again.

Now for the inter-class base-ball championship!

Miss Dora M. Smith has left school. We are sorry to have her go.

Anyone who would like a pun for any occasion should apply to Miss Hughes. Satisfaction guaranteed.

"She quickly dissolved in tears."

The T. U. B. held a card-party at the home of Miss Mallory March 29. High ran the excitement in the game of hearts. The prize was captured by a topical T. U. B. girl.

Miss Sanborne makes most delicious fudge! It actually melts in your mouth. "Oh, Pearl, do give me the receipt!"

Miss Dora Smith gave a most delightful party to the members of the cast in the 1902 drama Wednesday evening, April 3, at her home, 50 Magazine street. The evening was one of enjoyment throughout. Mr. Priest rendered a very fine oration. Such funny things did happen!

Miss Carmichael has been absent several weeks on account of illness.

The T. U. B. gave a graphophone party at the home of Miss Fanny Carr Saturday evening, March 16. All the members of the club spent a very pleasant evening, which will be long remembered. It was surprising to see how the fudge disappeared.

Crawford has had wonderful dreams of late.

Most of the 1902 girls are very much afraid of freekles.

1903.

Our last social was held recently at the home of Miss Clark, on Sumner street. A very enjoyable evening was spent in games and dancing. The prizes were captured by Miss Colby, Messrs. Stuart and Rideout.

There has been a new club formed in our class, known as the "R. S. S." Do you wonder why?

Miss Sawyer's room is the foundation of "Free Lunches" during study hours.

One of Mr. Sargent's favorite questions in history is, "Are you guessing?"

Mr. Grebenstein sprained his ankle in the B. A. A. meet.

Some members of the class are working diligently to organize a golf team in the school.

You must have been drinking strong coffee, Ellis!

Mr. Coolidge delivered a very interesting lecture on "Light," before the vacation.

Stuart has left school. He will be much missed.

We are all sorry that Miss Estelle Wiswell has left us. We lose a good entertainer.

What will the Australian girls think of our base-ball team? But then, they will see only the picture.

They looked everywhere for them: in the balcony, in the boxes, in the pit, and even in "The Chamber of Horrors."

Never eat stolen fruit, especially apples.

Miss Floris Leighton spent her Easter vacation in Lowell. Are you a Buffalo? Eleven cents, please.

Isn't Cy good! We get all the ginger snaps and cheese crackers we want.

1904.

We had better not say the Hist, exam. was a cinch until we find out our marks.

Who owned the "Graham Wafers?"

A fine assortment of Lemons, Herrings, Flaggs and Whipps sold at the Adams House at a Lowd price.

Heard in Latin class: "It is not very often that a girl can decline a thousand men."

Lang—the new artist—has at last put out his shingle. Portraits a specialty.

Dogs seem to find the C. E. H. S. quite an attractive place.

We all join in giving our thanks to the young ladies who have helped to while away the last hour Mondays.

Oh, those roots and powers! Which is which?

Never mind. Our time will come next year.

It is dangerous to sneeze very hard. Beware!

Who stole the chicken?

Does he wear a wig?

Hasn't Keenan got a nice seat?

The class base-ball team promises to be a good one.

A few of our boys are out for the 'varsity team.

Does he use a curling-iron for his hair? Dver is a sprinter.

The girls would make poor house-keepers if the appearance of their desks is a sign.

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ATHLETICS.

LATIN SCHOOL.

Twenty-two men, an unusually large number, are out for the base-ball team. candidates have had daily practice in the Latin School gymnasium, with coaching Saturday mornings in the Harvard cage. The pitchers and catchers have been coached daily by Mr. Lewis of the Boston team and Mr. Reid, the 'varsity captain. Under such able training the players are doing very good work. On Wednesday, March 27, the men were divided into nines, the first consisting of Ryder, Conlin, Smith, Sumner, Burns, Gauthier, McCrehan, Rodgers and Carstein; the second, of Jones, Murray, Garfield, Waterbury, Eaton, Tyng, Sheehan, Howe and Tabor. In the game played by these teams the first won by the score 8 to 5.

After a few weeks of indoor training in the school gymnasium and on the machines in the Harvard gymnasium, the crew went out

on the river from the Weld boat-house on Saturday, March 30.

Robert Locke, '99, formerly captain of crew, coached the men, acting as coxswain and rowing in different parts of the boat. Murphy and Worcester were both given a trial as coxswain, the position for which they are candidates. The oarsmen were: James, stroke; Locke, 7; Bailey, 6; Hastings, 5; Holland, 4; Lynch, 3; Cahir, 2, and Tyng, bow.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The candidates for the base-ball team came out for their first practise on Saturday, the 23rd of March. About twenty-five answered Captain Crawford's call, but at the time of writing only fifteen are practising, the squad having been reduced to that number. The team promises to be fairly strong in the fielding department, but is exceedingly weak in pitchers, since there seems to be no one in

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the school able to do credit to any team in that

Crawford has appointed Chase, '01, as manager.

For schedule of games, see "Announcements."

Saturday, March 29, the Cambridge High relay team defeated the team representing the Latin School by about three-fourths of a lap and thereby won four individual silver cups. The running order was as follows:

C. H. S.: McSweeny, Noonan, Grebenstein, Dunn; C. L. S.: Hubert, Carstein, Balmer, Ryder. Time: 3m. 36 2-5s.

In regard to a crew, for which several of

the fellows seemed quite anxious, the committee has decided that it is manifestly unfair to pay thirty dollars towards a sport in which only four can participate, when there is such a small amount in the treasury.

April 2nd the annual meeting of the interscholastic league was held at the B. A. A. rooms. The following officers were elected: President, C. Jones, Somerville; vice president, A. Chase, Cambridge; secretary, F. Kennedy, E. H. S.; treasurer, A. Graham, Somerville.

W. T. Dunn, '03, has been elected a member of the supervisory committee, to take Stuart's place.

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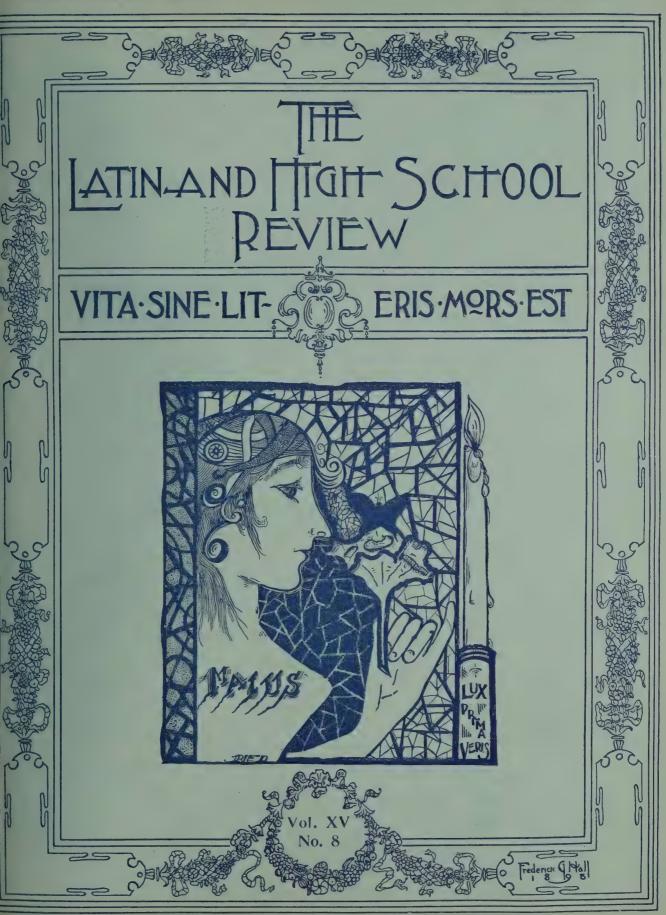
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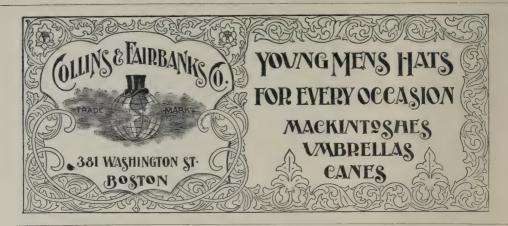
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THE

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1901.

THE MONTH.

We find that we most unfortunately gave a wrong impression in our editorial on the gymnasium question last month. The specific motion of Mr. Stone, on which the gymnasium was closed, took, as its ground, the inadvisability of permitting the boys and girls to exercise without the supervision of an instructor and not the trouble about the basket-ball teams. In connection with this, it is well to mention that the Debating Society has arranged for a committee of three to prepare and circulate among the scholars a petition addressed to the school committee, asking that an instructor be appointed.



It is very seldom that the Debating Societies escape editorial notice in the Review as completely as they have done this year,—but we must not omit them altogether. During the last half year both the Latin and the High School societies have been going down hill, the High School organization having actually reached the bottom. In the Latin School society the largest meetings of the year, in fact the largest regular meetings on record, came in December and January; since then the number of those present has been gradually but steadily diminishing. This

may be attributed to the failure to arrange even the customary debate between the two societies; but it seems as though there must be, behind that, a general falling off in interest. We could name several members from the upper classes who have almost abandoned the society in which they used to be most active. However, the large number of members from the lower classes gives much ground for hope. For the first time in years there are a large number of silent members. Perhaps all this will be set aright next year, by the introduction of the "camp system," which will force each member to take a more lively interest in the debating. As to the High School society, it was at a very low ebb when the Latin School Society challenged it to the annual debate. The society was obliged to refuse the challenge because it could not muster three speakers. After this the society at once disbanded. But even now we are confident that it will be started again in the fall. particularly since some of the scholars have to write debates as school work. We are not going to write a theme on the advantages of learning to speak in public; each individual scholar knows them as well as we do. We do, nevertheless, take the liberty of once more calling on the pupils to come forward to the support of the two most interesting, and, at the

same time, most instructive societies, in the two schools. This is the first time for several years that there has been no joint debate—and every pupil in both schools should be heartily ashamed that affairs have come to such a state.



Last year we heard criticisms because the scholars of the Latin School patronized the owners of the ice-cream wagons, and not their own counter. We believe that the same thing will happen this year unless a change for the better occurs in the management of the counter.

There is never an ample supply of ice cream, and therefore it will be strange, indeed, if many do not go outdoors, where they can secure all they desire.

Then, too, the quality of food is not up to the standard. Cocoa is the only article in universal favor.

Variety is even worse. There is practically the same fare day after day. The two kinds of crackers for the cocoa have remained unchanged for more than a year.

The scholars wonder why they do not receive better service. The hands of the clock never fail to point to 11.30, or later, before all are served. Two attendants are not sufficient; there should be four.

We urge an improvement. The complaints are just and general.

A. I. B.



The pupils interested in athletics are beginning to wonder where the Latin, High, and Manual Training Schools are going to practice base-ball and foot-ball in the future. A year ago there were but two teams to accommodate, and they had the fields, the common and the grounds next to the Manual Training School. Now there are three teams to practice, and the common is the only avail-

able place. The players are crowded together and there is danger of their being seriously injured by batted balls. Athletics will suffer continually, notwithstanding the interest taken, until this difficulty is overcome. A field should be procured in the vicinity of the schools at once, or it will be impossible to do so, as there is very little available land even now. The city might enlarge the tract upon the common without missing the land. Would not the ground put to this use benefit a larger number than it does under the present conditions? We need a gymnasium containing an adequate equipment, but our greatest need at present is a suitable athletic field.

C. M. H.



COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the REVIEW:

As there is some discussion concerning the method of running the Review, I think that a few remarks upon the subject would not be out of place. The present method has, I think, proved itself to be exceptionally good, but with a few minor changes, it might be improved. In regard to the board system, that has had a fair trial and has shown itself to be a far less successful method than the present one. The paper is now equal, under the present management, to the best of its kind, and appears to be flourishing. Why not let well enough alone and not take the chances of another period of ill-success?

There is some dissatisfaction about the lack of intercourse between the associate editors. This is a necessary evil of the present method; but as all systems have their faults, this one should not be condemned too harshly. But I think that this one evil could be partially remedied by having the associate editors act as an advisory board, meeting monthly to discuss any projects which the editors may entertain and to criticise the whole paper. Their

opinion would undoubtedly be helpful to the editor and influence him in determining the stand which the paper should take upon certain subjects and tend to keep it from taking of one set of ideas." At these meetings, they would be able to talk over their different departments and also to determine upon prizes.

The editor and manager "are personally responsible for the debts, if the paper should fail." This responsibility limits these positions to those pupils who can afford to make up any deficiency in the receipts and debars the less fortunate. This should not be so, and to remove this difficulty, let the schools assume the financial responsibility and in consideration of their so doing, share in the profits, of which the editor, manager and schools shall each receive a third. Give the schools' share into the hands of the associate editors, who shall devote a part to prizes for stories and give the remainder to the schools. This will give the associate editor body some power. If the paper runs behind one year the deficiency shall be made up from the schools' share the following year. By devoting more money to prizes, more interest will be aroused in the lower classes and there will be closer competition at all points.

In closing, let me say, that I think any lack of interest shown by the schools in the Latin and High School Review, is the fault of the pupils, and not that of the management.

CLIFFORD M. HOLLAND, C. L. S. 1902.



To the Editor of the REVIEW:

Several undergraduates have asked my opinion with reference to this Review dispute. I voice the sentiment of very many graduates when I say that the present scheme of transmission of power is not wise. The

question is how to change the existing method without injuring the paper. Not having yet had time enough to investigate as thoroughly as I intend to the vital question as to whose property the Review is, along with other such questions, I submit, tentatively, a method of improvement.

Let there be an editor and business manager chosen for any given year by a convention of the associates, editor and business manager of the previous year:—it being understood that the candidates are to be nominated by the previous editor and business manager. Let the new editor choose his associates. When class editors and assistant business managers are to be chosen, let these associates concur with the editor and business manager in electing them.

M. Benshimol, '91.

Anyone who reads these two communications may see that the plans, so radical at first, are fast being modified so as to make a friendly compromise quite feasible. Next month, when we state our final determination, we expect to please the majority of the scholars. With respect to the first communication there is one fact which may be of some interest. The schools' share of the Review profits last year was more than one-third, almost one-half. People do not generally consider what the Re-VIEW is continually giving in advertising space, subscriptions for different causes, decorations (a cast to each school at the end of each year), prizes, athletic trophies, etc. takes a great deal to make much show among all the good and needy enterprises. We shall give even more, this year, than last year.

Moreover, every one who brings in one dollar to the Review is paid, as commission, twenty cents. A great deal besides what is counted as actually going to the school is received by the scholars in this way.

"Laugh and the World Laughs With You."

The little yellow school-house of East Bunton perched precariously on the edge of a deep sand-bank, beside the railroad track. From a distance it looked like a patent hencoop with improved ventilation. When the children came pouring out at recess it looked more like a hen-coop than ever.

One bright, soft day in September the brood was playing, as usual, about the little house, some engaged in base-ball, some in hop-scotch, and some in wandering about in little bunches. But the group that we are interested in was sitting disconsolately under a big oaktree near the school-house. It consisted of four girls, about twelve years old, each with her untasted lunch in her lap.

One of them, a pale, grave-eyed little girl, with soft, flaxen hair was saying, earnestly, "I think we're doing a mean thing. We were all just as much in it as May and it isn't fair to let her take all the blame. You know you thought of it, Belinda, and we all helped catch the mice. Just because May let 'em out of her desk Miss Mary thought she did it all. I'm going to own up, anyway," and she started slowly to her feet.

But before she could get to them the darkeyed Belinda was upon her.

"For pity's sake, keep still, Betty; what difference does it make? May's got to be punished anyway and what good would it do her to have us punished, too? She doesn't care anyhow; she's used to it."

Betty subsided with a troubled face.

"May doesn't mind being scolded; the more they scold her the more she laughs. She has a very small moral sense," said a slender, neat, sharp-faced girl.

Milly, the fourth girl, was about to retort, "There she comes; now what are you laughing

at, May? Do tell us about it; what did she say?"

With one accord the girls jumped to their feet and rushed to surround a blue-frocked girl of about twelve who came running out of the school-house. Her whole face was a perfect picture of vivacious merriment, from her deep hazel eyes to her saucy, dimpled mouth. The very freckles which were plentifully bestrewn over her tilted nose seemed to dance for merriment.

"Oh, girls! guess what she said. First, of course, she gave me a long rigamarole about honor and piety or something. Then, just as I was coming out, she said, kindly, 'Go a little more with Hester Prynne, my dear, and see if she can't help you to restrain your mischievous spirit.' And, to save my life, girls, I couldn't help laughing, for I thought of Hester the day she got that mouse by the tail and chased Betty all over the cellar with it."

Hester flushed slowly and the other girls laughed. Now they began to eat their luncheons in earnest when a loud sound of lamentation fell upon the girls' ears.

"It's that nuisance of a Benny," said Belinda, "he's always howling 'round about something. His mother ought to keep him at home."

But May jumped up with her lunch in her hand and ran over to the school-house steps whence the "howling" proceeded. Here was the most forlorn picture of baby-hood that could be imagined. Blue-eyed Benny was lying prone on his back, his fat little legs kicking pathetically in the air, his mouth wide open, and a fist in either eye.

May soon brought him to a sitting posture and demanded pleasantly, "Well, Benny, what's happened now?" Benny looked into her laughing eyes for a moment with the grave air of an offended angel. Then, putting a chubby hand on either knee, laughed until another freshet of tears rushed down his face.

May laughed with him and then said, "Come, tell me about it; I can fix it, I know."

"Bet you can," replied Benny; then he laughed again, a chuckling, gurgling, babylaugh. "Som'one stole my lunch 'n I'm awful hun'ry." Here he looked at the comfortable lunch-box in her hand and laughed again.

"Well, that's easy; here, take mine, and don't ever make such a noise again, Benny," and May gave him her box and ran back to the girls.

Needless to say that the lunch soon mixed with the tears and made Benny serenely happy, although a trifle sticky about his cherubic mouth. "What was the matter?" asked Hester. Then as she noticed that Mayhadn't her lunch with her, "You weren't silly enough to give Benny all your lunch, were you?"

"Yes," said May, "somebody stole his, poor little young one, and I was very hungry. I wish I had one of Mr. Goodwin's apples, though."

"O dear!" said Milly, "I've eaten mine all up. I'm so sorry."

Belinda threw her half a ginger-snap, her last bit, and Betty soberly emptied her box of crumbs into May's lap.

Hester, after taking her first bite of a large, luscious seed-cake, said suggestively, "They say Mr. Goodwin won't let anybody on his land, and has got a big sign up on the fence and keeps an ugly old bull down in the orchard."

"I don't care if he does," said May, shortly; "I want some of his apples," and she started off in the direction of the Goodwin orchard.

"You'll probably get hooked," said Hester, quietly.

"Bah!" said May, and the other four girls immediately followed her.

When they reached the orchard May climbed the fence first and helped the others over.

Now, Mr. Goodwin's early russet apples were famous the township over for their lusciousness and it is small wonder that the girls were loath to leave when once in the orchard. They sat down under the largest trees, and soon were totally oblivious to all their surroundings. May was giving them a most realistic imitation of Hiram Snow, the post-master, handing the people their mail and 'hevin' a leetle go-round with each one of 'em,' amidst peals of laughter, when her eve suddenly caught that of a large pompous bull which was making its way rapidly towards them. Luckily they were quite near the fence, and after a breathless, terrified scrambling they were safe on the other side of the fence. But as May had to stop to help the others over first, she had to scramble over more quickly and she did not have time to avoid a large nail on the top of the fence, which tore a great jagged hole in her dress. Hester was the first to notice this, and she at once showed it to the other girls.

"Oh!" said Milly, half laughing, half-crying, "you do have the worst luck, May. Can't we fix it up somehow; Miss Mary will give you everything if she sees it."

May regarded it ruefully for a moment and then laughed. "It looks like Betty's drawing of Chiciken's Lake."

They all laughed at that, for Betty always drew a bird's-eye view of everything, despite the protests of Miss Mary.

"What are you going to do about it, May?" asked Belinda.

"Oh! tell the truth and take my scolding, like G. W., you know. Guess you'd better not wait for me."

"It's a mean shame!" cried Betty, indignantly.

The sun was just sinking when two figures came out of the little school-house. One was

the tall, graceful Miss Mary, and the other was the merry little May. They parted at the gate and May trudged steadily along towards home, with her head in the air and a suspicious moisture in her eyes. Suddenly from the side of the road a little figure came and Benny, silently taking May's hand, walked along with her.

"Why, Benny, what in the world did you wait for?" she queried.

"Ain't give back you box yet," said Benny, holding it up to her."

Then, before she could say anything he added, "Goin' to the picnic ter-morrer?"

"You bet, Benny; I wouldn't miss it for anything. They're going to have merry-gorounds and boat-rides, and everything."

"See!" wisely remarked Benny.

But May did not go to the picnic. Circumstances in the form of Aunt Maria prevented. "I'll tell you just how I feel about it, brother Eben," she had said to Mr. Holmes the night May came home with her torn dress. "My sainted sister-in-law, your wife (Aunt Maria was always explicit), left that child in my care and I'm not doing my duty by her if I don't try to cure her of these careless ways. She's been stealing apples out of Mr. Goodwin's orchard and goodness knows, if it had been anything else she'd have been arrested for it. I don't say, mind you, that she did it, thinking it was stealing, for she isn't like that, but stealing it was and must be atoned for, so I'm going to keep her home tomorrow, and don't you interfere with me." Eben reluctantly assented to this arrangement, though he felt that his little daughter ought not to be punished so. But, being a man, he couldn't suggest any other way, so agreed with his sister, at least outwardly.

May's four friends did not know that she could not go until they assembled in the square with the other picnickers at eight o'clock. After Mr. Holmes had told them

about Aunt Maria's decision, poor Betty was the first to speak. "Oh, how mean, I'm going to sit with her," but Belinda, as before, rescued her.

"What do you suppose she wants of us hanging round her? She'll find something to laugh at without us. There's no sense in spoiling your own fun when you can't help her."

The others must have been of the same opinion for they said nothing, and May's friends were the first to clamber up into the high springed wagon that was to take them to the picnic ground.

But Belinda was right, May had found something to laugh at. Just as Aunt Maria was putting on her bonnet to leave for the picnic Benney came puffing up the pathway with a big paper bag in his hand. "Mornin'!" he replied to her salutation; "where's May! Ain't she ready yet?"

"She isn't going this morning, Benny. She's been naughty and I can't let her go."

"She ain't either been naughty. Where is she?" cried Benny reprovingly.

Just then May called out from her room, "Here I am, Benny, in my room. I'm not going to the picnic though."

Benny darted a look of scorn at Aunt Maria and climbed up the stairs with as much dignity as his fat little legs would allow.

May sat at the window mending her torn dress.

Benny methodically took off his cap, laid it on the bed, pulled a chair close to hers, clambered into it and said gruffly, holding out the paper bag, "Brung yer sun'thing."

"Thank you, so much, Benny; you're awfully good, but you'd better hurry up or you'll be late. You can go with Aunt Maria."

Benny's stub nose tried to turn up a degree higher as he said, "Ain't goin' 'f you ain't. See what I brung yer."

May looked at him a moment and then

stooped down and kissed him in the middle of his forchead.

"Thank you, Ben, dear," and there was no laughter in her eyes for once. Then she opened the bag and drew out two, large, rotund ginger-bread men.

"O my goodness, Benny, aren't they funny!"

Benny's hands came down with a slap on his little knees, and his gurgling chuckle filled the room, together with May's rippling laugh.

"Oh dear," said Aunt Maria, disconsolately, "I wish I'd let her go. She'll have a lovely time all day with Benny."

L. M. B., 1901.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The meeting of the society for April 12th was postponed two weeks on account of a lack of speakers.

April 26th, 1901.

At this meeting there was a fair attendance considering the time of the year. The report of the committee on a joint debate with the High School, stated that this debate was declared off as the High School was unable to secure speakers. The report was accepted. It was decided to hold the last meeting of the year May 10th, and at that time to elect officers for the next year. On the motion of Mr. Bennett the president appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. Wyman, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Ammidon, to draw up a petition to the

school committee requesting that they appoint a supervisor for the Latin School gymnasium.

As the treasury is quite full it was voted to place ten dollars in the hands of Mr. Bradbury for the purpose of decorating the school building.

Mr. Bennett very kindly offered to give, next year, a reward to the winning camp. His offer was accepted, and the society tendered him a vote of thanks for his kindness.

The subject for the evening debate was: "Resolved, That it is for the best interests of the Cubans to accept the Platt amendment. According to the jury, Messrs. Stevens, Chase and Thompson, the affirmative, consisting of Messrs. Ellsbree, '05, Burton, '04, and Bennett, '01, had the best of the argument. The negative was composed of Messrs. Janes, '05, Good, '03, and Ammidon, '01.

HI WATHER'S MITTENS.

He killed the noble Mudjokurs,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,

Put the warm side, fur side, inside, That's why he put the fur side inside, Why he put the skin side outside, Why he turned them inside outside.

--Ex.



GEORGE DUNCAN.

(Continued.)

Angelo himself who in the main shop, was haranguing a dozen or more men in tones quite audible even above the confused clanking of steel and rumble and roar of furnaces, stopped short when a young fellow touched him on the sleeve and announced that Mr. George Duncan desired to speak with him. The men laughed as Angelo turned to follow the messenger. "Duncan's good enough yet, I guess," one shouted to his neighbor, who seconded the opinion with an oath.

We left Launcelot Briggs standing on the steps to his father's office. As soon as Duncan had passed out of sight he pushed the door open and entered. His father came forward to meet him with a face which expressed his agreeable surprise, but which soon assumed an air of honest consternation. "What on earth have you been doing with yourself, my boy? You look haggard and worn as a veritable ghost."

"That's nothing," he replied. "I had kind of a bad headache last night—that's all. But I've come to tell you that I intend to go to work."

The father grasped his son's hand and looked into the flushed face, rejoiced to see the awakening of determination and ambition.

"But there is one condition I make," Launcelot continued in a mad endeavor to capture the breast-works with one rush, "George Duncan must go. I am willing and able to do his work."

Mr. Briggs was too dumbfounded with his son's demand to answer him at once, but when he did speak it was in his usual calm, determined tone, possibly, in this case, a bit sharp and sarcastic.

"So Launcelot, you wish to take Duncan's place: 'of course, I shan't humor any such whim. I would like to have you settle down to work—but Duncan's worth more to me two hours than you could be in two months. Is there anything else I can do for you? Are you out of pocket money?"

Launcelot stared at his father in silence: he had supposed that he might be refused,—but, to be put off in that way, to be treated like a baby! As he gradually recovered from the rebuff he grew more and more angry. He turned on his father, exclaiming with most unaccustomed vehemence, "But I tell you you've got to tell Duncan to clear out. I'm your son, and I demand it. There is reason enough why he should go. I tell you he must go. How do you know I couldn't do his work?"

"What's the reason, if you have one, then? Has Duncan done anything wrong?"

Launcelot flushed hotly, "I can't just explain my reason."

"Has he done anything wrong?" I asked. Launcelot was forced to say, "No."

"Then," declared his father with sudden asperity, "either stay here and work under George Duncan, or else stop bothering me, and go home where you can sit on the piazza and smoke, which seems to be about as active an occupation as you are fit for!"

Without another word the son jerked the door open, slammed it again after him and hurried off down the street, but he did not go home to his pipe,—his father's taunt, which he knew to be well-deserved, rankling in his breast, drove him hither and thither, never for an instant abating its sting, never for one moment leaving him in his wonted indolence

Unconsciously, Mr. Briggs, and comfort. senior, drew a long, weary sigh as, seating himself at his desk, he began to run through the day's correspondence. Presently a gentleman called to see him on important business. His eyes, which had remained riveted on the very first letter which he had opened and which he still held abstractedly in his hand, were strangely moist when he lifted them to greet his visitor. He essayed a hearty good morning; but, although he spoke in rather a loud, forced voice, there was almost a tremulous quaver about his words as they fell huskily from his lips. For a moment he blinked hard, then he cleared his throat, blew his nose violently, apologetically mentioned a slight cold, and turned to the business on hand. Poor father! It touched him to the quick to see his fresh hopes thus shattered!

Launcelot had scarcely closed the door behind him, before every man in the works had heard the story of his interview with his father. Even before George Duncan left the Noble Works, where we caught our last glimpse of him, the report was being discussed in shouts above the deafening noise. While he was on his way back to the Briggs' Works, several men met him, each determined to give a full account of the whole affair; half a dozen more surrounded him the moment he entered the gate, anxious to explain every particular. Duncan somewhat impatiently pushed his way through them nodding, "Yes, yes," all the while and entered the office.

One glance at George's perturbed countenance told Mr. Briggs that he had heard of his scene with his son. Beckoning Duncan to him he began, without giving the young fellow a chance to interpose a single word: "My son made a singular request this morning, Duncan, as you evidently know. He himself owned he had no grounds for making such a demand, and I promptly refused him. Don't you be worried. I know that you are all

right, and I know, too, that Launcelot is a strange boy, I'm afraid a—a—a bad lot!"

Duncan saw that to dwell on the subject would only hurt Mr. Briggs and was on the threshold when he turned back hurriedly.

"Mr. Briggs," said he, "I have no idea what grievance your son may have against me; still, you could discharge me all right. You see, Mr. Noble has always said that he would be glad to have me. Then, too, you could keep your son under your own hand."

But Mr. Briggs only shook his head. "I will never let such a man go to please the whim of a spoiled child!"

It was Saturday, and, as there was no great pressure of business, the works were closed at noon. Signor Raphael Angelo had left the Noble Works immediately after his meeting there with Duncan; he never stayed long when George put in an appearance.

The proof of Duncan's power which he had seen that morning had particularly exasperated Angelo. The men had not only refused to listen, but had laughed at him as he stood talking with Duncan, and had even shouted after him in derision as he slunk out of the yard. Angry and chagrined beyond measure, he had planned a final attack.

When the men began to pour into the centre of the village from the foundries at about half-past twelve they were surprised to see Angelo standing in an empty cart at the crossing of two main streets, already talking to a considerable crowd in his broken English. His high, stentorian voice, strained to its full extent, could be heard for a couple of blocks. The crowd swelled little by little, until two-thirds of the whole male population stood silently weighing the words of the agitator. At first the crowd was incredulous, unresponsive; but when the socialistic ideas of the demagogue began finally to take hold of them, shouts of approval rose now and again. An inch at a time the Italian stirred

their souls. Now the whole mass was with him. He felt the kind of mad intoxication which seizes the orator who has moved a crowd. His dark features flushed, his black eyes snapped; no longer urging but commanding, gesticulating fiercely, he rushed to a climax.

"Two men zere are in zis place zat must suffer. How haf zey made you to suffer,you, an ze women an ze leetle ones! In ze placa where zev live is ze food for many, but ze many hafs not it! In zere pockets is ze money plenty for all, but it is all to zem! For zes two haf you work an' work, an' zev send one Duncan to keep a you in all ze dark. He say zev help a you-why gif zev not to you more money? He say lies—zes two maka ze money by hafing starve you! Everyone of you is foola! Zes men two wretches, zey kill you, zey eat you by maka you die for zem, zey are devils-ah! zis Briggs, ah! zis Noble—it is for ze union to crush ze devils, ze--.

A young man broke through the crowd, pulled the speaker from the wagon, and at the same time hit him a terrible blow in the face. It was young Briggs. All day he had wandered about, angry first with his father; then, as he realized what he had done, with himself, finally with the whole world. He had joined the crowd about the cart and had listened as long as he could control his excitement. The more the man slandered his father the hotter he became. No fellow ever resents a slur cast on his father by another as much as when he has been doing so himself. Then Angelo attacked Helen's father, too! Next he realized that he, as Briggs' son, was included. Without a moment's thought he had flown madly at the speaker. The pent up anger, chagrin, exasperation of the morning had found a vent at last.

Angelo gave a cry of pain. A dozen men sprang towards Launcelot. Striking blindly on all sides he fought wildly, frantically. More pushed forward. They hit him, they knocked him down, more and more piled on him; Angelo himself came forward, more like a demon than a man, with a knife glittering in his hand. Some of those in the crowd now, from pity, took the boy's side and defended him as he lay there, fainting. It seemed as though the fight were to become general when a man, head and shoulders above the rest, broke through the mob, hit Angelo a blow which felled him a second time, and, tearing off his coat stood over the unconscious boy. He spoke, actually commanding silence so great was the effect of his deep voice.

"You don't know what you are doing," he cried. "This is Briggs' son! Heaven help you poor wretches if you've killed him. Let me pass!"

Saying this Duncan picked up the prostrate Launcelot in his great arms and made his way through the crowd, which drew back to let him pass. The mob began to melt away. No man cared to think of what might be the consequences.

CHAPTER III.

As Launcelot had remained unconscious for several hours on account of a severe blow in the head, at first he had no idea who had saved him. The last thing he could remember was a circle of angry men all beating him, all hitting him; so that, when he came to himself, in the quiet room, he understood that some one must have risked a great deal to rescue him from the mob.

The first question he asked was, "Who brought me home?" but his mother, who had installed herself as nurse, only put her fingers on her lips to signify that he must keep quiet. He obeyed and soon fell into a long, quiet sleep.

When he woke he felt much better. He opened his eyes to find his father sitting by

the bed with a look of great anxiety in his kind eyes; he also noticed another figure standing at the window, apparently looking at something in the street, but, since he supposed that it must be some doctor he east only a passing glance at it. He fixed his eyes on his father's face and asked, "Who was it that brought me home? Mother wouldn't tell me. I don't see how any one ever pulled me out of that crowd!"

Mr. Briggs, instead of answering, pointed silently to the figure at the window. Launcelot looked more closely, with the result that he recognized the broad back: he felt his father looking at him and turned very red.

"Mr. Duncan," called Launcelot.

George turned round quickly. He came toward the bed with a glad look in his eyes which faded, almost immediately, into one of extreme embarrassment.

"I want to apologize for what I said to my father yesterday and to thank you for getting me out of that scrape."

"That's all right. I don't want to be made a hero of. I didn't do anything much. I couldn't see them murder you." George looked around helplessly. The embarrasment was fast getting unbearable.

Launcelot, with true delicacy, turning from Duncan, looked at his father again. "I want to tell you," he said, "that what I did yesterday was merely in a fit of boyish jealousy. I suppose I'm as old as Duncan, but someway I don't seem to feel so."

Duncan smiled. "Boyish jealousy!" he thought, "could Launcelot really have been jealous when he looked so darkly at him when he was dancing with Helen Noble the other night?"

As Duncan said nothing, Launcelot continued: "I'm going to work when I get about again." He looked at his father as he went on, "I'm going to work under you, to be your assistant."

George looked questioningly at Mr. Briggs. That gentleman smiled happily and nodded in the affirmative.

The evening of the day that Launcelot went to work, for the first time, he called on Helen Noble. It was some time before he could escape from the senior members of her family, but at last he got a chance to speak with her alone.

"That was an awful foolish thing for you to do," she began candidly. "Anyone would think that a college graduate would know more than that!"

"Yes it was," he admitted. "Now I believe every word you said about George."

She noticed the use of his Christian name. "So you are really good friends now. Oh! I'm so glad! But you are terribly in his debt yet. Just think! He risked his life to save you when you had tried to get your father to discharge him. I wonder (she smiled vaguely) whether I know why you did that!"

Launcelot saw the opening, and the conversation became very personal. They spoke very plainly. She explained that she had meant nothing by her reference to Duncan at the dance; she said that she thought he had been foolish, but—and it was this 'but' that made Launcelot tingle all over with pleasure—that if he would work hard now and try to repay Duncan in some manner, he might speak to her again.

The same day that Launcelot went to the works, Angelo appeared again. He had been as sick as Launcelot, owing to the terrible blow which George had given him. The day after the trouble, detailed in the last chapter, Duncan had noticed that an uneasy excitement prevailed among the men and that, with a few exceptions, they all avoided him. Something seemed to be in the air. The men stopped talking whenever he approached, yet he managed to discover that there was talk about demanding higher wages and shorter

hours. For the first time since he came to the works, no one asked his opinion.

All of this served to disturb Duncan so much that he had a long talk with the two owners, Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble. "You see," he explained, "this confounded Dago has been sent here by the union just to set those men against me and to bring on a strike. That's what he was up to when Launcelot hit him. I suppose what I did has only given color to their suspicions. They say Angelo swears revenge."

"Well," Mr. Noble said, "all we can do is to wait until we see their demands. If they're reasonable we may treat; if not, of course we fight. Isn't that what it amounts to, Briggs?"

Mr. Briggs assented. "Perhaps I better warn the governor to get a company or two ready."

Duncan declared, "Yes!" emphatically. Mr. Noble said, "Yes. It can do no harm." Then he added sarcastically, "Nor with that man for governor is it likely to do much good!"

When Raphael Angelo had been at work again for a few days, the surpressed excitement seemed ready to burst out at any moment.

One morning, about a week after Angelo's return, Duncan overheard a couple of men discussing a meeting of the union to be held a week later. George learned, in this way, that he had yet a last chance to make a stand for his old principles, so he called together the dozen or so of the older and more cautious men, who still approved of the old order of things. After stating briefly that, for reasons which he knew to be perfectly just, it would be impossible for the two employers, Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble, to grant any increase in wages just then, he asked them plainly whether they thought anything could be done to counter-balance the marvellous influence which the Italian's impassioned expounding of socialistic theories had given him. One of the oldest and most practical answered for all.

"Don't swear like that, John," Duncan interrupted. "Still," he added to himself, "I guess John isn't so far from the truth! The bosses of the big union have heard how prettily this little branch has been running because of the way I've been able to stand between the men and Briggs. But the union has no use for such as I am! They intend to kick me out, get the branch mixed up in all the sympathetic strikes and so on, and put the men and the employers at war here, just as everywhere else; and they couldn't get an American or Irishman who could succeed, so they've sent this cursed Italian anarchist to do the job for them!"

As the days of the week of grace passed slowly by the men, becoming more and more excited by the harangues of Angelo, were so impatient to begin the fight that even he was hardly able to keep them under control. Once Duncan endeavored to join a knot of men listening eagerly to the exhortations of the agitator and, by arguing the speaker into a corner in his cool, practical manner so effective before reasonable auditors, to point out to the men, that they were well and honorably treated. At first the men listened uneasily as he threw over assertion after assertion; but Angelo saw that he was getting the worst of

it, and, raising his voice, appealed to his hearers. "Do not think ze truth zat he say! Many time haf I told to you zat zis is one liar, one fraud, one man payed to keep you in ze dark. Do not hear him. He is one serpent. Send him back to ze thiefs zat send him here!" All eyes turned on George. "It 'd be ez well fer yez to be movin'," suggested a big Irishman; "it's no more of those lies yez'll be stuffin' us wid! Briggs has the cash an', begorra, its payin' of it out in foine style he'll soon be. We'd be mighty pleased to see yez around a corner, Mister Duncan!" The others all laughed and shouted approval. Duncan's first inclination was naturally to be persistent and stay. The deep silence which followed, however, foretold that he could accomplish nothing; so, thrusting his hands far into his pockets, he wheeled sharply about and strode

"Duncan," Mr. Briggs said as he entered the office, "I've got a chance for a first-rate contract to be done in a month. You say not to take anything?"

"Would the contract enable you to make a large advance to the men?"

"No."

"Then don't take it. Don't take anything and tell Mr. Noble, too. There's to be a meeting of the men tomorrow night, and the confounded Dago's going to make them do something outrageous. He's sent here to get up a strike, so as to bring the branch directly under the big union; and he's going to do it!"

Launcelot observed how anxious Duncan looked when he left his father. He drew him aside and demanded, "Do you honestly believe there's going to be serious trouble, George?"

"Yes, and lots of it. I'm going to face that Dago once more tomorrow night, but it won't make any difference. I just tried it out in the yard, and the men wouldn't listen to me."

The meeting, the next night, was held in the largest hall in town,—a kind of huge, unfinished garret—but its capacity was altogether inadequate. The crowd was so great that the men were packed as closely as they could stand. The doorways were filled with dark, half-shaved faces. The place fairly reeked with the stench of smoke and liquor. A great clamor of voices filled the room everyone was trying to take the lead in denouncing the owners and praising the union and its great delegate, Raphael Angelo. Half of the men, as their thick voices and rough excitement testified, were drunk; even those who appeared sober, had all visited the bar on the first floor. A number of women with harsh, rasping voices, who had come in with the crowd, could be heard shouting above the rest of the tumult. They seemed even more carried away than the men, for, now and again, the clamor would die down while all listened to some woman hurl vituperations upon owners in general, and Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble in particular.

Presently Angelo appeared on the platform, surrounded by half a dozen men; evidently his chief supporters, who acted, also, as a kind of body guard.

A deferential silence fell at once. With hardly a momentary pause, he began, moving the whole crowd with him, swaying every mind, inciting every spirit.

"It is not ze need to say once again what I haf so many time said. Ze owners, Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble, get so vera rich while zer is ze so little money for you. How shall zis be fixa? Ze owners haf ze too much money—let zem giva more to us. Ze poor man must do ze long work—let zem meka ze hour more short. If zey will not do so, let ze poor men strike. When ze men strike enough long, zen ze owners will be glad to do anything!"

(To be concluded.)

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The June number of the Review will appear Thursday, June fourteenth. It will contain forty-eight pages and will thus be the largest number ever issued. All material must be in by Friday, May 31. All societies and organizations wishing to have the lists of their officers published must send them to the editor; the sooner the better. The only two departments will be "Notes" and "Athletics." The editors of other departments are now excused from further work.



We received the full twelve stories promised by the class of 1904, High School. The prize of two dollars will be paid the winner at once, on application to Mr. Linnell.



The revised schedule of Latin School baseball games:

May 9, Hopkinson at Charles River Park. May 13, Boston Latin at Charles River Park.

May 17, Newton at Newton A. A. May 24, Brookline at place undecided.

May 30, C. H. S. at Charles River Park.



There will be a meeting at the High School Alumni Association at the High School building, Thursday evening, May 23.



In addition to the name of Miss M. E. Wells, who won the prize, we desire to especially commend the work of Miss M. T. Lee, Msss M. B. Flewelling, Miss Nellie Lemon and Mr. Stillman Davis, all of High School 1904.



Everyone should plan to take several copies of the June Review. There will be an extra large edition.



All contributors who desire to have unused manuscript back should consult the editor. Some of the stories, unpublished as yet, are worth holding over until next September.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The following High and Latin School men went on the southern trip with the Harvard base-ball nine: Walter Clarkson, E. H. S. '99, pitch; Parker E. Marean, C. L. S. '99, catch; Thomas F. Murphy, C. L. S. '00, second-base, Henry S. Parker, '00, catch, and Harris H. Murdock, C. L. S. '97, manager.

Parker E. Marean, '99, has been elected an honorary member of the Institute of 1770 at Harvard.

William A. Pennell, '00, has recently returned from an eight weeks' trip to Jamaica, where he went to recover from a severe illness.

William A. Applegate, E. H. S. '97, ran on the Harvard two-mile relay team which defeated Yale, Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania on April 27.

Miss Elizabeth L. Huling, '00, has just returned from a two months' trip to California. On her way she stopped in New Orleans and came back through Colorado.

Miss Mary L. Coleman, '00, has been elected captain of the 1903 basket-ball team at Radcliffe. Miss Mary Learner, '00, has been playing on the Freshman team.

Miss Grace G. Croker, '00, is on one of the Freshman crews at Wellesley.

Thomas F. Good, '00, is with Brown, Durrell & Co., and Alfred Ellis, '00, is in the freight office of the Fitchburg railroad.

The class of 1900, C. L. S., held its second reunion at the home of Mr. Whittemore, on the evening of April twenty-seventh. Twenty-three members of the class were present, besides the following teachers: Mr. Bradbury, Miss Spring, Miss Harris, Miss Perrigo and Miss Hardwick. The prizes were won by Miss Lerner and Mr. Carr.

On April 19 several members of 1900, E. H. S., walked to the Wayside Inn and back, a distance of thirty-six miles.

Thomas Ybarra, L. S. '98, is engaged as an expert in Spanish by a prominent insurance company of New York.

Miss Valborg Kastman and Mrs. Ernest Douglass, L. S. '98, are at Dr. Sargent's normal school of Physical Training.

D. C. Barnes, '98, and H. B. Stevens, '99, lost heavily in the fire in Trinity Hall. The fire started in their room from some undetermined cause.

The annual reunion of the class of '95, Latin School, was held at the home of Miss Mary II. Winslow. The attendance was large.

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI RECEPTION.

The earlier part of the evening was given to an informal reception. Miss J. B. Allyn, '00, was chairman of the ushers. After the reception the chairman of the evening introduced as speakers, the Mayor, Hon. F. A. Hill and Ray G. Huling. All heartily approved of the proposed formation of an alumni association. Daly's orchestra furnished music both for the reception and the dancing.

Beginning with the class of '90, all the classes had their numbers and colors on shields which were hung about the hall; the stage was decked with potted plants. Beside the receivers all the E. H. S. teachers were guests of the committee. P. B. Dallinger, '94, and William Donovan, '98, were floor directors. J. C. Fearns, '98, was chairman of all committees and also chairman of the evening.



THAT TYPEWRITER.

i Have a new typ-Writer,
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Give me my ink and pen!

Pat, while watching a man in a hotel use a telephone, said, "Shure, if I spoke through it to Mike up stairs would he hear me?"

"Yes," replied the man, "step up and try it."

Pat, stepping to the telephone, said, "Mike, is that you?"

"Shure," said Mike.

"Well, stick your head out of the window, so I can talk to you."

Teacher (in Latin class)—Give the principal parts of possum."

Pupil—Heads, tail and legs.

"A poet says that a baby is 'a new wave on the ocean of life.' It strikes us that 'a fresh squall' would express the idea better."

FOR MEN ONLY.

It there's anything that worries a woman, It's something she ought not to know.
But you bet she'll find out anyhow,
It she gets the least kind of a show;
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she's already read.
We knew that she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

Teacher—What made the God Vulcan lame?"

Bright Freshie—He was walking on Mt. Olympus and slipped on a thunder peal.

EQUINE INEQUALITY.

The work horse and the carriage horse wood side by side on the street.

"I see you take your meal a la carte," sniffed the latter, looking disdainfully at the other's canvas feed bag.

"Yes," replied the equine, "Don't you!"
"Neigh, neigh, Pauline," and the proud aristocratic mare rattled the silver chains upon her harness." "I prefer mine (s) table d'oat."

Heard in the Foot-ball Field—Talkative player (wiping dirt from face)—If I hadn't had my mouth shut when the ball hit me, 1'd have bit my tongue awfully.

Irate Captain—If you'd had it open we'd have lost the ball.

Captain (to awkward squad)—When I say halt! put the foot that is on the ground beside the foot that's in the air, and remain motionless.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing cabs and omnibuses.

Teacher—Johnnie, repeat after me "Moses was an austere man and made atonement for the sins of his people."

Johnnie—"Moses was an oyster man an made ointment for the shins of his people."

She—This road is very steep; can't I get a donkey to take me up?

He-Lean on me, darling.

"Have you Moore's poems?" inquired the sweet young thing.

"I think so, Miss. I'll look in a minute," replied the clerk in the bookstore. "By the way, here's a fine new story just out. It's called 'Just One Kiss and—'"

"I want Moore" she interrupted haughtily.

"I hear they are using automobiles for hearses now?"

"Yes; people are just dying to ride in them!"

A pair in a hammock Attempted to kiss, And in less than a jiffy 'siqq əqil pəpuv LoqL

Mother (angrily)—Joe Jefferson, how many times mus' I call yo' befo' I can make yo' heah?

Joe—Dunno; yo' stand there an' holler an' I'll set here an' count.

"Good resolutions," says one of our lecture course committee, "are like babies at a concert—they ought to be carried out." One of our august senators, who is getting a little bald, was the other day asked by his heir: "Papa, are you still growing?" "No, dear; what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair.

Jimmy—Ain't it good for de school board to shut up de schools in summer so we can have a rest?

Tommy—But dat ain't de reason. Dey hafter give de teachers a chance to learn some more.

An old church-member, of whose goodness here there was no doubt, died. However, the pastor posted this notice on the door: "Brother Johnson departed for heaven this A.M." Somebody else obtaining a telegram blank filled in these words and pasted it also on the church door: "Heaven, 6.30 P.M.—Johnson not yet arrived; great anxiety."

Obliging—The following letter was forwarded to a school teacher by the parent of one of his pupils: "Please excus' Frank staying home. He had the meeles to oblige his father."

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the past year?

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yessur.

'Teacher-Well, Johnny, what is it?

Johnny—Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't lick us for two months.

Fitting definition for Algebra—A curiously contrived conglomerate concoction of captivating curiosity.

The new minister—Six hours' sleep is enough for any man.

Absent-minded deacon—Good gracious! You don't preach as long as that, do you?

If told to take a "back seat" one will invariably take affront.

A Night in the Mountains of North Carolina.

(TWO DOLLAR PRIZE.)

It was a sultry afternoon early in July; the heat from the sun was intense, as we slowly crept along the mountain road on our way to Northboro. Not so much as a breeze stirred the tall forest trees which rose on both sides of the road, and even the birds were too lazy to sing.

To me it seemed that it had never been so hot. I had that morning left the hotel in Cotham, a small town near the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, for Northboro, which was about thirty miles distant, and higher up in the mountains. The road was rough, and the trip was supposed to take the greater part of a day.

My driver was a good-natured, easy-going mountaineer who, however, knew very little about horses, and, as he told me, had always been used to driving oxen, which he said he liked much better. "There ain't no dependence to be put in hosses nohow," he said. "What if oxens does go a leetle slower, they always get's there at last; and that's more'n ye can say of these here hosses."

His words proved true, for we had gone only a few miles when one of the horses began to limp, and before noon it was almost impossible to get him along. Mr. Hanks, for this proved to be my driver's name, walked at the horses' side, encouraging them as best he could by calling: "Gee haw, git up there," and the like; but it soon became evident that it was useless to try to reach Northboro that night, for the other horse, now weary of pulling the load alone, stopped altogether, and no amount of coaxing or beating would persuade him to go another step. It was now late in the afternoon; we had not passed a house for

many miles, and what was to be done I did not know.

At length Mr. Hanks spoke, "I'll tell ye what," he said, "right over yonder about a mile is a house where ye can git lodgin' for the night, and I'll walk on to Northboro and fetch back a fresh team to take ye in the mornin'." I was not much pleased with the idea of spending the night in a strange place, especially as I noticed, or thought I noticed, Mr. Hanks hesitate once or twice while speaking of it; but there seemed nothing else to do, so I gave my consent.

The clouds were fast gathering, and a thunder-storm threatening; it was dusk and I was anxious to start at once for the house; but to my vexation Mr. Hanks seemed of a different mind. He unhitched the horses, fed and rubbed them; then he began to tinker the harness, though I had not noticed that it was broken.

When at last it was quite dark, he turned to me and said, "Come on, foller me, and don't ax no questions: it's the Widder Blakes' I's takin' ye to." With this he started off into the woods and I followed. Oh, such a winding way! it seemed as though we should never get anywhere! Once I was sure we recrossed the road, although Mr. Hanks assured me it was only an open place in the forest.

It was black as ink, save for now and then a flash of lightning which showed we were in a very dense part of the woods. At length another flash of lightning showed the outline of a house. Here we stopped. Mr. Hanks knocked, and for a moment all was silent, then the door was opened a crack, and a woman's voice said, "Who's thar, and what do you uns

want?" Mr. Hanks stepped forward and said something in a low tone. I could not hear what. The door was opened a little wider, then for some moments I heard only the low murmur of voices. They were evidently in deep and close conversation. At last Mr. Hanks stepped back and pushed me towards the door. By this time I was thoroughly frightened and would have given anything to be out of this dreadful place; but there I was and there I must stay. I could not get away even if I tried, for as I entered the house my hostess locked the door behind me.

Looking around, I found myself in a low room, on the walls of which hung various cooking utensils; at one end was a large open fire-place in which a bright fire burned and crackled, lending a cheerful aspect even to this rough little cabin. Two doors led from this apartment, the one by which I had just entered, and another which stood partly open, disclosing what seemed to be a bed-room, although the room in which I then was had two beds.

My hostess was a large, rather muscular woman with very dark complexion and piercing black eyes, which I soon had reason to notice were fastened upon me. Not the slightest motion of my hand but she seemed to see it, and not a glance of mine escaped her notice. I felt that I was not very welcome, and under those piercing eyes my fear was growing every moment.

At last I summoned all my courage to speak, "Do you often have lodgers?" I asked. Without moving her eyes from me she answered, "I keeps people what comes, though 'taint often they comes, I'm alone mostly, bein' a widder without no chillons." With this she uncovered a kettle which was boiling on the fire, and dipping some of the contents into a plate, gave it to me, saying, "Maybe ye'er hungry after ye'er travellin' all day." I took the plate and tried to eat some of the stew,

but between my fear and my consciousness of being watched every second, I made poor headway.

In hopes of getting away from this unbearable woman, I said that I was tired and should like to go to bed. This evidently pleased her, for she rose immediately and, taking the candle, walked into the other room. I followed; she set the candle down, and without saying another word, turned and walked out, locking the door behind her.

For a moment I was paralyzed with fear; then I began to look about me for some means of escape. The only opening was a window high above my head; it was not more than six inches wide and a foot long and I soon became convinced that escape by this means was impossible. Moreover, the long threatened storm had come. I could hear the rain descend in torrents on the roof of the cabin. thunder crashed and rolled and re-echoed among the mountains, and I knew that even if I should be able to escape it would be only to perish in the mountains. I crept to the door and listened; all was quiet in the other room. I wondered if I was to be murdered. Those piercing eyes seemed to stare at me from every corner.

At last, half frantic with fear, I threw myself on the bed. How long I lay thus I do not know. The candle burned low and went out. At length, I became aware that someone was talking in the adjoining room. I crept to the door and listened. I was sure I heard the deep voices of men talking in an undertone. Then I heard a noise, as if someone was moving something heavy across the floor. Then the voices sounded outside the building, and again all was silent.

It must have been four o'clock in the morning when I heard a knock on the side of the house; heard a movement in the adjoining room, heard again the murmur of voices; heard with ever-increasing terror the key turn

in the lock of my door, and saw again by the dimly-reflected light of a candle those dreadful eyes. I was too frightened to move.

The owner of the eyes walked in; walked to the table and set the candle down; then turning to me said, "Hanks is come for ye," and walked out.

It was still pitchy dark when I left this dreadful place and reached the road. The new team proved a good one and we reached Northboro about sunrise. Mr. Hanks left me at the edge of the village and called to a boy, who was walking along the road, to drive me to the hotel, saying he had lost his knife and wished to look for it.

When I related my story I was told that I had spent the night in one of the most notorious stills in the country. That morning a party started in search of Hanks, who it was

afterwards proved had long been engaged in hauling whiskey through the mountains for sale. It was also proved that the supposed "Widder Blake" was Hanks' wife, and that through her hands passed hundreds of gallons of whiskey every year.

I was taken there in the night that I might not know where I was, and locked into my room, that I might see nothing which went on in the other part of the house.

Just where this still was located remains a mystery; for they were unable to get any track of Hanks or of his accomplices. It is supposed that they are somewhere in that vast mountain region of North Carolina or Georgia engaged in the same business of making and selling blockade whiskey.

MARY E. WELLS, '04.

A Sketch From Life.

The wind blew in sudden gusts around the corner of a large, dismal looking building. A snappy March wind which, though it nips and bites, still has suggestions of spring in it. A ragged little newsboy hurried down the street, and turned in a door, he leaped up the rickety stairs, two at a bound, as though he could hardly constrain himself. At the end of a dark hallway he pushed a door open with such force that it struck the wall of the room with a bang. "Where's de kid?" asked the chap. Receiving no answer he scuffed across the floor and came to a standstill by the side of a little cot. He kicked the frame roughly with the worn toe of his thin boot. "Ain't yer 'wake?" he asked. The shabby covering moved. A little face turned towards his,—a face so thin and blue it seemed as if it could not be real. A feeble smile came to the thin lips as the girl asked, "That you Jimmy?"

"Yep: I jest got home." He sat down on

the side of the cot, shoving his hand deep into his pockets. "I give de push de cold shoulder, down by Harrigan's sponge factory. Yer said yer wanted ter hear all about de blowout, so I hustled right off to the ranch. Gee! but it was a hot time. De head guy's all right, if he can't play marbles. He knows how to rush the grub into de gang. He paused, rolling his eyes in delight as he thought of the feast he had just attended.

He had just returned from a dinner given by the Salvation Army to the newsboys of the city, to celebrate the joyous feast of Easter. The girl on the cot moved a little nearer to him. "What did yer have to eat?" she asked eagerly. "Such a bloomin' lot of stuff me think ir'd bust if I tried to remember. Skinney Hunt sit next to me, and if they don't salt him down for salt pork when he flees de coop, dey don't know a hog when dey sees it. I told him I'd blow on him if he didn't quit

and put a padlock on his trap. When he left de place he had a napkin full of ice-cream in his hand. Hully Gee! Yer never seed so much feed at onct. Turkey and pertaters, squash, turnips and onions; them onions were the only things they didn't have enough of. Dev hed some lubby red sarce an' pie; an' puddin', an' ice-cream, 'n nuts, 'n oranges, 'n bananas an'-oh! everything, an' yer didn't have ter tell, 'Shiney on yer own side,' 'cause dere was alwa's enough fer everyone. paused in his narration to take a breath. In the next room could be heard the sound of his mother's 'masculine voice as she worked steadily away. There was never a holiday for her, not even in the advent of the glorious Easter time. The girl's eager face had fallen back on the pillow, the blue lids had closed. Jimmy went on regardless. He was not surprised, she had often listened to his stories thus,—I brought yer home oranges an' some nuts. He laid them on the coverlet. "I skin'd an apple and two pieces of cake when de bloke what looked after our end of the table wasn't looking. But I knew you would like der candy best so I swiped my napkin and filled it for you; here," he said, pushing the things toward her. She did not move. The boy scowled.

"Don't ver want them?" Brutal words were on the end of his tongue, but he paused just one moment. Taking her by the arm he shook her, "What's the matter, kid; are yer asleep?" Still there was no answer. He waited a moment more, a puzzled expression on his hard face. Slowly the expression changed to one of frightened wonder. He let go her arm and took a noiseless step backward. His muscles lightened, his nails dug into the palm of his hand until they left great purple marks. He looked all about him as his eyes dragged themselves back to the little form as it fascinated him. The orange and nuts danced before him in a dizzy wheel. He wondered what was happening to him. His head seemed to burst. Suddenly the body relaxed for the awful strain had left him. He leaned weakly against the wall and for a long time remained there; then he raised his right arm to his head and drew a ragged-coat sleeve across his eyes. He turned and went to the door of the room where his mother was working. "Ma," he said, stepping inside, "de kid has kicked the bucket."

Then he passed out of the room down the dark stairs, whistling a popular air.

MARY T. LEE, '04.

NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Co.:

"La Rosa DeMontana," a collection of bright, cheery waltzes for pianoforte. They have the true swing. By George Lowell Tracy. Price, 75 cents.

"Me and You" (Coster song), and "Don't Mind Me." Two of the catchy songs. By Clifton Crawford, which were introduced in R. A. Barnet's "Miss Simplicity." Music by Harry Lawson Heartz. Price, 50 cents each.

"No Cross, But Crown." Sacred song. By Herbert Johnson. Price, 50 cents. "The Vision Beautiful." Sacred song for high or low voice. Words by Kathryn Wells. Music by J. C. Macy. Price, 50 cents.

"Wine's a Jade." Introduced in "My Lady." Words by Clifton Crawford. Music by H. L. Heartz. Price, 50 cents.

"'A Frangesa!" March for pianoforte. By P. Mario Costa. Price, 50 cents.

"Springtime," A Rondo; one of Eben II. Bailey's "Sketches from Nature." A very gay and sprightly composition. Price, 40 cents.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

Was the joke on Stephens?

Whispering is an unpardonable crime in the senior room,

"And the gum came back."

Speak for yourself, Chase.

The civics class is producing some very fine debaters.

"Cambridge can do more with one dollar than Boston can with fifty cents." This is Upham's opinion.

If you want any sofa-pillow covers worked, see Barnes.

The 1902 boys are not fed well enough by the girls of their own class—they have to steal from the 1901 girls' lunches. N'est-ce pas, Crawford?

Have you seen "the pictures?" Aren't they lovely?

1902.

At a recent meeting held in the interest of class base-ball, McLaughlin was elected captain and Priest manager.

Heard in English: "There aren't many people now who are worrying about where Venus put her arms."

We are glad to see Miss D'Arcy back again after her illness.

Harvard chemistry papers are so interesting and easy (?).

1903.

Our last social was held April 24th at the home of Miss Schlesinger. A very enjoyable time was spent in numerous ways. It is hoped that more teachers will be present next time.

Lowell has been out another week on account of illness.

Where is Thessallonaca, Miss Leonard?

Miss Strong from Yonkers, N. Y., has recently joined our class.

"Too much Scott, my little Clement."

Can you pronounce that word yet, Grebenstein?

Stuart was present at our last social.

Aldrich informs us that if you look in a mirror you will see yourself inverted.

Miss Cobb appears to be very fond of pickles.

It must have been gingerbread without the raisins. Wonder who made it?

Miss Moreland is back again after a short illness.

Have you heard of the "Ki-Ku-Klub?" You will later.

Is it right to take forty cents belonging to the *Heathen* and pay for an English book?

Only two more months of school! That means two more Reviews. The sales for those two months ought to be very high.

1904.

Physiology is interesting, and at times amusing.

One of the young ladies wished to know how the hair could grow out of the solid bone of the skull.

The class base-ball team has been formed, but owing to the wet weather has not been able to do much practicing. Kennan is the captain and A. Dayis is manager.

Reynold's kind offer to tell a fable was refused without thanks.

How do you like physiology and the dissecting of tripe!

Nowadays, it is the style not to recognize your own writing.

One of our girls has gone fishing.

If you wish to be an angel and have better friends—take a front seat.

Miss S—— is becoming a gymnast.

Knives must not be borrowed during school hours without the permission of the teacher.

A sudden burst of knowledge caused him to break the silence.

Please do not lend, borrow or steal!

Wanted:—A handwriting expert to solve a mystery.

The history exam, marks were not as bad as might have been expected.

A certain young man has a back seat. We wonder how long he will be able to keep it.

Miss Nellie Lemmon has left school.

Miss K-r, was the seat very hard?

The sun (son) is evidently shy, as it does not wish to be seen.

Div. IV. has gone to sleep over its Algebra.

Emma, why did you screech! Ugh!

High School Concert.

A concert in aid of the English High School's athletics was held in the High School i.all April 26th.

If judged by the amount of pleasure the audience received, this concert was a complete success.

The opening number was a particularly pleasing one, Liebe's "Serenade," played by Miss Ethel Chase, piano; Mr. Ernst Makechnie, violin, and Mr. Arthur Makechnie, 'cello.

The solos of Mr. Arthur Chickering, basso; Frank Conant, tenor, and Francis Pratt, baritme, were thoroughly appreciated. The prestidigitations were interesting, even in a most ghostly manner.

Misses Isabel Melville and Katherine Bodemer, old High School favorites, and Miss Grace Carter, with her fine contralto, gave some of the best touches to the concert in their solos.

Misses Eva Lombard and Edith Hadcock

held the attention of their hearers by their graceful readings.

It remained for Mr. Ed. Howlett, humorist, to carry off the palm of the evening. He was funny, really and truly funny. What if his stories had been heard before, he convinced this audience "that it was good to laugh."

Although the hall was fairly well-filled, the managers are disappointed that the school d d not take hold more heartily and help to make the concert a complete success financially. Perhaps the scholars prefer "those subscription papers" to selling tickets. The High School expects every one to do his duty, in supporting the school athletics, whether it be in one way or another. The management would like to express its thanks to the boys who were kind enough to serve as ushers and ticket-takers.



LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

A very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss Smith, who kindly secured the services of a hurdy-gurdy for the evening. They danced, they sang, they played left-handed tiddle-de-winks, all to music. Mr. and Mrs. Benshimol were present.

Didn't you envy the boy who dared to face the teacher and declare that a certain passage in Homer meant *nothing*. I suppose it was "all Greek" to him.

Lost, strayed or stolen—everybody's books.

Alas! for the English student who thought that Noah betook himself to the Tower of Babel to escape the flood!

Miss Robinson represents the class on the committee chosen to make arrangements for the girls' tennis tournament to be held the last of May. The girls should interest themselves in this tournament, for it is to be an inter-class contest, and the honor of 1901 must be upheld.

A difficult locus problem: "Where always is the point to a Homeric pun?"

Miss Sears has been obliged to leave school on account of ill-health. Her loss is felt very much, for besides missing her personally, the class has lost in her one of its brightest students.

The Sigma Gamma Society scored another success at the dance given in Browne and

Nichols hall on April 12th. The dance was a very pretty one, and, if possible, surpassed the former one in enjoyment. The hall was tastefully decorated with laurel, and the refreshment room was resplendent with flags and yachting signals. The matrons were Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Nazro, while four members of the club served as ushers. Mr. Foster was floor director.

1902.

Garfield is captain of the '02 base-ball team.

Dana Hyde, who is attending Stone's school, Boston, is stroke on their school crew.

The class has taken up electrical chemistry. Now is the chance for an inventive genius to discover a way to keep B—l awake during the Latin hour.

"Say! Come over to the tennis-court; don't forget to bring a rake and spade."

Often heard in the Latin class: "Do you realize how near next June is?"

Ask the French division if "Me prêtez votre couteau" is correct.

Hurry up, classes, and find tennis-courts. Remember that the tournament comes about May 26th.

Did they have megaphones in Xenophon's time, G—?



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Some of the girls have again offered a fivepound box of "Page and Shaw's" to the baseball team if they win the championship. Brace up, boys, and get it.

First attempts at sight translation from Ovid: "Mugitibus impulit auras," "He pawed the air with his hoofs," "He breathed through the air with his nostrils."

1903.

Laurence Amee has left school on account of ill-health, so that the class is now without a president.

Practice base-ball games: 1903, 6; 1904, 5; 1904, 1; 1903, 6; M. A. C., 16; 1903, 6.

Eaton has been elected captain of the class base-ball team.

It seems too bad that the girls of our class have not been more liberal in helping to support the class base-ball team. The excuse that they are not interested in the team is lame. They should be. Besides, the boys helped out quite generously when called upon by the girls for their basket-ball team.

How do you like "Wilhelm Tell?"

Have some maple sugar?

"A patient waiter is no loser"—on birth-days.

One should be careful when polishing one's table-top in the chemical laboratory.

The third class noticed that the second class seemed quite shocked while doing a certain experiment.

The French class feels very much honored to have such distinguished visitors.

1904.

Who uses trots during the second hour? Wanted:— Λ kindergarten in Room 5.

Sept à huit ans: seven to eight; oh yes, of course, fifteen years.

Latin translation: "And Phoebus sat on the sun." We think that something must have sat on the sun during the month of April.

Who said social?

Heard in Ancient History: "Friend, tell the Spartans that we went out and died where they sent us."

> Bells may ring and teachers call, But we still promenade the hall.

There are a number of Roman youths (and maidens) who have been visiting Athens in their minds.

1905.

The boys have formed their base-ball team. We wish them success.

Who was the heavy batter on the '05 team? The ball has never been found.

 Λ common question: "When is a radical in its simplest form?"

A boy being sent to the board to translate into Latin: "He went away wondering"—looked at it for some time and returned to his seat. It is a puzzle to know which did the more wondering.

We are glad to see Miss Munroe with us again.

A certain young lady who carries hardboiled eggs for luncheon was surprised to find that her eggs were not quite so hard the other day.

An enterprising boy who was studying "The Lady of the Lake" asked why people took targets to war.

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HIGH SCHOOL.

The base-ball team opened its season on Friday, April 12, playing Newton High School at Newton Centre. Newton won by a score of sixteen to seven. Cambridge scored her seven runs in the first inning. Cambridge had no trouble in hitting their pitcher, until a new one appeared in the second inning. Cambridge's players were as follows: Pitchers, MacCormack, Dineen and Grebenstein; Chase (c), Ryan (1st), Shay (2nd), Blewett (s.s), Crawford (3rd), Priest (c.f.), Cleveland (l.f.), Waldo (r.f.).

On the 19th Cambridge played Haverhill High at Haverhill, winning by a score of 18 to 10. Carney pitched a good game for C. II. S., striking out nine mem.

C. H. S.

Crawford, 3rd b.

Ryan, 1st b.

Cleveland, l.f.

Blewett, s.s.

Chase, c.

Grebenstein, 2nd b.

Shea, 2nd b.

Carney, p.

Priest, c.f.

Waldo, r.f.

The third game of the High Se'no I schedule was played at Brookline. The game

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was one of the most interesting ever played by a Cambridge team. At the end of the ninth inning the score was 8-8. The tenth and eleventh were productive of no results. In the twelfth Cambridge scored twice. However, Brookline tied the score, owing to a timely hit made by their captain, who knocked the ball into the crowd. Cambridge protested, claiming that by the ground rules only two bases could be taken, while Brookline's captain made a home run. As no agreement could be reached Crawford refused to finish the game. The final score in the twelfth inning was 12—12.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The members of the crew, as it has been picked for the interscholastic races, are James, stroke and captain; Locke, 3; Hopewell, 2, and Hastings, bow. Holland, Bailey and Cahir are rowing as substitutes; the coxswain has not been chosen.

In base-ball the team has played several practice games, of which the one with St. Marks was the most important.

On April 6 we defeated the Browne and Nichols team by the score of 6 to 4. On the twelfth Arlington defeated us in a very close game by the score of 5 to 4.

At Southboro, on the next day, St. Marks defeated us by the score of 13 to 3. Two of our three runs were made by Murray, the third by Gauthier. The score:—

Innings-- .. .1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 St. Marks...... 4 2 4 0 0 0 0 3 x-13 C. L. S......0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2— 3

On April 17 Tufts' second team defeated us by the score of 12 to 4.

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TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

First Round.

Locke defeated Ellis: 4-6, 6-4, 8-6. Bailey defeated Emerson: 6-2, 6-3. Smith defeated Foster: 6-2, 10-8. Harlow defeated Cunningham: 6-1, 6-4. Brainard defeated Baker: 6-0, 6-3.

Preliminaries.

Smith defeated Bailev: 6-2, 6-2. Brainard defeated Thompson: 6-3, 4-6, 6-2. Harlow defeated Locke: 6-3, 6-4.

Semi-Finals.

Smith defeated Brainard: 7-5, 6-4.

Finals.

Harlow defeated Smith: 6-2, 8-6, 3-6, 4-6,

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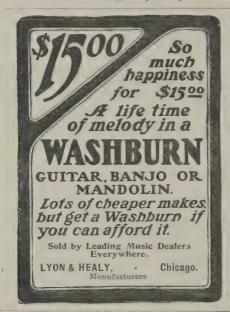
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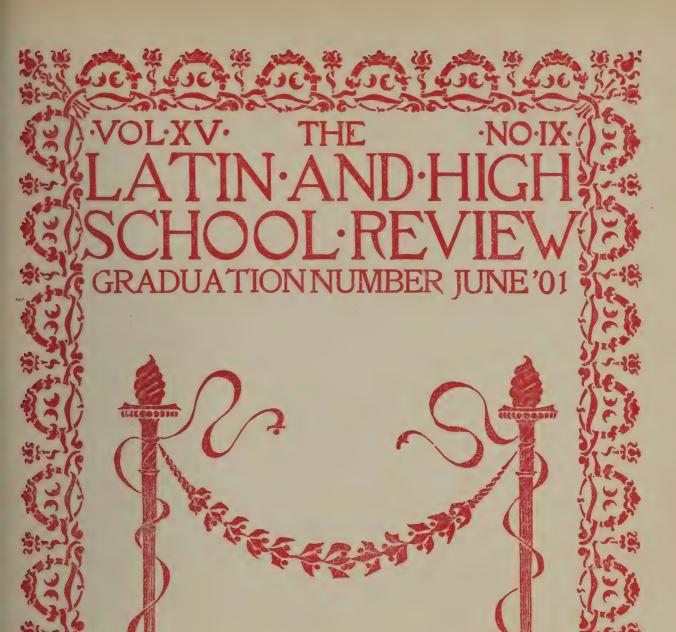
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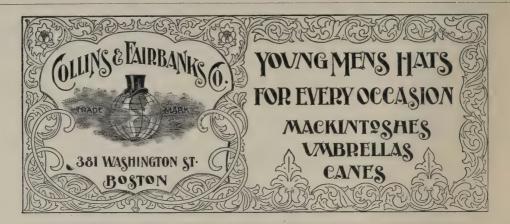
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LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XV.

REVIEW.

NO. IX.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1901

THE MONTH.

As we are now about to retire from office we wish to declare our indebtedness to the REVIEW staff and to the numerous friends of the paper who have aided the Review by contributions or otherwise. Particularly we desire to thank the teachers of English in both schools, who have gone to much trouble in urging their scholars to write for the paper and in correcting the stories submitted through them. We also wish to express our thanks for the notes and information sent us by various alumni and alumnæ. We thank the whole staff for its faithful work, and especially John T. Glidden, who, by his able management of the High School departments, his sound advice with regard to appointments, and his never-tiring energy in behalf of the Review, has been a right-hand man indeed.



It becomes our duty upon surrendering the editorial charge of the paper, to say a few last words with regard to the so-called Review controversy. We have, of course, given the matter a great deal of thought with the result that we have come to the conclusion that perhaps Mr. Bicknell's plan, as given below, is the most expedient one possible under

existing conditions. Our position in the matter naturally and rightly has been conservative. It is not the duty of an editor to sway with every changing breeze of popular favor; he ought rather to stand firm, until he has received indisputable proof that the proposed change would benefit his paper. If he makes a change which is not a success the very people who advocated it will be the first to cry out against him for not holding out against it. In nine cases out of ten a sudden, violent agitation lead by extremists, as this has been, will either utterly die out or at least greatly moderate. This has to a great extent proved true of the case in hand. Plans at first absolutely wild and impossible have been modified within the bounds of reason. We fully appreciate the force of what Mr. Benshimol saidlastmonth, "the question is, how to change existing methods without injuring the paper," and would advocate that any change should be tried a step at a time with the utmost caution. However, the editor does not believe any alteration of the fundamental principles on which the Review is run today likely to be of advantage to the paper. Mr. Benshimol actually proposed a change in theory rather than in practice; for, as a matter of fact, the editor has not made an important appointment this year, including that of his successor, without talking the matter over with those associates who were for any reasons best qualified to give sound advice. This opinion ought, in all justice, to be regarded as sincere and of greater weight than the views of agitators who know comparatively little about the matter; it is the honest opinion of one who is about to leave the school and therefore is no longer personally concerned except for the future welfare of his most cherished enterprise; of one who has had greater opportunities to study the paper than most of the editors. The Review has endeavored to sustain its reputation for dignity throughout this discussion.

Mr. Bicknell's concession is important in

its significance. It is a careful experiment. We believe that he is strong enough to do the best thing for his paper. If the experiment proves a failure we feel assured that no personal abuse will deter him from returning to old methods. If it is such a marked success as to warrant a further advance he will undoubtedly have the courage to make it.



The editorial part of the Review will be managed in the same way next year as it has been this, with the exception that the associate editors will meet occasionally, and act as an advisory board to the editor-in-chief.

A. Ingham Bicknell, '02, Editor 1901-1902.

REPORT OF GRADUATE TREASURER, LATIN SCHOOL.

I submit herewith a report of the receipts and expenditures in athletics at the Latin School during the past school year. Hearty thanks are due the Review for its generous contribution to the athletic treasury.

contribution to the aumenic deasury.	
$Foot ext{-}ball.$	
Receipts	\$63 06
Expenses	110 85
Deficit	\$47 79
Class Foot-ball.	
Receipts	\$9 60
Expenses	
7. 1	40.00
Balance, profit	\$9 60
Hockey.	
Receipts	
Expenses	\$7 00
TV C *	ф <u>т</u> 00
Deficit	\$7 00
Base-ball.	
Receipts	\$45 00
Expenses	96 60
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Crew.							
Receipts							
Expenses							
Deficit	00						
Tennis.							
Receipts \$2	75						
Expenses	00						
Balance, profit\$0	75						
General Account.							
Receipts\$133	67						
Expenses							
Balance, profit\$125	55						
Profit and Loss Account.							
Receipts\$135	90						
Expenses 135	79						
Balance	11						
CARLETON R. METCALF,							
Graduate Treasurer.							
June 15, 1901.							

GEORGE DUNCAN.

A summary of the chapters already published:

The scene is laid in Blair, a small manufacturing village which has sprung up around the two large Iron Foundries of Mr. Noble and Mr. Briggs. The town gossips have naturally linked the names of Mr. Noble's daughter, Helen, an intelligent, energetic young lady, and Mr. Briggs' son, Launcelot, a listless college graduate of no ambitions or great emotions other than a jealous love for Helen whom he has always considered his own. They are not, however, engaged. George Duncan, a young fellow working his own way, has been taken into the employ of Mr. Briggs where he has at the same time won the confidence of his employer and gained admittance into the union of the employees, in which he has devoted himself to restraining the men and endeavoring to found an Honest Union. The National Union, however, has sent a walking delegate—an Italian, Angelo by name—to Blair with

A prolonged shout of approval rose from the crowd; "Yes! Yes! That's the way!" several voices shouted.

The secretary now read the resolutions which he had prepared under the direction of Angelo and which everyone expected the men to adopt. To say that they were absurd would be too mild, but the men were ready to believe anything Angelo told them.

"We demand an eight hour day: we demand that the wages of all union employees be raised thirty-three per cent, and we require that none but union men be employed. We demand that all men be engaged at union rates, and that no man, once engaged, shall be discharged within a year. Any refusal to grant any of these demands shall be the signal for an immediate strike."

He finished amid loud shouts of approbation. Before the tumult had subsided into order again, a man forced his way through the crowd and, with dignity, mounted the platform. For a moment silence reigned. They recognized George Duncan, who, seizing the chance, began his last fervid plea for an honest union.

"Listen to me for just a moment before you adopt this absurd resolution. I am no orator; but I know something about the facts of this case, and I am going to tell them."

Here he was interrupted by a woman who shouted from the back of the room, in a shrill voice, "Yes, Mr. Duncan! So we've just been

orders to break up this harmonius state of affairs and bring the local union directly under its influence. Angelo has been attempting to stir the men up against Duncan by telling them that he has played a double part. Launcelot, whose jealousy has been aroused against Duncan by Helen's thoughtless praise of his manly energy, at the same time as she refuses him (Launcelot), demands that Duncan be discharged, but Mr. Noble promptly refuses. That same day Launcelot attacks the Italian whom he finds accusing his father and is saved from the violence of the moborly by a heroic effort on the part of Duncan. Launcelot, heartily ashamed of himself, now goes to work under George. The men become suspicious of Duncan on account of his interference in behalf of Launcelot, at last break away from his influence and follow the lead of Angelo. At the opening of this chapter the men are holding a riotous laber meeting.

saying. We guess you know everything about all the facts. We guess you even know how much Briggs and Noble pay to get you to lie to us!"

At this sally, the crowd burst into coarse laughter, so loud that even Duncan's great voice was completely drowned. Angelo, who had drawn back as George first mounted the platform, now came forward again. seemed as though Duncan would not be permitted to say another word, when one of the oldest and most generally respected of the workmen rose to his feet, calling out at the top of his voice, "Boys! I want to see fair play. Let us hear what Duncan's got to say for himself. Give him a fair show!" "Aye! Fair play for everyone!" cried several voices, responding from different corners of the hall. The uproar partially subsided, so that Duncan was able to go on with his speech.

George Duncan, as he had himself deelared, was nothing of an orator, at least under normal conditions; but now, under the stress of great excitement, he became unconsciously quite eloquent. Although his words were simple and his ideas thoroughly reasonable, in striking contrast to the flaring language and wild schemes of Angelo, the intense sincerity of the speaker, together with his complete knowledge of the question on which he spoke, began to impress his hearers in spite of themselves. He recalled to their memories the first meeting of the men when they determined on an association; he reminded them of how they had planned always to restrain themselves within rational bounds; he related once more how well their plan had succeeded until the interference of the national union and simultaneously the advent of the walking delegate—how many disputes had been satisfactorily compromised between the men and the owners. Then with unwonted fervor, for every sentiment came straight from an indignant heart, he defended Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble. He said that they had not oppressed those in their employ, but had been remarkably fair, paying better wages and giving more advantages than almost any other mill-owners in the country; he gave specific examples of how they had paid wages to men unable to work on account of sickness, and of how they had aided the families of those who had died in their employment. For a moment he paused. The room was absolutely quiet. Even the women sat in silence.

Then Duncan began again, showing up the madness of their demands and the impossibility of either owner complying. He reported a conversation which he had had with Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble, in which he had begged them to permit him to read the men an accurate and honest statement of the financial standing of both companies. At first this permission had been promptly refused, but he had persisted assuring them that the men would be amenable to common sense if they knew the true facts of the case. At length, after much hesitation, he had been given a statement for the accuracy of which he was willing to vouch personally.

He paused again for a moment. The hall was absolutely still; everyone was listening in silent expectation.

Now he read the statement—a document

clear, concise, practical, which reduced the whole question to a matter of hard dollars and cents. "You see for yourselves," he concluded, "the truth of what I say: that, beside yourselves with excitement, you are preparing to make just such demands as formerly you swore never to make, demands which the owners cannot agree to. Be honest, be reasonable. If you have any true grievance, complain and it will be remedied. Otherwise, treat your employers at least as justly as they have always treated you."

For a few moments the stillness remained

unbroken, but soon, however, men began to converse with one another in an undertone of assent which rose from all parts of the room in a steady hum. Angry glances were cast at the Italian, who still sat motionless upon the platform. It was a dangerous situation for Angelo; Duncan had broken into the mystic circle and shattered the spell of the enchanter by the very simplicity and force of the truths he so boldly declared. delegate had no intention of yielding the fight; he waited only long enough to collect all his reserve force which he knew must be brought into play now or never. Suddenly he started from his chair and almost rushed to the front of the platform, where he stood without uttering a word. All was hushed and the eyes of the men, as they gazed at him, began again to shine with a wild light. The fire from his black eyes seemed to enkindle the dying madness of the crowd.

"It is all one lie, one lie! Money of your blood is to him! It is one lie—all—and se liar is paid to tell. It is one good trick, but it shall not work!"

The effect was hypnotic; the enchanter ruled again. A fierce, discordant yell rose, "He has come here to lie to us! It is all a lie! Throw him out!"

A voice which nothing could drown pro-

claimed, "It is not a lie. Every word is true. If there is any man here who still believes in an honest union, let him follow me!"

Jumping from the platform with this last appeal, Duncan began to force his way towards the door. In spite of their oaths and shouting, the men who had gathered in groups to obstruct his passage parted as he approached. There was a challenge in the burning eye and massive yet alert figure which forbade all interference. One or two men rose from their seats as if to follow Duncan; but the women pointed at them, at the same time raising the shrill, derisive cry of "Scab, At this all the rest of the crowd turned toward them to jeer and insult. The men sank back again, trying to hide themselves in the throng, for they dared not face the dangerous ordeal.

Thus, Duncan made his way to the door whileharsh voices called after him tauntingly, threateningly, demanding how much he was paid to come and lie to them. When he reached the door George gave one last look behind, for he secretly hoped that a few of his old supporters might have ventured to leave with him. As he saw how utterly alone he opposed the agitator his heart sank; he knew that he had done all that one man could do, and that it had been of no avail. Without a word he left the room, erect, proud and alone, while those for whom he had worked so truly heaped abusive epithets upon him.

He stopped on the sidewalk in front of the building because the lingering hope which is always present to torture a man under such circumstances urged him to take a last look at the lighted windows above. "And be it voted," rang out a voice which George could hear distinctly through the open window, "that George Duncan be forever branded as a base traitor to the working-man, his union and his interests. And be it also declared

that no member of this union shall ever again work for Mr. Briggs until this Duncan has been discharged from his employ."

"Iz zer one objection?" cried a voice at the sound of which Duncan involuntarily clenched his fists.

"No! He is a traitor, a liar, a thief!" howled the crowd in response.

Duncan did not go to bed at all that night. A terrible bitterness settled at his heart; in his ears rung the words, "He is a liar"; he could think of nothing else, hear nothing else. Throughout the long night he walked, and walked, and walked, he neither knew nor cared whither. If he tried to sit still that false accusation rang in his ears. Then he would start to his feet again as if to deny it; then the soreness of his soul would goad him on. "God!" he cried in despair, "it is not easy for an innocent man to suffer such injustice even at the hands of a misguided mob!"

CHAPTER IV.

Just as the clock struck ten the next morning a committee from the union, of which, needless to say, Raphael Angelo was spokesman, met the two owners at Mr. Noble's office. Duncan had already had a long talk with Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble so that they were in no way surprised even at the amazing demands made. After the resolution of the night before had been read to them, these two gentlemen expressed their minds pretty frankly with regard to the whole affair, declaring that they neither could nor would comply. As to the clause about Duncan, Mr. Briggs declared that he was about as likely to discharge George as to discharge himself. The delegates explained that the strike would be immediate and would include practically all the men; the owners answered that they

were pleased to hear it and would be still more gratified if the delegates would please consider the meeting adjourned.

By noon the two foundries were as deserted as if it had been Sunday, except for the offices where the clerks were busily squaring their accounts, as if it had been the last day of the year. Every man had been paid, every obligation had been met.

It is now October—just two months since the men left work. In these two months the strikers have used up all the funds provided by the union with the result that actual hunger is now staring them in the face. The first wild enthusiasm has long since worn off, but in its place is a more unyielding spirit of grim determination. They have waited so long and suffered so much that they are too proud to surrender now. Yet they would have given the fight up many times had it not been for Angelo, who seemed always to be on hand to cheer them at the critical moments, and who prophesied that the owners must yield completely before many days.

Now that winter with all its necessities was imminent, the men had become thoroughly desperate. Their women who, at first, had cursed only the employers, were now beginning to curse Angelo, accusing him as the cause of all their troubles; the children had begun to cry for lack of food and clothes. Whatever relief there was came from Helen Noble who, although she felt clearly that it was not her place to help the strikers, still was so much moved by the things she heard that she gave, through the church, to those who were in the greatest distress.

Angelo, himself, demagogue though he was, had keen enough perception to understand that the very worst thing possible would be to wreck the foundries since there would then be absolutely no hope of work, and the strike

would necessarily be a failure as there was no other employment to be had in the little town. For this reason he had always tried to dissuade the strikers from violence with the result that there had been no serious disturbance, especially, since, by Duncan's advice, the owners had not even attempted to run their foundries by "scab" labor. But now the men were slipping even out of his control. Every morning, angry groups of men gathered at the foundry gates. They would not listen to Angelo, but swore that they would have revenge.

Duncan had foreseen the turn that events must necessarily take as winter approached, and had candidly advised Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble to ask the governor for military protection. On the night of the thirteenth, the two owners and George met at Mr. Briggs' house to discuss the situation. Duncan's face, which during the last sixty days had become strangely stern and careworn, brightened into what might have been a mischievous smile as he passed by the parlor door, down the hall on his way to Mr. Briggs' private cabinet. He had heard two voices which he recognized at once—that of Helen Noble, fine and clear as ever, and that of Launcelot Briggs, no longer drawling and affected, but fresh and energetic.

The conference of the three men did not last very late. As to the troops, Mr. Briggs declared impatiently, "Confound a political governor! The more I talk to him the more he says he doesn't know. He says he must be very careful! He takes care to explain that sometimes troops only make matters worse by exasperating the strikers! He might just as well say he's afraid they won't vote for him next year; tell the truth and be done with it!"

"Well," said George quietly, "that's just what we expected, you know. But the clerks

are well armed at both places and I guess we'll be able to hold out. There's going to be real trouble, though, tomorrow."

"Coming at last is it?" exclaimed Mr. Noble excitedly, "Then Briggs and I might just as well do it as not! We intend to blacklist all the leaders in this trouble—tell 'em we'll never hire them again. We can't ever run the business in peace again while about one-half of these strikers are in town. Isn't that so, Duncan?"

For fully two minutes Duncan sat wrapped in thought before he replied. There was a fierce struggle of emotions in his breast. The sting of his treatment by the men still rankled in his heart, urging him to sanction this revenge. It was the truest nobility which gained, and prompted him to answer quite firmly, though with an obvious effort: "It wouldn't make matters any worse than they will be anyhow, but it doesn't seem right to me. No. This trouble would never have been but for that accursed Italian. It isn't the fault of the others—much; and I don't think it fair to ruin them and their families. I believe they'll be all right when this is over. Anyhow, I think they ought to be given another chance."

Mumbling some apology about need of rest, he left the room somewhat abruptly. The two elder men sat looking at each other in silence. At last Mr. Noble said, "Briggs! what a fine fellow young Duncan is! I guess he's right, after all. If he can forgive those men, I guess you and I can afford to be lenient!"

Early on the morning of the fourteenth—the night before had been terribly cold, driving the impoverished men to desperation—the strikers held a riotous meeting, in which Angelo was flatly accused of deceiving them and branded as a coward by frantic men and women. He saw that he was defeated, un-

less he yielded. So, throwing all caution to the winds, he made a speech filled with all the mad theories of Italian anarchism. In an instant he was once more the accepted leader of a demented mob. Carried away by his own enthusiasm, he became wilder than the most frantic. "Ah!" he cried in a terrible voice, "Now it iz ze revenga! Down with ze ownairs! Down with ze liar and thief—Duncan! To ze founderie! To ze founderie!"

The crowd obeyed and rushed for the works. When, however, the howling mob, led by Angelo, who was fairly beside himself, reached the gate of Briggs' foundry they saw that, once more, Duncan had anticipated them. Every window in the office was barricaded, with just a small opening left to serve as a loop-hole. At each window was stationed one of the clerks, who had joined the volunteer guard. Launcelot was stationed at one of the windows; his father paced nervously up and down the office. George himself was seated in one corner ringing a telephone with all his might.

"Hello! Hello! Hello Hello—elo—elo!" said Duncan.

"Tear ze gates down! Tear it down!" came a shout from outside.

"Ah! Ah! Now! Down with it!" yelled the mob as it surged forward.

"Get ready to shoot!" came Duncan's warning voice from his corner; "You tell them when to fire, Launce!—Hello! Hello, there! I want to speak to the governor.—Can't?—I must! Tell him there's a mob out at Blair.—Hello, that the governor? Have you sent any troops yet?—No? We've got a bad mob here and have got to have 'em quick!—"

"Now! Now! Ah! Altogether!" came from without.

"But I say you'll be in trouble for sure if you don't send them—Don't you believe me?

—Oh! Yes! of course! Just be good enough to hold that receiver to your ear a moment. You can hear for yourself!"

"Down with the capitalists! Ah! Ah! A-h-h! Over with it! Now! Now!" roared the mob.

"Shoot!" commanded Launcelot.

There was a great cry from the mob, "Ah! Ah! Oh! Murder!"

"Ze blood iz drawn!" screamed a voice above all the others.

"Can you hear, Governor?—Bad? Very. Had to shoot just now. How many do I want? Two companies. Quick! Land them by the next train if you can—before we're all killed."

Duncan put up the receiver with a grim smile, "I guess he'll send them quick enough now!"

"Confound a political governor!" exclaimed Mr. Briggs from the depths of his heart.

Duncan looked through one of the loop-holes and found that three of the rioters had been killed and several others wounded by the discharge. As is usually the case with a mob, this fearful proof of determined resistence had disheartened it. The men might have disbanded altogether but for the Italian, who, raving like a maniac, still urged them on. Even he could not get them to try the gate again.

For half an hour the mob did not move away, but staid there, shouting and menacing, unwilling to leave, yet not daring to make another rush. Presently the bodies were removed and the crowd, still swayed by Angelo, surged away towards Noble's Foundry. From the sound of shooting it was evident that the first scene was being repeated, which supposition was confirmed when Duncan called up Mr. Noble on the telephone a few moments later.

"Where are they now?" queried George.

"I don't know," was the answer; "they all rushed off, following that Italian devil, shouting and swearing like madmen toward—Great God! They can't be going for the house? Helen's there!"

George threw down the receiver, shouted to Launcelot, "Noble's afraid the mob's making for his house," and rushed out of the door. Being alone, he had the advantage over the mob, but as he forced his way into Mr. Noble's house by the back door, the mob, now still larger than before, was moving up the street in front. In the hall he met Helen, as pale as death. In a few brief sentences she explained that all the servants had left the house terror-stricken, but that she had staid with her mother, who had been taken seriously ill and could not move.

Just then a feeble voice called, "Helen, dear! What is all that noise? I wish you would ask them to be more quiet!"

With one appealing glance at Duncan, Helen fled up-stairs to her patient. Duncan gazed after her a moment. "It's almost certain death for me to show myself," he muttered, "but I must do it; I can't desert two helpless women."

The mob was advancing up the long drive and had almost reached the steps when, without the least warning, Duncan throwing the house door wide open, rushed down on to the path and stood alone confronting them. The crewd which, a moment previous, had been a howling, surging torrent, stood petrified with astonishment. As Duncan stood there, a mark for all their weapons, resolute, unflinching, head and shoulders thrown back, every inch of his great height erect, the strikers could not help feeling some admiration for a deed of such reckless bravery.

George spoke slowly: "I merely want to tell you that there is a sick woman in the house—so sick that she cannot be moved. I still believe that you are too honorable—," a pistol shot rang out and, with a groan, Duncan fell to the earth.

The Italian fanatic had fired the shot, believing that the effect on this mob, as on mobs in his own country, would be to rouse them to further rioting by the example. But he was mistaken. Although instigated by a foreigner and for the time being infused with foreign blind fury, still the mob was at heart American, with American ideas of honor, even in riots; Duncan's simple, courageous appeal had touched just that string. Instead of rushing on to burn or plunder, the rioters remained still. Instead of an exultant shout there arose mutterings of discontent—"Coward! Dago!"

Almost at the same time as Duncan fell another slighter figure rushed breathlessly out of the house and stooped over him while the mob looked on, neither advancing nor retreating. A pistol was aimed a second time, but before the trigger could be pulled a burly Irishman knocked it out of Angelo's hand. "You damned Dago!" he shouted, "Would you shoot him now?"

The whole crowd turned angrily on the Italian; menaces and cries of "Coward!" arose on all sides.

Launcelot heard and jumped to his feet. Though tears stood in his eyes, a strange light of furious desire for revenge gleamed through them. With flushed face he turned on the crowd "I want to see who shot George Duncan. He is a coward! Let me meet him face to face. You men will see fair play!"

"Yes! Yes! fair play!" answered the crowd with truly American fervor.

The Italian still vociferating, "Ze Duncan was one liar, I say to you. It was good to kill him. Burn ze house!" was thrust forward. One of the men handed Launcelot a loaded pistol. "Fair play!" cried the crowd. "Fair play between Briggs and the Dago."

"It is to me, to me alone, to overthrow ze

tyrant!" shouted Angelo with feigned exultation.

"One! Two! Three!" called a voice from the crowd.

The two pistols went off together. Angelo fell flat on his face; Launcelot, after throwing his pistol on the ground, knelt down again beside Duncan. But now the sympathies of the mob swung around in the other direction again.

"Briggs has shot Raphael Angelo, the working-man's friend!" yelled one.

"Revenge! Revenge! Let us kill him! On to the house!"—it seemed as though the very soul of the dead agitator had entered into the mob. With a fiendish howl they started to rush forward—but stopped short. A company of blue-coated soldiers with leveled Springfields, swung up the drive. The troops had come at last!

Two days later George Duncan still breathed. The entrance of Launcelot into the chamber a few minutes before seven in the morning did not recall him from his state of semi-consciousness. Stealing quietly across the room he sat down in a position which commanded both the door and the sufferer. Duncan was speaking fast in a weird, far-away voice. His eyes were wide-open, but they stared blankly at the opposite wall. "Be honest! Be reasonable. If you have any true grievance complain and it will be remedied. Otherwise, treat your employers at least as justly as they have always treated vou. And they called me a liar, a liar, a liar! 'There is a helpless woman in the house!'-God! He shot me! I tell you it was Angelo! I saw him!"

A sad, sweet face looked in at the door. Two days had brought out all that was tender and womanly in Helen Noble. So much love and so much sorrow in two days! Helen was engaged at last to a man she might well be

proud of—a man, brave, true, energetic, different from the Launcelot Briggs of a few months before in all except name. Putting her fingers on her lips, lest Launcelot should speak, she tip-toed across the room to where Launcelot was seated. She would not let him rise, but sat on the arm of his chair steadying herself by clinging to his shoulder. His left arm stole deftly and naturally around her waist, where it rested. Side by side they gazed awe-stricken on George.

Suddenly, at just seven o'clock two great whistles rent the air with a united shriek. Launcelot and Helen both started at the sound once so familiar, but now so strange; a smile of great happiness spread itself over Duncan's face and slowly the light of intelligence came back to his eyes. The two lovers approached his bed arm in arm.

"Launce, that was the foundry whistle, wasn't it?" he asked feebly.

"Yes. The men are all at work."

George drew a long sigh of relief. After a few moments' silence he asked, speaking again with a great effort, "Launce, you and Miss Noble are engaged?" He looked at them inquiringly as he spoke in almost a whisper and, for answer, the two kissed. "Now, Helen," Launcelot said with an obvious attempt to relieve the nervous tension, "I want you to kiss George, too. He saved us both—and I shan't be at all jealous now!"

Duncan smiled and Helen bent over him. Her lips had almost touched George's when his lips parted in one last, deep sigh—the breath of life had sped. With a smothered cry Helen threw herself into Launcelot's arms.

After he had led her from the room Launcelot returned. Gently he closed the eyes and smoothed the bed-coverings as he murmured over and over to himself, "God make me as noble a man as George was and as true a husband as he would have been!"

When Launcelot went down stairs to bear the sad news, he found a gray-haired machinist in the hall waiting to speak with him. With a short, awkward bow the man stepped forward. "Mr. Briggs and Mr. Noble have told us everything—how he spoke a good word for us against black-listing the men even when we had all turned against him. The men all want to know, how is Mr. Duncan?"

HAROLD W. BENNETT, 1901. (Finis.)

HIGH SCHOOL FUDGE.

There is a busy little maid just at the high school age,

Who knows a cure for all the ills of life's hard pilgrimage,

Whenever sorrows cloud her brow, or cares beside her trudge,

She simply puts an apron on, and goes to making fudge.

Her woes are many; trains are late, Mamma has gone to town;

Papa forgot the theatre seats; she tore her party gown;

The last report card's inky marks much too severely judge;

No matter—is the kitchen clear? Let's make a little fudge!

And when the bubbling mass, complete, is poured in platters clean,

She seeks a sunny window and a Harper's magazine;

An elbow-chair completes her bliss, no more to mourn or drudge;

She, story reading, eats her fill of brown delicious fudge.

Nations may threaten war, trusts menace the working-man;

Wheat take a slump, or France may change its Exposition plan;

If England's throne is tottering, and Boers refuse to budge,

What's it to her? She's happy with her book and eke her fudge.



Π. Σ.

President.
Irving N. Linnell, '01.
Vice-President.
H. Eugene Rideout, '01.
Secretary.
Gustav E. Carstein, '01.
Treasurer.

Harold M. Jones, '01. $\Sigma. \ \Gamma.$

President.

Madeleine Wood, '01.

Vice-President.

Alice Salmon, '01.

Secretary.

Lillian M. Barbour, '61.

Treasurer.

Mildred G. Sears, '01.

Δ . Γ . President.

Selma C. Moller, '01.

Vice-President.

Ethel L. Rideout, '01.

Secretary.

Winifred B. Goodwillie, '01.

Treasurer.

Leslie K. Oliver, '01.

HASH.

President.

Alice B. Winegar, '01.

Vice-President.

Alfred Chase, '01.

Secretary.

John T. Glidden, '01.

Treasurer.

Isa M. Duvey, '01.

T. U. B.

President.

Mary E. Bateman, '02.

Treasurer.

Florence H. Hughes, '02.

B. Z.

President.

Marianne Palmer, '03.

Secretary.

Helen M. Webb, '04.

Treasurer.

Marion Beane, '03.

W. A. T.

President.
E. Louise Pevey, '04.
Vice-President.
Ethel A. Robinson, '01.
Secretary.
Helen A. Sawyer, '01.
Treasurer.
Alice L. Woodman, '03.

Δ . Ω . X. CHAPTER OF THE O. K. Π .

Harold C. Durrell, '01. Reginald S. James, '01. Arthur N. Hastings, '01. A. Russell Ellis, '03. Albert M. Harlow, '04. Henry C. Hopewell, '04.

THE TRASH.

President.

Arthur L. Gove, '01.

Vice-President.

Edward A. Barrier, '01.

Secretary.

Ralph J. Blake, '02.

Treasurer.

Frank W. Barnes, '01.



The graduates of the Latin School who will graduate from Radcliffe this month are: Almira W. Bates, '97; Mary A. Cahill, '97; Mary A. T. Ford, '97; Florence I. Graham, '97; Agnes B. Morgan, '97; Juanita D. Wells, '96; Eleanor Wesselhoeft, '97; Mary Winslow, '96. Miss Wesselhoeft is on the General Committee; Misses Bates, Graham and Wells are on the Invitation Committee. These are all Class Day officers.

The following graduates of the Latin School receive the degree of A.B. from Harvard this month: C. C. Batchelor, '97; W.

Hill, '97; H. S. Hyde, '97; H. H. Murdock, '97; B. S. Welsch, '97; G. Bell, Ex., '97; J. B. Doyle, Ex., '97; R. Flint, '97; L. D. Humphrey, '97; C. W. Locke, '97; C. A. Peters, '97; A. D. Wyman, '97; E. S. Emerson, Ex., '97; T. D. Bergen, Ex., '97.

Alexander Blackburn, '97, graduates this month from Colby; Mr. Rice, '93, from Wesleyan; Mr. Ryan, '97, has been taking postgraduate work at the Dental School; Mr. Hill, '97, is going to teach in the Philippines; Mr. Lewis, '97, and Mr. Welsch, '97, are both in business.

H. S. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

For several years attempts have been made at various times to form an alumni association of the Cambridge English High School. Success has finally crowned the efforts of those interested and the organization is now an assured fact. A meeting was held at the School Building, Thursday evening, May 23d, last, at which a constitution was adopted and a board of officers elected for the ensuing year. These consist of the following:

President, Mr. William V. MacGill, '91; 1st Vice President, Mr. John Fearns, '98; 2nd Vice President, Miss Jennie B. Allyn, 1900; Secretary, Miss Mary H. Brooks, '93; Treasurer, Mr. Chas. F. Sanborn, '94; Directors (two years), Miss Grace Hammond, '96; Miss Grace Estes, '77; Mr. J. Harold Oakes, 1900; Mr. Clifton A. Howes, '90; (one year), Mrs. Mabel Reycroft Fister, '92; Miss May E. Lathrop, '97; Miss Martha L. Babbitt, '74; Mr. Arthur H. B. Stevens, '99.

The object of the association, as set forth by its constitution, is "to continue and promote sociability among its members and to maintain an active interest in all that pertains to school matters in Cambridge." All graduates of the school and those having an attendance of three years to their credit are eligible to membership, the dues being but fifty cents per annum.

The association starts on its career in a flourishing condition, nearly fifty graduates having subscribed to the constitution at the first meeting, many names and inquiries having been received by the secretary since. Frequent meetings will be held by the Board of Directors during the summer for the purpose of acting on the eligibility of all names received by the Secretary. Her address is 255 Lexington Avenue, Cambridge. It is hoped by the management that a large and representative list of names will be received during the next two or three months, and it is carnestly desired that all interested will lend their hearty cooperation.

W. V. McGill, '91.



DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Latin School.

FIRST HALF YEAR.

President, Harold W. Bennett, '01. Vice-President, Amos J. White, '02. Secretary, Fletcher W. Taft, '03. Treasurer, John A. Detlefsen, '03.

SECOND HALF YEAR.

President, Philip R. Ammidon, '01. Vice-President, Amos J. White, '02. Secretary, Carlisle W. Burton, '04. Treasurer, Eugene S. Thompson, '03.

High School.

FIRST HALF YEAR.

President, Ralph J. Blake, '01. Vice-President, Catherine C. Cameron, '01.

Secretary, Robert Hursh, '02. Treasurer, Sylvanus W. Wilder, '02.

SECOND HALF YEAR.

President, Ralph J. Blake, '01.
Vice-President, Alexander H. Elder, '02.
Secretary, Alice E. MacKusick, '01.
Treasurer, Irving Priest, '02.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Latin School.

1901.

President, Philip R. Ammidon.

Irving N. Linnell.

Vice-President, Eva R. Jackson.

Ethel A. Robinson.

Secretary, Bertha E. Williams.

Selma C. Moller.

Treasurer, Ralph II. Croswell.

Harold C. Durrell.

1902.

President, Walter T. Garfield.
Vice-President, Winifred H. Rogers.
Secretary, Margaret Arnold.
Treasurer, Robert L. Smith.

1903.

President, John A. Detlefsen.

Lawrence Amee.

Vice-President, Lucy J. Dougherty.

Ruth Bennett.

Secretary, Esther M. Foxcroft.

Esther M. Foxcroft.

Treasurer, J. Earl Eaton.

Irving W. Bailey.

1904.

President, George A. Rivinius. Vice-President, Sara C. Clark. Secretary, Gladys C. Gilmore. Treasurer, Carlisle W. Burton.

1905.

President, Roger B. Taft. Vice-President, Almira L. Maclaren. Secretary, Evelyn T. Derry. Treasurer, Edward L. Bennett.

High School.

1901.

President, Arthur L. Gove. Vice-President, Alice B. Winegar. Secretary, Catherine C. Cameron. Treasurer, James J. McGann. 1902.

President, Sylvanus W. Wilder. Vice-President, Elsie H. Vail. Secretary, Florence M. Colby. Treasurer, Chester H. Cleveland.

1903.

President, George W. Grebenstein. Vice-President, Julie E. Sanders. Secretary, Maud E. Smith. Treasurer, Winfield T. Dunn.

SUPERVISORY COMMITTEES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduate Members.

George Close, Jr., '92.

Charles F. Sanborn, '94 (Graduate Treasurer).

Samuel Usher, '98.

Faculty Member.

Joseph Coolidge (chairman).

Undergraduate Members.

Arthur A. Crawford, '02.

Winfield T. Dunn 202

Winfield T. Dunn, '03. Roy A. Kennan, '04.

LATIN SCHOOL.

Graduate Members.

Max Benshimol, '98 (chairman).

Arthur P. Stone, '89.

Parker Marean, '99.

Proctor Carr, '00.

Under graduates.

J. Fred Murray, '02.

Arthur N. Hastings, '02.

Walter T. Garfield, '02.

Edgar L. Smith, '01.

Graduate Treasurer.

Carleton R. Metcalf, '98.

FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

High School.

Clifford A. Stuart, '03, centre.

Frank W. Barnes, Jr., '01, right guard (captain, resigned).

Roy A. Kennan, '04, right guard.

Frank B. Taylor, '03, left guard.

Harold C. Upham, '01, right tackle.

Alfred W. Chase, '01, left tackle.

William R. Ryan, '03, right end.

John A. Rondina, '01, left end.

John P. Carney, '02, quarter back.

Robert E. Aldrich, '04, right half back.

Arthur A. Crawford, '02, left half back (captain).

Arthur L. Gove, '01, left half back.

Charles W. Stone, '02, full back.

John T. Glidden, '01, manager.

Latin School.

(Defeated High School.)

Louis W. Sumner, '02, centre.

H. Coleman Farrington, '01, right guard.

J. Frederick Murray, '02, left guard.

Arthur N. Hastings, '02, right tackle (captain).

Henry C. Hopewell, '04, left tackle.

Irving N. Linnell, '01, right end.

Gerard H. Child, '02, left end.

Fletcher W. Taft, '03, quarter back.

N. Burt Davis, '03, right half back.

George H. Brainard, '02, right half back.

Timothy F. Burns, '02, left half back.

Reginald S. James, '01, full back.

Edgar L. Smith, '01, manager.

SUBSTITUTES.

Carlton N. Fish, '02.

H. Eugene Rideout, '01.

Thomas E. Cunningham, Jr., '04.

BASE-BALL TEAMS.

High School.

John P. Carney, '02, pitch.

Alfred W. Chase, '01, catch.

William R. Ryan, '03, first base.

George W. Grebenstein, '03, second base.

Walter S. Blewett, '01, short stop.

Arthur A. Crawford, '02, third base (captain).

Chester A. Cleveland, '02, left field. Irving Priest, '02, centre field. Frederick J. Waldo, '03, right field. Sylvanus W. Wilder, '02, manager.

Thomas A. Conlin, '04, catch.

Timothy F. Burns, '02, pitch.

Edgar L. Smith, '01, first base.

Latin School.

George H. Brainard, '02, second base.
Ernest S. Gauthier, '01, short-stop.
Daniel C. Brennan, '03, third base.
J. Frederick Murray, '02, left field (captain).
Harold M. Jones, '01, centre field.
Louis W. Summer, '02, right field.
Jeremiah J. McCrehan, '05, right field.
Harold C. Durrell, '01, manager.
Gustav E. Carstein, '01, assistant manager.
J. Earl Eaton, '03. substitute.

HOCKEY TEAMS.

High School (Defeated Latin School).
Harold C. Upham, '01, forward.
Arthur A. Crawford, '01, forward.
Walter S. Brigham, '01 (captain).
Cyrus C. Lowell, '03, forward.
Alfred W. Chase, '01, cover-point.
Charles H. McSweeney, point.
Harvey Southward, goal.
Arthur Crawford, manager.

Latin School.

Edgar L. Smith, '01, forward (captain).
Clifford M. Holland, '02, forward.
Thomas E. Cunningham, Jr., '04, forward.
John J. Sheehan, '02, forward.
Arthur N. Hastings, '02, cover-point.
J. Franklin Crocker, Jr., '03, point.
Fletcher W. Taft, '03, goal.
Harold C. Durrell, '01, manager.
A. Ingham Bicknell, '02, manager.
Louis W. Sumner, '02, goal.

TRACK TEAMS.

High School.

(Defeated Latin School.)

Charles H. McSweeney (relay).
George W. Grebenstein, '03 (captain) (relay).
William A. Noonan, '01 (relay).
Winfield Dunn, manager.
John A. Rondina, '01, substitute.

Latin School.

Walter T. Garfield, '02 (captain) (one mile). Gustav E. Carstein, '01 (relay). George W. Hubert, Jr., '03 (relay). John H. Balmer, '02 (relay). , Harry C. Ryder, '05 (relay). Clifton F. Triggs, '05 (1,000 yards). Durrell, '01, and Bicknell, '02, managers.

LATIN SCHOOL CREW.

Reginald S. James, '01, stroke (captain).
Arthur W. Locke, '01, three.
Henry C. Hopewell, '04, two.
Irving W. Bailey, '03, bow (sick at time of race).
Clifford M. Holland, '03, bow.
Clarence I. Worcester, coxswain.
Durrell, '01, and Bicknell, '02, managers.

SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE OF TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

LATIN SCHOOL.

Max Benshimol, '91. Arthur W. Locke, '01. Edgar L. Smith, '01.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Joseph Coolidge (chairman). Samuel Usher, '98. John T. Glidden, '01.



REVIEW STAFF

The editor-in-chief has appointed Mr. A. Ingham Bicknell of 1902, Latin School, as his successor. The business manager has chosen Mr. Alexander H. Elder of 1902, English High School, to succeed him. These two appointments show clearly our views with regard to the scheme for separate school papers. We emphatically do not approve of any such idea. We believe that the present standing of the Review is owing to the large number of those interested in it. There is one certainty:—such a paper as we offer our readers this month, the largest Review ever issued, could never be published by one school alone since, if two competing papers were in the

field of advertisement soliciting, it would be impossible for either to get a sufficient amount to cover the expense. This is, of course, laying aside the editorial impossibilities. It is very doubtful whether even the regular thirty-two page paper could be issued. We believe that the two schools should have an equal footing in the Review. If the two main offices are ever again held by students of either one school, it will be because the other is not doing its duty. Let the High School, now she is an equal sharer in the Review, come forward as she has often said that she would do under such conditions.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

The last class social was held at the home of Miss Fiske. The silhouettes were very interesting and amusing, and all had great fun in trying to find an owner for them. The guests of the evening were Misses Crook, MacIntyre and Cunningham.

We think U—— had better take an ambulance the next time he goes bicycling with a girl.

Is it true that a High School girl is betting on the Latin School team? How is that, Sumner?

Bob is not an unknown quantity in Cambridge.

Miss Eckart and Miss Parker are respectively valedictorian and salutatorian. The graduation exercises will be held in Sanders Theatre, Tuesday, June 18.

1902.

Miss Louise Potter entertained the T. U. B. at her home on Payson Road, Belmont, Saturday evening, May 25. All enjoyed the party to the utmost. The evening was one of sport which will be long remembered by the members of this club.

Miss Colby has learned to ride a wheel (?).

A delightful Class social was held at the home of Miss Ida Ward, William Street, Thursday evening, May 16. Miss Crook and Miss Cunningham were the guests of the evening.

1903.

Many in the Class are always asking the social committee when and where the next social is to be held; but how can we have

socials if there is no one willing to entertain us, which seems to be the case. If the class wishes to continue the socials next year the members must be more hospitable.

Miss Pray has left school on account of illness.

Lock informs us that laziness is the cause of idleness.

We are all thinking now of our final exams. Isn't it pleasant not to think sometimes?

She only waved her flag once, and that was when hc reached third base.

Cæsar wasn't so bad looking after all.

What did Mr. Sargent mean when he said, "I have enough of those Dodges every day?"

1904.

A new lot of "Excuses" just arrived. Come and get some. All welcome!

Master Weedan has recently joined our Class.

Even if she *does* try to freeze us, vanity will keep us warm—won't it eh?

Miss Bertha Clark is absent on account of ill-health.

One day was enough for him to be the filling of a sandwich. Now he takes an outside seat.

Doesn't it make you mad when you blot your paper?

Our school has been represented this year at Bryant & Stratton's by Miss Morse, '98; Misses Crowley and O'Hara, '00, and the following: C. May Harris, Christina MacLean, Olive B. Clark, Helen Connell, Dorothy J. Britton, Ernest C. Snow, Alexander P. Milne, William E. Parmenter and T. J. Coyle.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS.

HITS; E. H. S., 1901.

What others say. Much might be said on both sides. She is an earthly paragon. She hath a good opinion of advice. I would I were as tree to rise As leaves on Autumn's whirlwinds blown.	She calls a spade a spade. Eyes bright and black and burning as a coal. Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman. There is little of the melancholy in her. Impulsive, generous, prompt to act, And make her earnest thought a fact.	Oh, Bobbie is the boy for me. Modest and shy as a nun is she. She is a phantom of delight. There is a gift beyond the reach of art,—of being eloquently silent. She has a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is checked for silence but never taxed for speech.	Her bark is worse than her bite. Thy voice is a celestial melody. Her voice was soft, gentle and low. Faith I can cut a caper.	For a light heart lives long. She never followed wicked ways unless when she was sinning. Her kindly instincts understood all gentle courtesies. La parole est d' argent Le silence est d'or.	Her heart is in her work. The warmth of genial courtesy, The calm of self-reliance.	She is young, and of a modest, noble nature. Yet I do fear thy nature, It is too full of the milk of human kindness.	She wears the bloom of youth upon her brow. When I think, I must speak. She hurled her contempt at the fashions and forms of the world. Alack! There lies mine peril in thine eye. Her whose worth makes other worthies nothing. She is alone.	She strove the neighborhood to please with manners wondrous winning. The fair, the chaste, the inexpressible she. A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded.
Quality. Amour-propre. "Frank." Eloquent. Unassuming.	Independent. By "George." "Max"imist. Perpetual motion. Good-natured.	Lovable. Modest. Dainty. Quiet. Puritanical.	Flippant. Engaging. Gentle. Cheerful.	Affectionate, Historical. Faithful. Retiring.	Attentive. Generous.	Unobtrusive. Bashful.	Lovable. L'enfant terrible. Mischievous. Dreamy. Consistent.	Persistent. Dignified. Grace itself.
Fad. Moonlight skating. Tete a tete. Singing. Grammar.	Lillian Lawrence. Bugs. Institute B. B. Tee-hee. Smiles.	Bob-o-links. Studying. Dances. Unobtrusiveness. Fryche knot.	riskury. Camera. Diamonds. Colts (ter.). Dancing.	Washing dishes. Jacks. School. German.	Teaching. Free lunches.	Harmony. Earnest(ness).	Weak voice. Whispering. Sidecombs. Tardiness. Knickerbocker shoes.	Coiffures. Dramas. Hammock.
Name. Adams, Cecilia H. Bates, Alice G. Cameron, Catherine C. Campbell, Mary A.	Clarke, Isabel S. Cox, Bertha D. Crowley, Margaret E. Cummings, Mary A. Downey, Margaret T.	Duvey, Isa M. Eckert, Bertha M. Fiske, Helen F. Ford, Frances P. Godsel, Mary.	Goggin, Eilen 1. Greely, Elizabeth M. Hayward, Bertha E. Hewitt, Georgia E.	Hogan, Elizabeth F. Howe, Alma M. Jackson, Ethel M. Jacobson, Annie.	Jones, Lucy M. Keenan, Mary T.	Kelly, Catherine C. Kelly, Gertrude M.	Leonard, Alice E. Mahoney, Margaret M. Mathy, Lucy A. McCoy, Katherine F. McCusker, Gertrude P.	MacDow, Alice M. MacKusick, Alice E. Newton, Grace A.

HITS; E. H. S., 1901, (Continued.)

What others say. Whose every look and gesture was a joke. The dimple that thy chin contains has beauty in its round. And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream. Her hair's the raven's wing in hue. I care for nobody, no, not I. In measureless content. None knew thee but to love thee. Absence makes the heart grow fonder (of school). Silence is the perfect herald of joy. She attracts me daily with her gentle virtues. I will believe thou hast a mind that suits With this thy fair, and outward observe.	Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Noil. My heart's at rest, sweet "sigh," alone in thee. This honest creature doubtless sees and knows more, much more than she unfolds. We all love a pretty girl. Nothing do I see in vou	That I can find should merit any hate. I am not lean enough to be thought a goood student. Still stands thin ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contribe have	A true and brave and downright honest man. The gravity and the stillness of your youth, the world hath noticed. When he looks sad, 'tis for lack of money. God knows I'm not the thing I should be. He seemed a cherub who had lost his way. And now between the battle lines The leader of the number of the member of the me	Was ever yet a sound by half As merry as this school-boy's laugh. He is the mildest mannered man. I'm but a stranger here, etc. For age is opportunity no less than youth itself. Favored by the gods—and the girls. For een though vanquished, he could argue still. Ah me! we oft know not till over late. What things are truly small and what are great!	An ye will explain thine popularity with ye maidens faire, I will e'en reward thee well.
Quality. Jolly. How touching. Spoony. Reserved. Exclusive. Unconstrained. Musical. Kittenish. Pleasant. Conscientious. Steadfast.	Dramatic. 3 la New York. Nonchalant. Sweet. Retiring.	Strenuous. Cynical.	Chemistry. Gallant. Irresistible. Childish. Cherubic. Scheming.	Sunshiny. Easy. Self-satisfied. Generous. Manly. Talkative. Fearless.	witty.
Fad. Cooking. Canoeing. "Victor" bicycles. English History. Shirt-waists. Drawing. Cousins. Giggles. Jimmies. Silence. Long walks.	Y. M. C. A. Les affaires du cœur Paris Styles. Domestic Science. English Recitations.	Boys (ce). Neckties.	Studious. The Woods. The strenuous life. The pace that kills. Athletics.	Running. Mathematics. Bell (e)s. Somerville. Disturbances. Politics. Nepos Translations.	r iirtations.
Name. O'Keefe, Catherine F. Parker, Josephine M. Phinney, Ethel V. Printon, Katherine J. Quinn, Jenny T. Rundstrom, Eda H. Stevens, Lottie F. Sullivan, Julia E. Webb, Fanny.	White, Nettie H. Winegar, Alice B. Woodburn, Gertrude I. Woods, Bertha A. Young, Viola F.	Barnes, Frank W., Jr. Barrier, Edward A.	Brennan, Edward L. Brigham, Walter S. Chase, Alfred W. Egan, Ralph I. Fuller, Gurden E., Jr. Gove, Arthur L.	Noonan, Willam A. Robinson, Edwin S. Rogers, Lawrence J. Rondina. John A. Stephens. Albert L. Thellar, Ralph L. Thompson, Ernest A.	Opnam, narou C.



LATIN SCHOOL BASE-BALL TEAM.

A Brief Review of Athletics for 1900-1901.

All indications now tend to show that the two schools are ultimately going to be able to produce as good teams singly as they ever did together. The proof of this statement lies not so much in any great victories won, for, as a whole, the teams have suffered defeat much more often than they have won, but rather in the surprising amount of interest in athletics which has lately sprung up in both schools. The Latin School base-ball team was a more direct proof, however, for in this, the first year of its existence, although all the men were new players, it won second place in the preparatory league.

For this first year of separation of the schools in athletics the balance of success in the games between the Latin and High Schools seems to be undecided. A brief summary is as follows: the Latin School defeated the High School in foot-ball; the High School defeated the Latin School both in hockey and in the relay race; the baseball is yet undecided, one tie game having been played. All of the games were remarkably close, the only severe defeat being that of the Latin School in the relay race which was run, as it were, on the spur of the moment. The foot-ball game was not decided until the last few minutes of play: an extra period of ten minutes had to be played before either side could win the hockey game.

Each school has this year played in two distinct leagues. The Latin School has contested in the new "Preparatory" league and in the "Triangular" league—that of the three Cambridge High Schools. The High School took the place of the old C. H. and L. teams in the "Interscholastic" league and joined the "Triangular." It is necessary to admit that, with the exception of the Latin School base-ball team, the standings in the

"Preparatory" and "Interscholastic" leagues has been rather poor. But the spirit shown by the men of both teams who, although repeatedly beaten, still held together throughout the season foretells better results in years to come.

Although only the report of the Latin School graduate treasurer is published, since Mr. Sanborn prefers to submit a complete report for the High School in October, it is generally and, we believe, correctly understood that the High School treasury is in a flourishing condition as well as that of the Latin School. Thus is disproved the strongest argument brought against separation—the claim that each school would be unable to support as many teams as the two together. The increase in interest has made compensation for the decrease in numbers.

We cannot forbear to remark upon the defeat of the Latin School crew, which most of those who should be authorities on the matter do not hesitate to attribute to the sudden illness of Bailey, who was to have rowed bow oar. By saying this we do not mean to lay the blame on Holland, the substitute, who rowed in Bailey's place, for he did fully all that could be expected under the conditions. A strange ill-luck seems to follow the crew. This is the third consecutive time in which a promising four has met with some disastrous accident. Two years ago the crew was leading in its heat, when the captain's oar-lock opened. Last year there was a similar accident. But this year we have one consolation—the heat in which we rowed was the fastest of all by fifteen seconds, so that the time made by the Latin School four was probably faster, despite the misfortune, than that of many other crews.

H. W. B., '01.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1901.

One of the most successful socials of the year was held at the home of Miss MacFarlane. The most enjoyable feature of the evening was the cobweb game, the favors for which were unusually pretty and original. During the evening the "Battle of Blenheim" was given with marked success, followed by singing college songs and dancing.

The members of the reception committee are as follows: Mr. Linnell, ex-officio; Miss Beard, Miss Barbour, Mr. James and Mr. Carstein.

The graduation parts are as follows: Valedictory, Miss Beard; Salutatory, Miss Hall; Prophecy, Miss Boyer; History, Mr. Jones.

We are very glad that Miss Sears can graduate with us after all.

Exercises will be given on the 17th of June (by the first Class only) in the school hall, in celebration of that memorable day.

1902.

A very enjoyable Class social was held at the house of Miss Rogers, Friday evening, May 17th. What a pity so much valuable breath was wasted on a candle!

The Class has recently experienced a severe loss in the death of Miss Brennan. The Class, together with Mr. Bradbury, attended the funeral service.

Beware of cavalry. Here are some of 1902's versions of its spelling: "Cavalarey," "Calavary," "Calvry."

According to the 3d division in Latin, cows have "picturesque countenances," and "magnificent frontlets." What remarkable animals.

Did you get any of the peanuts on the special car?

1903.

Beelzebub—a Bible character.

This year we have surpassed ourselves in the number of Class socials, with the grand total of four.

'Twas Brennan that knocked the two-base hit at the Brookline game.

Daniel B. Of 1903.

1904.

The last social of the year was held at the home of Miss Huling. Potter and Rogers surpassed themselves in a mock debate.

Thanks to Rivinius, the Class still keeps up its reputation for accidents. Rivinius sprained his wrist, turning a double somersault in the street.

Latin translation: "membra senex posito jusset relevare sedile." "The old man seated in a chair, entreated his limbs to rest."

We enjoyed, with the first Class, an illustrated lecture on Greek art by Mr. Benshimol.

1905

We wonder who is first in the Class.

We did not stand last in hockey, let's not stand last in base-ball.

Some of the young ladies have produced very interesting note-books.

"Clamorem puellae compresset" was translated by a promising young lady as "the girls having shouted, pressed together." This should prove very encouraging to the teacher.



LATIN SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS.

HITS; LATIN SCHOOL, 1901.

The first in war, the first in peace, The first in the century run. Hear now the final roll-call Of the class of 1901,

Which will, within a few short days, Attend ye while we call the names From out these portals pass. Of this, our glorious class,

No midnight oil she has to burn, Till twelve o'clock at night, Von never see her studving Preparing to recite,

For all of us admit, Miss Beard Is marvelously bright.

Another wonder is Miss Hall, She conquers her geometry Our '02 acquisition,

She'll enter Radcliffe, certainly With never a condition. As if by intuition:

Here's James, the captain of our crew, A valiant hero he.

Twas not his fault we know right well Could change Fate's stern decree. For never yet was mortal who They lost the victory,

Next comes our Jack-of-all-trades, Smith. Art, blushes, music, sports and more Unlike the old proverbial Jack, On which we cannot dwell. Who, very strange to tell, At every trade does well;

Though out of school for half the year, Whom one with wonder sees, Miss Sears, a quiet lady she. She graduates with ease.

Is Stevens here, who lately joined? Who knows Greek derivations As sailors know the sea. Stevens, our prodigy,

That it be locked and double barred. Ye business men and merchants all Linnell will not depart without For once within your store, One hundred cents or more. Look well to every door,

We thought we heard her gentle laugh, Yes. Leslie K., our mad-cap gay, She's present, that is plain,

Nothing's so brilliant as her eyes, Yes, there it goes again.

Unless it is her brain.

Luckier by far than any girl, Luckier than any fellow,

in eighteen minutes she gets her Greek, Hurrah for Miss Costello!

She should have been Miss "I Don't Know" Where is that little personage Although she knows it all. Whom we O'Brien call?

Miss Anderson, with graceful air, To him who has no lessons done. And mind so clear and calm, She's like the kindest balm.

Hail Jones! A foot-ball player he, Whose prowess often in the box, A base-ball wizard, too; Was too much for '02. Behold this wondrous Carstein youth, A glory to his name,

A credit to the Latin School In every out-door game.

The muscles of his brawny arms Stand out with mighty power, However much things ruffle him, See now the worthy Farrington, As lofty as a tower,

His temper's never sour.

We're glad that Florence Garton's back She's worth her weight in gold. We could not do without her, Among us as of old.

Most surely you must smile in turn, This lad, with merry, happy heart When you Masstrangialo meet. And smile forever sweet,

For knowledge of all kinds of Greek, Miss Scorgie, with her golden hair, You cannot find her mate. Slow-pacing and sedate;

scholarly and saintly youth Is Ralph, with lofty brow, We know you'll all allow. A talker glib and accurate

When Helen starts to play thereon, This maid, with fiddle under arm, Our hearts she does ensnare. Her chief and only care,

His arms filled high with books; Here Hanson comes a-trudging in, We wonder if he studies them, Or carries them for looks.

To hear Locke sing a note would make The sweetest tenor of our class, How mellow is his voice! A funeral rejoice.

Unless she soon stop studying hard Fair Alice, with her raven locks, And mellow laugh so clear, Her health will go, we fear.

She's a scholar through and through. Where is the maid with rosy cheeks, And eyes of heaven's own blue? If Flewelling is too long for her,

Can chain our Hubbard down; He careth not for tense of verbs No daily, tiresome routine

But always asketh questions which Would puzzle half the town. Nor case of any noun.

If we could get Miss Cotter's marks, This girl with air so free from care, We none of us should "kick." And step so firm and quick,

Her works will surely soon be watched This merry, giggling little Bess, With most artistic hand, By an admiring band.

Although he failed of second place, In scholarship They say he's quite a bird; Here's Ammidon.

And when was yet class-meeting Where Philip was not heard? He came in closely third,

You must not always swallow them Next comes a girl with stylish air, And words so "honey-sweet"; Nor fall at Hattie's feet.

When he attacked his Greek exam. Nor does he yet proclaim the fact Though not high in his class, He did with honor pass, Another scholar, Sullivan.

With drums or sounding brass.

HITS; LATIN SCHOOL, 1901, (Continued)

Miss Lincoln, a designing maid, Most certainly should dwell. Her blocks emblazons well; So she in land or heraldry

It was not Walworth's fault the team Now here's a new arrival, Tyng, He took the captaincy for us-We will not do him wrong— A hockey-player strong; Was not together long.

What is there Bennett does not know Within his curly pare? An actor, and an editor, A master in debate,

Smith, Sawyer, Snackiey, these three names Their tailings are not known to us, These studious maidens grace. Their virtues fill much space. Of S's three are here we see, Each in her proper place;

But Carroll lets no Greek "pops" pass, Though many a chance has be. Another member of our class, A modest lad we see,

Next our Scotch lass with hazel eyes. We would do well to imitate Who's been across the sea MacFarlanes of Dundee; Her taste and dignity. To visit all her cousins,

We all must know Miss Williams here, But dearest to us all because Of lively, brilliant mind,— Obliging and so kind.

Now sure 'tis time to chatter quick, For this fair damsel passing by And giggle in great glee, Is gay Miss Goodwillie.

And at Greek sight-translations Miss Moller here we view The record-breaker, too. Too many prefixes by far Our Secretary diligent,

With such a load we wonder how

He sleeps a wink at night.

Has William H. H. White,

That you would hear the pleasing notes There, I should safely bet, Of Otis Niles' cornet.

If you should pass his house at dawn,

Miss Reynolds and Miss Rideout, both This pair of sprightly maidens here, In great demand are they:

So next year's dances in the hall Will miss them every day. On the piano play.

Nor are we much deceived, in truth, Now doubtless as we gaze on them With darkened, lustrous eyes, As Miss Madeiros steps along We feel she must be wise,

To West Point Rideout fain would go Erect, advances H. Eugene, A soldier lad of course; To eat Tobasco sauce.

For she is wondrous wise.

Be careful—all your fate depends She does not look a prophetess, On this one sweet Mabelle. But one can never tell,

He's widely known to be more neat Were but a toothpick out of place, Our Chapin 'twould annoy, Than any girl or boy.

Though often seen but seldom heard, (May he meet with no mishap!) The manager of our class teams A quiet, studious chap.

And captained nineteen one; In basket-ball this maiden tall She managed well the 'varsity Is known to everyone; Than Ethel Robinson? is anyone more popular

Here Florence Jones comes waltzing in, When she can dip and glide and whirl So happy and content; She's in her element.

Craig. Conant, Crowell, here we view, Miss Craig has a knack of vanishing, Miss Crowell with her smiling face, Miss Conant shouts too loud (?) May be rehearsed with ease. Is a friend to all the crowd. Their varied characteristics Three most familiar C's,

He labors for the school's welfare, Unravelling many tangled dates Our base-ball manager, Durrell, And other little quirks; Inquestriously works. Nor any duty shirks.

Most skilled of all in basket-ball Full many a time in '02's ranks Has she inspired great fear. Miss Sullivan stands here;

Although her name is Carmen, which In the hall she sings no note, Which we consider wrong. In Latin means a "song,"

Our second baseman plays the game And not until the last man's out Is Gauthier known to yield! On many a base-ball field;

That sent us Bronson Crothers. And so we bless the circumstance In Greek derivatives his brains Are sharper than the others'.

He knows a good thing when he sees it Coolidge comes from Watertown Be weather warm or cool, To study at our school.

Yes, in he rushes out of breath, What, isn't Harry Foster here, Nor with any time to spare. As usual, he took too long To comb his pretty hair. He of the lordly air?

There's sure to be fair weather. They keep a perfect candy store, Last come a pretty childish pair, Where Madeline and Lillian are Their conversation is so deep, They act (upon the stage), You'd never guess their age. Quite often seen together.

There follows close their chaperone, "Jack" likewise is an actress, with With her fascinating face; Both energy and grace.

1901. 1901. 1901. m.



EDGAR L. SMITH, MGR. L. S. FOOT-BALL. CAPT. L. S. HOCKEY.



J. FRED MURRAY, CAPT. L. S. BASE-BALL.



JOHN T. GLIDDEN, MGR. H. S. FOOT-BALL.



SYLVANUS W. WILDER, MGR. H. S. BASE-BALL.



HAROLD C. DURRELL, MGR. L. S. BASE-BALL, TRACK AND CREW-



GUSTAV E. CARSTEIN, ASST. MGR. L. S. BASE-BALL.



ARTHUR A. CRAWFORD, CAPT. H. S. FOOT-BALL, CAPT. H. S. BASE-BALL, MGR. H. S. HOCKEY.



FRANK W. BARNES, Jr., CAPT. H. S. FOOT-BALL.



WALTER S. BRIGHAM, CAPT. H. S. HOCKEY.



HIGH SCHOOL.

The High School team opened the interscholastic base-ball season May 3d at Charles River Park, having Boston English High as an opponent. Boston won by a score of 8—5, making six of her runs in the first two innings on errors and good stick work. Cambridge scored once in the second inning on a base on ball and two hits. The team settled down after this inning, supporting Carney well and shutting out E. H. S. until the eighth inning, when Kennedy scored on his two-base hit and an error by Priest. In the ninth they scored again, chiefly on poor fielding by the Cambridge infield. Cambridge scored once in the fourth, the sixth, and twice in the eighth, and might easily have tied the score in the ninth if it had not been for reckless playing. Crawford, the first man up in this inning, hit a two-bagger just over second base, but not being satisfied with two bases, he tried to reach third and was easily put out. Since Ryan, the next man up, hit safely, Crawford might have scored. Ryan was caught between first and second, making two out. Chase hit safely and upon the first ball pitched he tried to steal second, but was thrown out by at least two feet. Had it not been for erratic playing in the first part of the game and recklessness in the last part, High School might have had at least one game to its credit in the interscholastic league.

The score by innings:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 т. в. н. Е. Н. S...3 3 0 0 0 0 0 1 1— 8 2 14 С. Н. S...0 1 0 1 0 1 0 2 0— 5 5 7 The second game was played at Tufts oval with Somerville High School. It was a very poor day for baseball, the field being very wet and muddy, and occasional showers dampened the Cambridge players' spirits so much, that at the end of seven innings Somerville had scored twenty-one times and Carney alone of all the Cambridge players had crossed home plate.

Somerville scored four times in the first inning. Maloney got his base on balls. Tift hit to short-stop, forcing Maloney at second. Jones and Graham both hit safely, scoring Tift. Fisher singled and both Jones and Graham scored. Hodgson hit for two bases, and Fisher scored. Lewis was out, hitting to short-stop. For Cambridge, Crawford, Ryan and Chase struck out.

No scoring was done in the second inning. Carney struck out the first and third men that faced him, while the second hit to Blewett, who fielded him out. For Cambridge, Blewett and Cleveland were out; Grebenstein hit a two-bagger, and Carney flied out to left field.

Somerville scored twice in the third. Jones was out—short-stop to first. Graham was safe on Waldo's error. Harts received a base on ball, while Fisher was safe on Blewett's error. Hodgdon hit safely, scoring Graham, while Harts was out at the plate. Lewis reached first on an error, and Fisher scored. Moore struck out. For Cambridge, Priest, Waldo and Crawford struck out.

Somerville scored six runs in the fourth on two bases on balls, four singles, a two-bagger, a home run, and two errors. Cambridge in her half of this inning had a good chance to score, but failed to accept it. Ryan hit for three bases. Chase hit a long fly to left field upon which Ryan could easily have scored, but he stayed on third base. Blewett was out—Jones to first, and Cleveland flied out.

In the fifth on two two-baggers, four singles and an error, Somerville rolled up five more runs. In her half of this inning Cambridge scored her only run. Grebenstein struck out, Carney and Priest both hit safely. Waldo struck out, while on Crawford's safe hit Carney crossed home plate. Ryan struck out with two still on base.

In the sixth neither side scored.

The seventh inning was played in a downpour of rain. S. H. L. scored four times, however, on four singles, a three bagger, a base on balls, and two errors. For Cambridge the first three men up distinguished themselves by striking out. The game was called on account of rain.

Score by innings:

The third game was played at Charles River Park with R. M. T. S. High School lost by a score of ten to nine, R. M. T. S. scoring the winning run on an error and wild throw.

In the first inning High School scored once. Crawford struck out; Ryan reached first on Hamilton's error, stole second, and went to third on Daly's wild throw. Chase struck out. Blewett reached first on Gallagher's error, and Ryan scored. Cleveland struck out. For R. M. T. S., Boyson hit a fly which Priest failed to handle, reaching first safely, but being out on trying to steal second. Gallagher struck out. Hamilton bunted, and Chase threw wild to first; Hamil-

ton tried to reach second, but was thrown out by Waldo.

Second inning: Grebenstein hit safe; Carney bunted, reaching first safely. Priest hit to Boyson, who muffed the ball. With three on base, Hannum gave Waldo a base on balls, scoring Grebenstein. Carney scored on a wild pitch. Crawford fanned for the second time. Ryan hit safely for two bases, scoring Priest and Cleveland. Chase reached first on Hamilton's error. Blewett hit to Boyson, who failed to hold the ball, but nailed Chase at second base. Ryan scored on this play; Cleveland struck out. For R. M. T. S., Clark hit to Carney, who threw him out at first. Westcott hit straight up in the air, and Chase caught it. Emmons was safe on Crawford's error, and then stole second. Warnock flied out to Blewett.

Third inning: Grebenstein received base on balls, and stole second. Carney was safe on Westcott's error, and Grebenstein scored. Carney stole second and reached third on Priest's safe hit. Waldo struck out. Carney tried to steal home, and was out. Crawford struck out for the third time. For R. M. T. S., Daly was safe, stole second, and scored on Chase's wild throw. Hannum hit to Crawford and was thrown out at first. Boyson hit safe to left field, but was out trying to steal second. Gallagher was thrown out on his hit to Crawford.

High School failed to score in the fourth inning. Ryan hit to right field and was out. Chase hit to short-stop and was thrown out. Blewett hit safe, but was out trying to steal second. R. M. T. S. scored four times. Hamilton hit for two bases; Clark hit to Grebenstein, who fumbled, allowing Hamilton to score. Westcott reached first safely on Crawford's wild throw. Emmons struck out. Warnock hit safely, Clark scoring. Daly reached first on an error, which allowed Westcott and Warnock to score. Daly was thrown out try-

ing to steal second. Hannum hit for one base. Boyson reached first on Priest's error. Gallagher struck out.

Fifth inning: Cleveland and Grebenstein both out—short-stop to first. Carney flied out to left field. Hamilton hit safe over second base; Clark hit safe to right field; Westcott flied out to right field. Hamilton and Clarke both scored on Emmon's base hit over short-stop. Warnock struck out, while Daly received his base on balls. Hannum hit to Carney and was thrown out.

Sixth inning: Priest was thrown out at first by Hannum. Waldo struck out. Crawford succeeded in getting his base on balls. Ryan bunted and was thrown out at first. For R. M. T. S., Boyson, Gallagher and Hamilton all hit to Blewett and were thrown out.

Seventh inning: Chase and Blewett both flied out. Cleveland was out, from short-stop to first. Clarke hit to second and was thrown out. Westcott struck out. Emmons hit safely over third base, but Warnock fouled out to Crawford.

Eighth inning: Grebenstein hit to shortstop and was thrown out. Carney hit safely over third, and stole second. Priest reached first on Hamilton's error. Waldo struck out, and Crawford was out, hitting to third. In their half of the eighth, Training School failed to score. Daly struck out. Hannum hit safely over first. Boyson hit to right field and was out, while Gallagher was thrown out by Crawford.

Ninth inning: Ryan hit safely. Chase flied out to left field. Blewett hit safe over third base. Cleveland hit to centre field and was out. Grebenstein hit for two bases, scoring Ryan and Blewett. Carney hit to pitcher and was thrown out. R. M. T. S. scored three times, thus winning the game. Hamilton hit safe over second. Clarke hit to Grebenstein and was thrown out. Westcott hit safely to centre field, scoring Hamilton. Emmons hit safe over short-stop. Clarke was thrown out

by Carney. Then, with two men out, two men on bases, two strikes on Daly, and one run needed to tie the score and two runs to win, Daly hit the ball towards short-stop. Carney touched it just enough to make Blewett fumble. Blewett then threw wild to first and Emmons and Westcott scored, winning the game for R. M. T. S.

Score by innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R. M. T. S.....0 0 1 4 2 0 0 0 3—10 C. H. S......1 5 1 0 0 0 0 0 2— 9

SOMERVILLE HIGH, 13; CAMBRIDGE HIGH, 0.

The fourth game was played with Somerville High School at Charles River Park, Somerville, winning by a score of 13—0. Jones held Cambridge down to three hits and struck out 15, while Carney was hit safely

Neither team scored in the first inning, Carney striking out two men.

14 times and struck out only five men.

In the second inning Somerville scored twice on three hits and an error. Carney struck out two more men this inning. No Cambridge man reached first base.

No scores were made in the third or fourth innings, but in the fifth Somerville scored five times on two errors, three hits and a base on balls. For Cambridge, three men fanned Jones.

Somerville scored five more in the sixth on one error, two hits, a passed ball and three bases on balls. Two of these runs were forced in by Carney.

In the seventh neither side scored, but Chase, for Cambridge, reached second base, he being the first and only Cambridge player to reach that base.

Neither scored in the eighth. In the ninth Somerville scored once more on a base on balls and a long fly to centre field. The three Cambridge batsmen struck out.

The score:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 T. H. E. S. H. S. . . 0 2 0 0 5 5 0 0 1—13 14 1 C. H. S. . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 5

CAMBRIDGE HIGH, 3; CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 3.

The first base-ball game of the Triangular League was played Thursday morning, May 30, between Cambridge High and Cambridge Latin.

Cambridge High came to the bat first. The first man up was put out on a bunt, and two following were struck out. Gauthier of the Latin School team received his base on balls, but was put out by Grebenstein on trying to steal second base. The next two men were put out on easy infield hits.

Thus the game proceeded, neither team being able to score until the last of the fourth inning, when Burns scored the first run for Latin School. In the first of the sixth Crawford and Ryan crossed the home plate for High School and the score stood 2—1 in High School's favor. In the eighth inning Crawford added another run to the score. Brainard and Burns each brought in a run for Latin School in the last of the eighth, thus tying the score. The first of the ninth saw no change in the High School's score, and with three men on bases High School shut Latin School out in the last of the ninth inning, leaving the result 3—3.

The condensed score is as follows:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

OHMDRIDGE DILL	711				
	r.	b.h.	p.0). a.	e.
Gauthier, s.s	0	0	0	1	b
Brainard, 2b	1	2	1	1	0
Burns, p		0	0	5	1
Smith, 1b	0	1	10	0	0
Murray, l.f		1	1	0	1
Brennan, 3b		1	0	1	0
Jones, c.f		0	0	0	0
Conlin, c		0	13	1	1
McCrehan, r.f		0	1	0	0
2.200102.00.00.00.00.00.00.00.00.00.00.00.00.0					
	3	*5	26	9	3
			0		
CAMBRIDGE HI	GH.				
	r.	b.h.	p.0	. a.	e.
Crawford, 3b	2	1.7	0	3 1	0
Ryan, 1b	1	0	12	1	0
Blewett, s.s		1	2	1	0
Carney, p		0	1	6	0
Grebenstein, 2b		1	5	3	0
Chase, c		0.4	~7	4	0
Cleveland, l.f		0	0 €	0	0
Priest, c.f		1	0	0	S. 0
Waldo, r		0	0	0	1
waras, Israelia in the second	_				
	3	4	27	18	1
				10	_
Innings 2 3 4	5	6	7	8 9	
Cambridge Latin0 0 0 1	. 0	0	0	2 0	-3
Cambridge High0 0 0 0	0	2	0	1 0	3
_					

Stolen bases: Brainard 2, Priest. First base on balls: Gauthier, Burns 2, Smith, Murray 2, Jones, McCrehan, Crawford 2, Blewett, Chase 2, Cleveland. Struck out: Smith, Murray, Brennan 2, Jones, Conlin 2, McCrehan 2, Ryan, Blewett, Carney, Grebenstein, Chase, Cleveland 3, Priest 2, Waldo 3. Umpire: Thayer. Time: 2h. Attendance: 300.

LATIN SCHOOL.

C. L. S., 13; HOPKINSON, 6.

On May 9, at Charles River Park, the Latin School defeated Hoppy in her first league game. Although the playing was far below the standard set in our later games, it afforded valuable practice and encouragement to the team at the beginning of the season. It suffices to say that we outplayed the Hopkinson team at every point in fielding and were about equal to them at the bat.

The score:—

C. L. S.

	a.v.	Ι.	IU.	p.o.	a.	е.
Gauthier, s.s	. 3	2	0	1	4	1
Brainard, 2b	. 5	3	1	0	1	. 0
Burns, p			0	0	6	0
Smith, 1b	. 5	2	2	11	0	0
Murray, l.f	. 2	2	0	2	1	1
Sumner, r.f		1	1	0	0	0
Jones, c.f		0	1	3	0	1
Conlin, c		1	0	10	0	0
Brennan, 3b		1	2	0	2	2
	_	-			_	
	40	13	7	27	14	5

HOPP	Y.					
	a.b.	r.	1b.	n.o.	a.	е.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Newhall, 2b	. 5	0	0	1	4	1
Maguire, p	. 4	2	2	3	2	0
Wright, s.s	. 4	1	0	1	3	1
Whidden, l.f	. 3	0	1	0	0	0
Davis, c	. 5	1	0	5	1	0
Wales, r.f	. 3	0	2	1	0	0
Parker, r.f	. 1	1	0		0	0
Hall, 3b	. 4	0	1	0	0	1
Leatherbee, 1b				15	1	3
Russell, c.f	. 4	1	1	1	0	1
	37	6	8	27	11	7
Innings 1 9	0 4	_	0 1	7 0	0	

Two-base hits: Jones, Davis. Bases stolen: Gauthier 4, Brainard 5, Burns 2, Smith 4, Murray 3, Jones, Brennan, Maguire 2, Wright 3, Whidden 3, Wales, Hall, Leatherbee, Russell. Base on balls: by Burns, Maguire, Wright, Whidden 2; by Maguire, Gauthier 2, Murray 3. Struck out: by Burns, Newell, Davis 2, Hall 2, Leatherbee, Russell 3; by Maguire, Sumner, Conlin 2, Brennan. Double plays: Murray and Smith, Leatherbee and Newell. Time: 2 hrs. Umpires: Murray and Chase.

^{*}Blewett out, hit by batted ball.

B. L. S., 12; C. L. S., 0.

On May 13, at Charles River Park, Boston Latin School defeated us. The whole game was practically a contest between pitchers, in which White of Boston led with seventeen strike-outs and only one base on balls.

McGrath opened up the game with a hit for Boston. Conlin fumbled and McGrath got to first; an error for Brainard and he reached second; then, stealing third and getting home on a hit by McCarty, he scored the first run.

In the fifth inning, Dewar, Leary and Mc-Carty scored for Boston. Murray made a base hit for Cambridge, but, trying to take

two bases on it, he was put out.

In the sixth, eighth and ninth innings, Boston scored eight more runs, making the total twelve. In the sixth inning, Gauthier made a base hit, took second on a pass ball, and stole third, but had no hit to bring him in. Again in the ninth he reached second, but, as before, had no opportunity to get home.

THE SCORE:

C C	. L.	s.								
	A.B.	R.	τB.	Po.	Α	E.				
Gauthier, s.s	3	0	1	. 0	3	1				
Brainard, 2b	4	0	0	()	0	1				
Burns, p	4	0	0	0	2	0				
Smith, 1b	3	0	0	7	0	0				
Murray, c	3	0	1	18	2	0				
Sumner, r.f	3	0	0	0	0	1				
Jones, c.f	3	0	0	0	0	0				
Conlin, l.f	3	0	0	1	0	1				
Brennan, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	0				
Totals,	29	0	2	27	8	4				
В	. L. :	B. L. S.								
	A.B	R.	ıB.	Po.	Α.	E.				
McGrath, c	5	3	2	17	2	1				
Dewar, l.f	5 5	3	0	17	$\frac{2}{0}$	0				
Dewar, l.f Leary, 2b	5 5 5	3 1 1	2 0 3	17 0 1	$\begin{array}{c} 2 \\ 0 \\ 1 \end{array}$	0 0				
Dewar, l.f	5 5 5 5	3 1 1 1	2 0 3 2	17 0 1 7	$egin{array}{c} 2 \\ 0 \\ 1 \\ 1 \end{array}$	1 0 0 0				
Dewar, l.f	5 5 5 4	3 1 1 1 1	2 0 3 2 2	17 0 1	$\begin{array}{c} 2 \\ 0 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \end{array}$	1 0 0 0 1				
Dewar, I.f Leary, 2b	5 5 5 5 4 3	3 1 1 1 1	2 0 3 2 2 1	17 0 1 7 0	2 0 1 1 1 0	1 0 0 0 1 0				
Dewar, l.f. Leary, 2b McCarty, lb French, 3b Sullivan, e.f. Greene, s.s.	5 5 5 5 4 3 4	3 1 1 1 1	2 0 3 2 2 1 1	17 0 1 7 0 0	2 0 1 1 1 0 1	1 0 0 0 1 0 0				
Dewar, l.f. Leary, 2b. McCarty, lb. French, 3b Sullivan, c.f. Greene, s.s. White, p.	5 5 5 5 4 3 4 4	3 1 1 1 1	2 0 3 2 2 1 1	17 0 1 7 0 0 1 1	2 0 1 1 1 0 1	1 0 0 0 1 0 0				
Dewar, l.f. Leary, 2b McCarty, lb French, 3b Sullivan, e.f. Greene, s.s.	5 5 5 5 4 3 4	3 1 1 1 1	2 0 3 2 2 1 1	17 0 1 7 0 0	2 0 1 1 1 0 1	1 0 0 0 1 0 0				
Dewar, l.f. Leary, 2b. McCarty, lb. French, 3b Sullivan, c.f. Greene, s.s. White, p.	5 5 5 5 4 3 4 4	3 1 1 1 1	2 0 3 2 2 1 1	17 0 1 7 0 0 1 1	2 0 1 1 1 0 1	1 0 0 0 1 0 0				
Dewar, l.f Leary, 2b. McCarty, 1b. French, 3b Sullivan, c.f. Greene, s.s White, p. Shanahan, r.f. Totals,	5 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 5	3 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2	2 0 3 2 2 1 1 1	17 0 1 7 0 0 1 1 1 0	2 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0				
Dewar, I.f Leary, 2b. McCarty, 1b. French, 3b Sullivan, c.f. Greene, s.s. White, p. Shanahan, r.f.	5 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 5	3 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2	2 0 3 2 2 1 1 1 1	17 0 1 7 0 0 1 1 0	2 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 7	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0				

Two base hit: French. Stolen bases: Gauthier 2, McGrath 4, Dewar, Leary 3, French 2, Sullivan 3, Greene, Shanahan 2. Base on balls: by White, Gauthier; by Burns, French, Sullivan 2, Greene, McGrath, White. Struck out: by White, Brainard 3, Burns 4, Smith 2, Murray 1, Jones 2, Conlin 3, Brenan 2; by Burns, Dewar 2, Leary 2, McCarty 2, Sullivan 2, Greene 2, White 3, Shanahan 2. Time: 2 hours. Umpire: Weeden.

C. L. S., 9; NEWTON HIGH, 1.

On May 11 we defeated Newton High at Newton in our third league game. The pleasant weather, the car-ride, and the prospect of a good game, drew a large Cambridge crowd, which cheered lustily.

We succeeded in shutting out our opponents until the last inning, when R. Leonord got home through two low throws to

first, both of which passed Smith.

The feature of the game was the cool playing of Cambridge in the second part of the sixth inning; Newton was fortunate in beginning the inning with the head of her batting order. C. Leonord, Holt and Stephenson, the first men up, filled the bases. As no men were out, Newton seemed likely to score heavily, but our men kept their heads perfectly. R. Leanord knocked the ball to Burns, who threw home, putting out C. Leanord, but leaving three men on bases as before. Then A. Thomas knocked out to Burns, who threw to Conlin. Although Holt was thus put out at home, he tripped Conlin, in this way preventing him from throwing to first, where Smith could easily have put out Thomas. The umpire, Weeden, decided that Thomas was out by interference on the part of Holt.

The score:

(3.	L,	,	3.					
				a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	. a.	e.
Gauthier, s.s				4	2	0	0	3	0
Brainard, 2b				5	2	1	0	3	0
Burns, p				4	2	0	. 0	8	0
Smith, 1b							15	0.5	2
Murray, l.f				2 /	2	1	2	0	0
Sumner, r.f				5	0	0	0 1	0	0
Jones, c.f									
Conlin, c						0		0	0
Brennan, 3b						1	0	1	0
					_		_		
				36	9	6	27	15	2

NEWTON.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	. a.	e.
C. Leonord, l.f	4	0	2	0 5	-0	0
Holt, c	. 4	0	0	6	2	1
Stephenson, 2b. and p	. 3	0	1	2	5	3
R. Leonord, s.s	3	1	1	2	2	1
A. Thomas, 1b	4	0	2	11	0	1
Foley, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	1
Clapp, c.f. and 2b	4	0	1	5	1	2
Fietcher, r.f	. 4	0	0	0	0	1
Newall, p			0	0	3	0
R. Thomas, c.f	2	0	0	0	0	1
			******	_		
	33	1	7	27	15	11

Innings1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge Latin2	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	3	9
Newton High0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-	1

Two-base hit: Jones. Stolen bases: Gauthier, Burns 3, Smith 2, Murray 2, Jones, Thomas, Clapp, Holt, R. Leonord 2. Base on balls: by Burns, R. Leanord, Stephenson; by Newton pitchers, Gauthier, Brainard, Burns, Murray 3, Jones, Conlin. Struck out: by Burns, Stephenson, R. Leanord, Foley, Clapp 2, Newell; by Newton pitchers, Brainard, Burns, Smith, Sumner, Conlin, Brennan. Hit by pitched ball, Smith. Umpire: Weeden. Time: 1 hr. 50 m.

C. L. S., 3; BROOKLINE HIGH, 1.

On Friday, May 24, in her last game in the Preparatory School League, Cambridge Latin defeated Brookline High, thus making a total of four victories. A heavy thunder storm stopped the game at the end of the seventh inning.

The game was essentially a contest between pitchers. No hitting of any consequence was done until the last of the fourth, when Quigley knocked out a liner to centre field. Jones caught it bare-handed.

In the fifth Sumner got to first on a muffed fly, and stole second. Meanwhile Conlin got his base on balls. Then a hit from Brennan and an error at third base brought in the two runners. Jones scored another run in the seventh, making a total of three for Cambridge. Brookline's only run was made by Rowley in the sixth, on a sacrifice from Pritchett.

The score:—

C. L. S.

	a.b.	r.	TD.	p.o.	a.	e.
Gauthier, s.s	. 3	0	0	0	0	1
Brainard, 2b	. 3	0	0	0	1.	0
Burns, p	. 3	0	0	0	4	0
Smith, 1b	. 3	0	0	5	1	1
Murray, l.f	. 3	0	0	. 0	0	0
Jones, c.f	. 3	1	0	2	0	0
Sumner, r.f	. 2	1	1	1/8	~ 0	0
Conlin, c	. 2	1	0	12	0	0
Brennan, 3b	. 3	0	2	0	0	0
				—	_	_
	25	3	3	20	6	2

BROOKLINE.

a.b. r. 1b. p.o. a.	e.
Pritchett, s.s 3 0 0 0 0	0
Quigley, c 3 0 0 13 2	0
Delano, c.f	1
Cook, 2b 3 0 2 2 2	0
Bartlett, r.f	1
Nyhen, 1b	0
Dexter, 3b 2 0 0 0 25 0	0
Rowley, l.f 2 1 0 0 0	0
A. Smith, p 2 0 0 0 0	- 1
	_
$22 1 \% \ 2 21 4$	3

Innings.		.1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Cambridge	Latin	.0	0	0	0	2	0	1-3
Brookline	High	.0	0	0	0	0	1	0-1

Stolen bases: Sumner 2, Jones. Base on balls: by Burns, Bartlett; by A. Smith, Sumner, Conlin. Struck out: by Burns, Quigley 2, Delano 2, Cook. Bartlett 2, Nyhen, Dexter, A. Smith 2; by A. Smith, Brainard 3, Burns 2, E. Smith, Murray 3, Jones, Conlin 2. Double plays: Smith and Conlin, Quigley and Dexter. Time: 1 hr. 15 min. Umpire: Mahoney.

Preparatory League.

BATTING AVERAGE.

	Times at bat.	Base hits.	
Brennan	15	5	.333
Smith	15	4	.266
Murray	10	2	.200
Brainard	17	2	.177
Jones	14	2	.142
Sumner	15	2	.133
Gauthier	13	1	.076
Conlin	14	0	.000
Burns	16	0	.000

FIELDING PER CENT.

	Put	As-	Er-	Per
	out.	sists.	rors.	cent.
Burns	. 0	20	0	1.000
Murray	22		1	.961
Conlin	.31	0	1	.937
Smith	.38	1	3	.928
Jones	. 7	0	1	.875
Bainard	. 0	5	1	.833
Gauthier	. 1	10	4	.733
Brennan	. 1	4	2	.714
Sumner	. 1	0	1	.500

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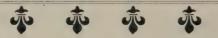
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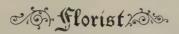
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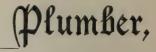
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